

June 13, 1962

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

1⁻



**SECRETS OF A
GOOD COOK**

Pages 33-36

**"STAR-RAKER" NEW
AVIATION SERIAL**

Page 20

**WHAT TO WEAR
AT WEDDINGS**

Pages 54-55

BREAK THE VICIOUS CIRCLE OF WINTER ILLS



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Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4082WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 189C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 4097, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 382A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 135 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 421G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Donald Gordon, author of our exciting new aviation serial, "Star-raker" (pages 20, 21), is the pen-name of a distinguished British airman who was awarded the O.B.E. for research work in aircraft instruments and equipment.

HIS flying career includes highlights such as Deputy Commandant, Empire Navigation School, working on a top-secret scheme for a flying bomb, many hours in jets, and senior planner for the R.A.F. in the Middle East. Since retiring from the R.A.F., he has continued to work on his favorite project—how to prevent aircraft collisions.

"Star-raker" is Donald Gordon's first novel, but he is planning several more—also about flying.

VISITING Mervyn King, his wife, Emily, and their son, Greg, at their chimpanzee-shared house at Greenacre, N.S.W. (page 17), has its hazards.

One caller found himself standing in the kitchen with an armful of chimp, who covered him with kisses that left red splotches over his face and neck.

"How are you going to explain that to your wife?" asked Mervyn.

"She wouldn't believe it," said the friend, stunned.

Emily told of one of the incidents chimp Butch involved her in.

"Recently I was washing some towels and I was pulling faces at Butch, who was outside," she said. "He wanted to play, so he came right in through the window—glass and all."

"We both got cuts—nothing serious—but it took ages to get the glass splinters out of the towels."

Mervyn, too, has had his moments. When the chimps' own house was finished they amused themselves by pulling the lining off the walls.

Mervyn relined it, using stronger nails.

He left the job for a cup of tea and came back to find that the animals had learned to saw by watching him and had sawn through a softwood plank in two places.

THE popularity of some stage and screen stars with the British Royal Family (pages 4 and 5) once

Our cover

● This pretty bride in her romantic head-dress introduces "What To Wear At Weddings" (pages 54, 55). The head-dress is a little crown-like cap mounted on lace, the whole effect made more enchanting by the floating flattery of a tulle veil.

helped to start a new men's fashion.

In the 1930s, Fred Astaire was considered one of the best-dressed men in London.

The Duke of Windsor, then the Prince of Wales, also a men's fashion-setter, asked Astaire's advice about a new sartorial idea he wanted to try—a black tie and dinner jacket in the evening instead of tails.

The Duke tried it, with gratifying success. The tuxedo then became identified with the Prince of Wales, but it was Fred Astaire who first had given it his approval.

Incidentally, the title Royal Command Performance is a misnomer.

There has been only one Command Performance in British history. It was at the Palace Theatre in 1912, when King George V did, in fact, command the artists to perform before him.

Apart from that occasion, they have always been "requested."

Although King George V liked the theatre, he did not always take even the most distinguished actors seriously. In 1916 he knighted Frank Benson, a Shakespearian actor, at a theatre, using a prop sword.

Carlingford Homes Fair

● Opening times at Carlingford Homes Fair have been changed for the greater convenience of the public.

The Fair will now open from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. on weekdays, Saturdays, and public holidays, and from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. on Sundays.

The Fair will remain open until July 1—and barbecue meals are now available outside the snack bar.

And if you are thinking of building your own home, you'll be interested in 24 modern designs in a 32-page booklet published for the Fair. The booklet is 4/- On page 38 are full details and an order coupon.

French a la Francaise



THE DUPRE FAMILY. Back row: Grandfather (Henry de Bray), Dr. Dupre (John Serret), Francois (Jean Driant). Front: Nicole (Marie France), Madame Dupre (Elma Soiran).

FRENCH speakers of high-school standard, with vivid memories of the pen of their aunt, their red pencil box, and the cabbages of their grandfather, should not miss a look at "Chez les Dupre."

It is being shown for adults every Sunday on Channel 2 at 2.15, and was designed to teach French by "living with" a French family who speak only French.

There is Dr. Dupre, who has a big practice and important work at the hospital; Madame, his wife, a *bonne* manager and excellent mother; Grandfather (so far without cabbages); Francois, their nephew, who grows with them and *aime le sport*; and their daughter, Nicole, apple of their eye.

Nicole is played by Marie France, photographed at right when she visited Australia recently with her husband, Bruce Buckley, to meet her Australian in-laws.

I was surprised and enchanted by Marie France. She materialised in a doorway, smiling, looking like a tiny doll.

She is nearly five feet two inches tall, has a wonderful suntan and straw-colored hair. Her measurements are 34, 20, 34.

I half expected her to say "Mamma" in that inhuman talking-doll voice, but she really talks — English with French overlay.

It is two years since she made this series of "Chez les Dupre." Because of film commitments and her marriage, she has not been in the continuation of the lessons. But she hopes to be in the next series.

"Chez les Dupre" is a fresh and 'appy programme," Marie France said.

"It was wonderful making it. In England it was such a success during the daytime. Housewives are looking at it and tell their husbands, so it had to be on at night, too.

"I am in all of the episodes. I am a bit naughty always. And I am Grandfather's favorite and he spoils me all the time."

Marie France (her given Christian name and show-business name) has been busy while away from "les Dupre."

She has just finished a film, "What a Shopper," with Adam Faith and Sidney James.

"Adam Faith is very much more handsome and more intelligent than people realise," she said.

Marie France always calls my favorite, Sidney James, "Mr. Sidney James," dropping the final "s" the way the French do.

"He is wonderful to work with, he is so funny," she said. "Mr. Sidney James is always Mr. Sidney James. Outside the screen he is the same as on the screen. You never know whether he is acting or not.

"But Mr. Tony 'Ancock is different. I had a small part in a film with him, too. He is very funny on the screen, but in real life he is very serious.

"He takes his work so much to heart that when he is finished a shot he just sits alone and worries and thinks."

—NAN MUSGROVE

● **Televiewers who want to learn to speak French can throw away their textbooks and switch to A.B.C.-TV and Marie France. She is the heroine of "Chez les Dupre," which teaches French by TV.**



MARIE FRANCE photographed at the home of her parents-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. H. Buckley, of Sydney. She thinks Australians are "very bright, very happy, very healthy." The young girls "look lovely, but the ladies in their flowery hats with their gloves in town shopping look always as if they are going to a wedding." Marie France dresses simply. Her favorite is a bright pink taffeta party dress with bootlace straps, which she bought here. "I insist on the strap. I do not feel well in strapless," she said firmly.

Where Queen Mary doted on madrigals, her Royal granddaughters like films, revues



THE CRAZY GANG, dressed as "the Royal bridesmaids" (Bud Flanagan in centre), merrily satirised Princess Margaret's wedding ten days after the event in May, 1960—and the Queen and Prince Philip laughed with the audience. **ABOVE:** The Royal couple at a film show at the Empire Theatre, London.

"INVITE BUD FLANAGAN"

By GEOFFREY BOCCA

● Servants buzzed to and fro at Buckingham Palace, preparing the State luncheon to be given in honor of the Russian cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin. All at once a terrible discovery was made: with the Royal family and guests, there would be 13 at table.

THIS unseemly intrusion of medieval superstition into the affairs of the conqueror of space was communicated to the Queen.

"Invite Bud Flanagan," she said promptly.

Bud Flanagan was the most famous member of the Crazy Gang, the team of vaudeville comics which kept London laughing for more than 30 years up to its retirement a few weeks ago. That a stage clown should be the first person the Queen thought of to fill the gap was significant enough. That it was an astute decision became more and more clear that day. Flanagan, with his mobile face, mimicry, and expressive clown's hands, turned a stiff lunch into a hilarious one, even for Gagarin, who does not speak English.

Today, at 67, Flanagan plays jester to an English court that is more absorbed in show business than the world realises.

The tastes of the Queen and Prince Philip are lowbrow, but the brows of the others range from medium to lofty. Among them—the Queen, Philip, Princess Margaret, Tony, the Queen Mother, the Earl of Harewood, Marina Duchess of Kent—are likes and dislikes spanning the full range of entertainment.

No apologists can argue away the fact that the Queen liked the Crazy Gang best. She has been known to refer to the Victoria Palace Theatre, where the Gang played almost without interruption since 1947, as "my other palace," and the Gang was allowed to get away with burlesque-

style routines that few other comics would dare.

On one occasion, the Gang, in the presence of the Queen and Philip, entered grotesquely in the blazers and caps of Cheam School, which Prince Charles was attending. When the laughter subsided, Bud Flanagan appeared as schoolmaster. "Where's Charles?"

Charlie Naughton, one of the six members of the Gang, appeared, equipped with a polo mallet. "Ere," he said.

"You can't give that away," said Flanagan. "It belongs to your father." And so on.

On another occasion, after the Armstrong-Jones-Margaret marriage, the Gang appeared before the Queen as bridesmaids, wearing copies of the dress Princess Anne wore at the wedding.

Chinless wonders

Other artists appearing before the Queen are specifically warned not to do this kind of thing, and it has rarely been attempted by anyone else. Princess Margaret, though, has been known to accept it. Before her marriage, when she was being escorted by some pretty curious types of Guards officers, Tommy Trinder, the lantern-jawed comic, drew Royal laughter by observing, "They invited me to appear because they needed a chin."

The Royal family's fondness for vaudevillians has brought down expected criticism from intellectuals, who grieve that the Royal family never seems to read books. (It is true that in Kensington Palace, home

of Princess Margaret, there are ornaments on the shelves where the books should be.) The Queen, it is argued, should devote more time to patronising the opera and the ballet, and less time to the Crazy Gang, the horse races, and television watching.

They ignore the not-unimportant fact that the Queen does what she does for the same reason that the intellectuals prefer opera to horses. She prefers horses to opera; she goes to the opera when she has to.

Maria Callas was heard to say, after a performance at Covent Garden, "She isn't an opera fan. I could tell by looking at her in the Royal box."

But if the Queen is not a highbrow, there are others in the family who are. Marina Duchess of Kent is a lover of classical music, and Sir Malcolm Sargent is one of her closest friends. The Earl of Harewood, the Queen's first cousin, son of the Princess Royal, and thirteenth in succession to the throne, was art director of the Edinburgh Festival.

Harewood, now 39, is something rare in the Royal family—a genuine intellectual and wit. Wounded and taken prisoner in 1944, he was interrogated by the Germans and asked if he had any relatives in London. "Yes," said Harewood, wheezing from a bullet in the stomach, "I have an uncle who lives near Victoria Station."

After the war he founded the magazine "Opera," and became music critic of the Socialist "New Statesman." He produced controversial plays at the Royal Court Theatre (which only old Queen Mary of the Royal family ventured to see). He was artistic director of the Royal Opera House, and is now administrative executive of that Covent Garden group.

If Harewood is the most intellectual member of the family, then the most swinging, without doubt, is Margaret.

Even before she married she enjoyed "being with it," but her isolated position put her at a disadvantage, and she occasionally found herself still talking stuff that the commoner cats had given up. Since her marriage to the more instinctively hip Armstrong-Jones she has caught up with the new movies, jazz, dance fads, and murder comics.

Margaret has one of the best collections of records—pop, jazz, and classical—in Britain. Hi-fi is piped into every room at the Snowdon's house. The Princess has missed very few stage hits in recent years. She laughed at the Royal family jokes in "Beyond the Fringe." She sat, unflinching, through Brendan Behan's "The Hunchback," with its cracks at the Royal family and at the Princess herself.

Margaret is the first member of the Royal family to see an "X" film. ("U" films are open to anyone; "A" films, children must be accompanied by an adult; "X" films, adults only.)

The movie was "Look Back in Anger." John Osborne, the author, who does not approve of the Royal family, stayed away.

The Snowdon's are not content merely to see a play. They watch the rehearsals, too, and Tony takes action photographs. Often they discuss the development of a show over lunch with its directors. Their best friends outside the family are Peter

SAID

Hall, director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, and his wife, French film star Leslie Caron.

Like her mother, Margaret is a ballet lover. On the evening their engagement was announced—an evening, one presumes, of supreme happiness—she and Tony attended the Royal Ballet.

When the Bolshoi ballet came to London, the little Soviet ballerinas were invited to meet her, and fluttered like birds round the princess whose legend had even penetrated Soviet jamming. They broke protocol by asking her what she thought of Russian ballet, if she lived in a real palace, and: "What does it feel like to be a princess?"

"A bit tricky, sometimes," said Margaret.

The Queen, on the other hand, has been only once to the Edinburgh Festival, just

PRESENTATION LINE-UP



DANNY KAYE, at a film premiere in London in 1956, was shaking the hand of his friend and admirer, Princess Margaret.



ANITA EKBERG at a '55 film premiere. The big hand: Prince Philip's. Waiting: Elizabeth Taylor, Michael Wilding.



DANCERS of the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden meet the Queen—but, unlike her mother and sister, she's not a ballet fan.



JAYNE MANSFIELD delightedly shook the Queen's hand at the conclusion of a Royal Film Performance in London five years ago.

after the war. Prince Philip, who is a patron of the Festival, has visited it twice. The Queen prefers television and Western movies, and is devoted to the older film stars: the deaths of Gary Cooper and Clark Gable distressed her.

There is also, alas, the Royal Film Performance, a white-tied and bejewelled gala which appalls the intellectuals, principally because the Queen and Philip seem to enjoy the chosen movie each year. In a series of almost unrelieved garbage only one film has aroused the Royal displeasure.

This was "Beau Brummell," the 1954 selection, which showed one of Elizabeth's ancestors, George III, as a kind of traditional stage-comic lunatic. The Queen made it clear she was not amused.

The film companies' battle to have their products chosen has resulted in films like "Because You're Mine" (an American musical that a movie-quizz expert would have to be prompted to recall), "Rob Roy," "Les Girls" (this in a year which produced "The Bridge on the River Kwai"), and others too painful to mention.

"Dangerous" people

But if the movies are designed to stun, the stars themselves are designed to stupefy. Almost any American or European performer who happens to be in London is called in. British companies draw lots for the privilege of pushing their stars and starlets forward. Anita Ekberg appeared in a dress so tight as to make a curtsy impossible. Marilyn Monroe curtsied low in a gold lame slave-market dress without a bra.

Jayne Mansfield wore a dress split to the thigh, and a Japanese-French actress wore a creation, perhaps of her own, with a back bare to her fourth lumbar vertebra.

Early in her reign, Queen Victoria was warned by her beloved uncle, the King of the Belgians, "Dealings with artists require great prudence. They are acquainted with all classes of society, and for that reason are very dangerous."

Victoria's son, Edward VII, enjoyed the theatre, but he liked the actresses more,

Through one small incident in 1931, King George V opened the door and enabled a few people to peep in and see for the first time just how far behind the twentieth century Royal family existence was.

The Labor Party had taken office and he and Queen Mary invited some Labor Ministers and wives to an informal dinner at the Palace.

They found that it was the pleasure of the Royal family at that time to hold sing-songs round the piano. One of the wives, invited to play, said innocently, "I only know one or two songs from the current stage shows."

The guests were aware of a tense silence among the courtiers present. Then the King slapped his thigh, a habit of his when he was pleased, and cried, "Splendid!"

The guests, still baffled, noticed the Queen start and her brow contract in anger. But the songs were played and sung, while the King tried to hum in tune. Later the guests learned that until this evening the Royal family played and sang only madrigals and traditional English songs. This was the first time anything commercial or popular had made it through the halls of Buckingham Palace.

Meanwhile, the King's sons, David, Prince of Wales (later Duke of Windsor), Bertie (later King George VI), and George (later Duke of Kent), hungered for modern living, which meant enjoying that which amused their contemporaries—shows, cabarets, theatre, jazz, the Black Bottom.

Prince George hung round the dressing-room of Fred Astaire, then the idol of the West End, and the two became close friends. Once George turned up in the dressing-room between acts with a box of indoor firecrackers, which he promptly exploded. The theatre staff rushed to the scene and found the Prince and the star standing in a cloud of gunpowder smoke.

The Prince protested that it was "nothing—Mr. Astaire has been smoking too much."

Prince George and Louis Ferdinand, of

in the West Indies, and she encouraged him to come to London.

He became a great favorite of English Royalty. The Prince of Wales and Mrs. Wallis Simpson went regularly to Quagling's restaurant when he played there. The Duke and Duchess of Kent asked for encores. The Mountbattens followed him round with proprietary pride.

The abdication of Edward VIII scattered society. Suddenly there was no Royal leadership in the entertainment world. The war began and George VI became the symbol of an empire fighting for its life.

Then, soon after the war, came the big breakthrough when the whole Royal family flipped over Danny Kaye. Kaye was invited to the Palace, thereby becoming the first entertainer to find himself wholly *persona grata* with Royalty. (Fred Astaire and Douglas Fairbanks were friends of the Royal family, to be sure, but their situation was somewhat different: they both had important social connections in England.)

Meanwhile, Philip of Greece, a young prince without much money, was moving in a society of actresses, actors, and fun-seekers. The latter were having a difficult time in the drab, unpainted, undernourished, bomb-battered world of London.

This world was so drab, in fact, that a few of them were determined to do something about it. The late Baron Nahum—or Baron, as he was universally known—the London court photographer, had the idea of forming a club of amusing characters.

The Thursday Club was to be devoted to total inconsequence. No business or other important matters were to be discussed; nothing was to detract from amusement and jest. Prince Philip, with Baron, was one of the founders.

The others were Peter Ustinov; James Robertson Justice, the bearded Scottish actor; the Marquess of Milford Haven; and an assortment of writers.

Luncheons passed in a welter of irreverent laughter, and Prince Philip played his part. When his engagement to Princess Elizabeth was announced, there was uproar at the club. Paying his bill, the once impoverished prince said, "Don't worry. There's plenty more where that came from."

Now Elizabeth is on the throne. Princess Margaret has married a court photographer who studied under Baron, with intimate connections in show business. Britain, for the first time in its history, has a Royal family which has lived with show business.

The wheel has come full circle, and it is easy now to see that it was inevitable. It is almost the only way by which the

BACKWARD GLANCE



EDWARD VII (above, when young). He liked the theatre, but liked actresses more, including (right) **LILY LANGTRY**.

Royal family can keep in reasonable touch with an outside world which moves too fast even for ordinary people.

There is little alternative.

Must be careful

The Royal family has to be circumspect in its dealings with politicians. There are many young backbench Members of Parliament, on both sides of the House, who are socially acceptable, but the Royal family would not dare risk the resentment of Ministers and the attacks of the Press by associating with them.

The Royal family is too young to be interested in the company of generals and admirals. Scientists are beyond them. Writers live in a world of their own, incomprehensible to any save themselves.

When Philip occasionally gets fed up with the entire Royalty bit he goes north and spends the weekend jawing with James Robertson Justice in Justice's home. Justice is an actor, but a different kind of actor, an ample, bearded character who still does things like drink Madeira and hunt with falcons.

The Royal family taste has been blasted. It has pained the critics and the philosophers. Why? Precisely because the Royal family's tastes in the show world so closely resemble those of its humbler subjects.

The Crazy Gang, the "telly" Westerns, Gary Cooper, and Clark Gable—what could be more "popular"?

If the Royal family has been accused of being remote from the masses, its tastes are remarkably like the tastes of the ordinary British man and woman in the street, which, when one thinks about it, suggests another reason behind the family's genius for survival.

THE QUEEN

notably Lily Langtry and Maxine Elliott. His son, George V, was more old-fashioned, but he, too, liked the theatre and knew what he liked.

He was a sailor, and if the play was about the seas, tragic or funny, he liked it. In a rush of enthusiasm he went to see a play called "Blue Peter," and found, to his dismay, it was about a pub.

Once, after seeing "Macbeth," he declared he would rather abdicate than sit through it again.

The entertainment provided at Buckingham Palace was straitlaced beyond relief. The official biography of Queen Mary tells how she once asked her assistant private secretary, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, to teach her some new dance steps. The lesson was interrupted by the entry of the King, who expressed himself so violently that she never repeated this experiment.

Prussia, ran neck and neck in pursuit of the actress Lili Damita, but both lost her to Errol Flynn.

In later years, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth II, a sudden enthusiasm of the Royal family for a certain show or a certain performer became commonplace. But the trend started in the early 1930s with Leslie Hutchinson.

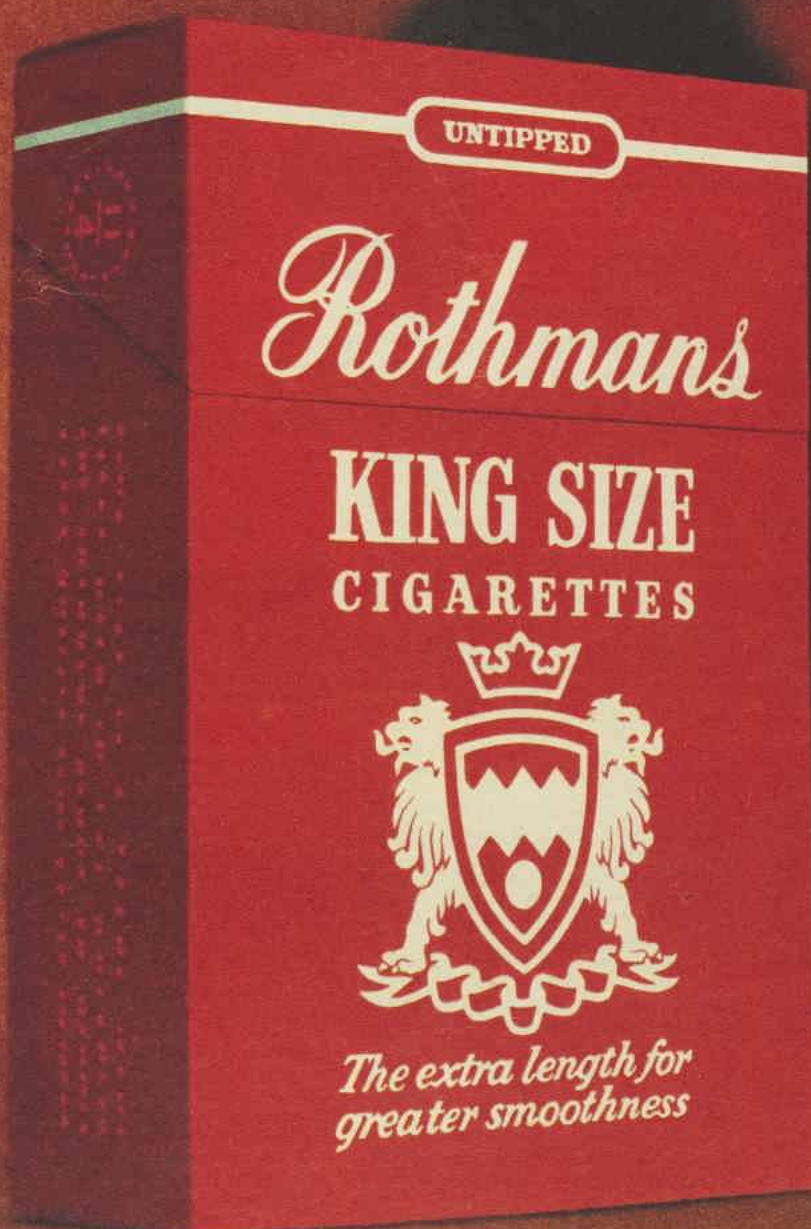
Royal favorite

No one who was in London during the days of the heady society and nightclub life of the 'thirties can forget "Hutch."

He sang, in a creamy voice, such songs as "These Foolish Things," "Love Walked In," "Room 504," "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square."

Hutch was discovered in 1927 by Lady Louis Mountbatten when she was cruising

The world's finest tobacco is at your fingertips



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PLAIN

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Which baby is whose?



MRS. MILKA MIKAC, formerly of Yugoslavia, was in hospital for her first child. She is married to a painter, has been in Australia 3½ years, lives at Macleod.

● After more than 100 years of caring for mothers and babies, Melbourne's Royal Women's Hospital recently celebrated its 250,000th birth. The hospital—which is conducting a £500,000 May-June appeal as part of £2 million it needs to build a 600-bed hospital block—has had 56 nationalities among its patients. In one nine-day period last March, 225 babies were born: 142 mothers were Australian, the others migrated from 17 countries. Six mothers of different nationalities are pictured here with their Australian babies. Can you tell which baby belongs to which mother? See answers below.



MRS. CONNIE SPITERI, formerly of Malta, and a mother for the first time. She is married to a panelbeater, has been in Australia 10 years, lives at Clifton Hill.

MRS. MARINA AGRIOCIANNIS, formerly of Greece, whose baby was her first. She is married to a Railways cleaner, has been here 1½ years, and lives at Abbotsford.



MRS. GERTRAUD KUCERA, formerly of Austria, was in Melbourne's Royal Women's Hospital for her first baby. She is married to an electrician, has been in Australia 2½ years, and lives at Altona.



MRS. FAY GIBSON, born in Melbourne, recently had her first baby at the Royal Women's Hospital. She is married to a N.Z.-born motor mechanic of Brunswick.

... See if you can tell



1



2



3



4



5



6



MRS. MARIA LORENZATO, formerly of Italy, has two Italian-born children and a new Melburnian. Wife of a cement-worker, here 10 months, lives at North Carlton.

THE ANSWERS

1. PETER KUCERA, 2. GIANNI PIETRO LORENZATO, 3. JOANNE TRACEY GIBSON, 4. MICHAEL FRANCIS SPITERI, 5. WALTER MIKAC, 6. MARIA AGRIOCIANNIS.



Too good to miss!



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CHOCOLATE BISCUITS

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There is no Substitute for Quality

The case of the vanishing redhead

...Australian model (blond) fools New York with a wig

● A slim Australian model with lush red hair has suddenly become the No. 1 topic of conversation in New York's fashionable girl-watching circles.

WHO is she? Curious, I asked former Sydney model Ann Felton if she could clear up the mystery. She giggled for minutes.

"It's me," she said, choking with laughter. "In my new wig. Nobody recognises me. Isn't it fun?"

But it wasn't fun — or vanity — that prompted the purchase of the £A150 wig. It was business.

Shrewdly, Ann worked it out this way:

There is nothing more competitive than being a model in New York. Photographers are always on the lookout for new faces — and they find them. So, she thought, if there has to be competition, why not be your own competition?

Result: With and without her wig, she is now raking in enough assignments for not one but two girls.

"I'm getting positively jealous of that red head," Ann said, patting her wig affectionately. "I hope she doesn't end up putting the blond me out of work."

This whole story explains the secret behind Ann's phenomenal success in New York — brains.

Underneath that blond delicate hair (her own) is a highly organised methodical mind, a scarcity in the modelling profession.

No dizzy-tizzy

Ann, a former medical student, tackles her work with the efficiency TV's Ben Casey reserves for a top brain operation.

No dizzy-tizzies, no tantrums, no temperament. Early nights and a clear head, and always for the overworked, overstrained New York photographers a friendly Aussie smile.

"That's why they like Australian girls over here," she explained. "We always do a fair day's work and we're pleasant to work with."

In the two years she has been here, Ann's face has appeared in most of the glossy magazines, the department-store displays, cosmetics promotions, and posters in the subway stations.

The Americans have grown accustomed to her face. Too much so, says Ann. Which is why she invested in the wig.

And what have two years of fame and fortune (£A1000 in a good week) done to the former Sydney girl?

"Nothing," she insists. "I'm just the same. I haven't changed. I never will. I look out of the window and see the lights of Manhattan and I think they're beautiful, but I still think how much I want to go home."

"We're staying here till the New York World Fair (April, 1964), then we're off home for good."

"We" is the Felton ménage, which consists of Neil, her handsome Australian businessman-husband, and Scotty, her adorable three-year-old son.

A plain "mum"

At nights, home with the family, Ann turns down her business-machine mind, whips off her false eyelashes, cold-creams away the make-up, and settles down to being a plain old-fashioned wife and mum.

Few people seeing her shopping in the supermarket would guess they are looking at one of New York's most glamorous women. It is typical of her that she took off with Neil on a whirlwind trip to Europe and left all her make-up behind.

When I asked her why she wasn't tempted by the glittering parties and the star-studded celebrity circuit, she told me she found it pretty empty.

"It sounds all right until you come in contact with it," she said. "But close up, it's not so hot. There isn't a model in New York that doesn't long for a stable home life, a nice loving husband, and a family."

From LILLIAN ROXON, in New York

"They find out soon enough how little the parties and the millionaires mean."

At the moment the Feltons are packing for a short trip home to Australia to see their families.

"We expect to arrive about June 7 and leave about July 1," Ann said.

"It seems a lot of money to pay for a short trip, but that's our extravagance — travelling. Otherwise we lead a simple, inexpensive life."

"You see, it's not as if I make £1000 every week. Taxes and agency fees take care of a lot of it. And we have to put some away for the future."

"New York is expensive —

though we think our four-and-a-half-room apartment is a bargain at £40 (Australian) a week. It's high up, with a fabulous view and two bathrooms.

"We still drive a little Volkswagen (with the new safety belts).

"Oh yes, Neil did splurge on a custom-installed hi-fi set that set us back £400. We couldn't resist that."

Beauty hints

I asked Ann what hints she could pass on as a professional beauty.

"To Australian women I have just one thing to say," she said. "Use night cream, a good rich one, every day of your life from the age of 15 on."

"I didn't realise until I travelled just what the Australian wind and sun do to our skins. They do more harm than age."

Fashion

"I'm wild about the U.S. fashions this year — denim stretch pants, frilly frilly blouses, and all those killingly simple sleeveless jersey shift dresses."

"They sell them rolled up in a tube. You could carry your wardrobe in your handbag."

"Instant fashion, they're calling it. I don't know what they'll dream up next."



ANN FELTON in New York: as the blond model (above); in her red wig (far left); with husband, Neil, and son, Scotty, aged 3 (left).

Champagne welcome for challenger

● Newport, U.S., is sprucing up its mansions and slipways for the America's Cup. Robert Feldman, of our New York staff, tells here of plans for a champagne welcome for the Australian yacht Gretel.

SOcially, no one who is anyone would normally be caught dead in Newport after the first Monday in September—Labor Day.

After Labor Day the winds are apt to freshen to 12 knots and more — good for big yachts, bad for social Newport's grand-scale picnics.

So hurricane boardings appear at the windows of the palatial "cottages," already deserted in favor of Paris, the West End, or Park Avenue.

From then until June of the following year Newport reverts to the shopkeepers, the Navy gobs, and the quahaugs (pronounced "co-hogs"), a word meaning both a large, delicious local clam and, sometimes, the dour Newporters who dig for them.

But this year the quahaugs will have to wait. A three-week extension has been tacked on to the customary deadline because of the America's Cup races between Australian Gretel and the U.S. defender, starting September 15.

It thus becomes socially acceptable to be caught dead in Newport during race week, from September 15 to 23, 1962—though it will be more fun to stay alive.

Starting from the top, the lively visitors are expected to include President Kennedy (an ardent yachtsman), his wife, Jackie, and the numerous and colorful Kennedy clan.

Many of the cottagers—e.g., the Boston Cushings, the Philadelphia Drexels, the rubber Firestones, the tobacco Lorillards, the oleo-margarine Jelkes, the money Vanderbilts, the tennis Van Allens, and the racing Wideners—will stay on.

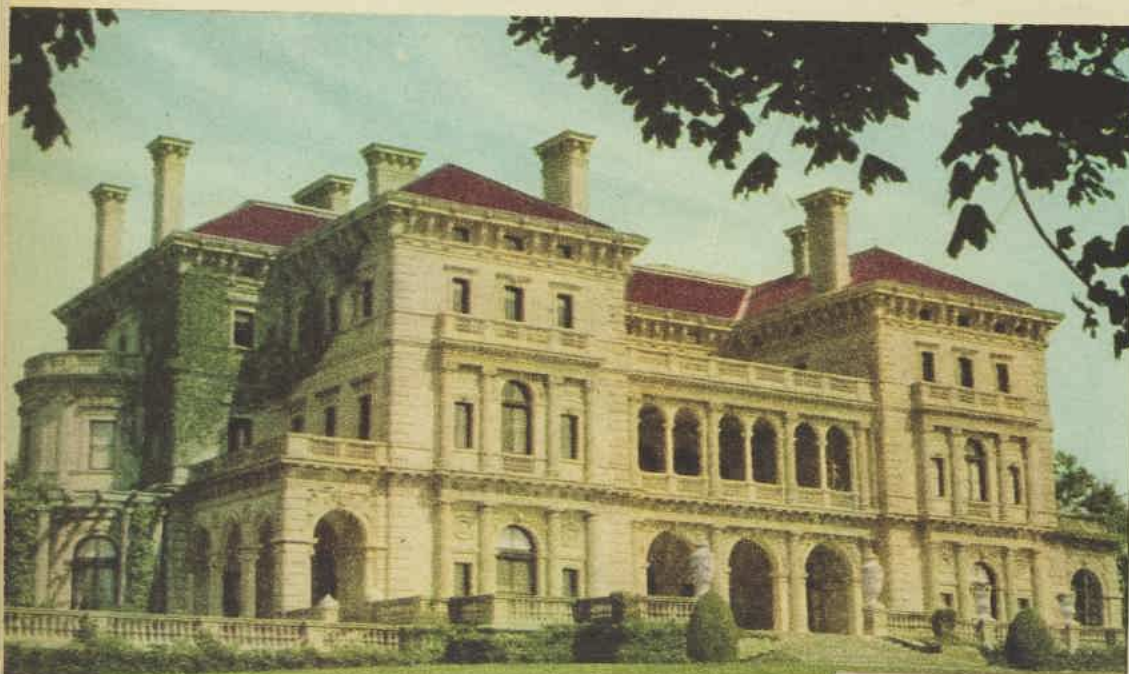
Perle Mesta, once Washington's "hostess with the most-est," who is also a Newport cottager, will arbitrate among a motley bag of distinguished visitors down for race week, including European aristocrats and foreign ambassadors, American senators, governors, and cabinet ministers.

Australia's Ambassador to the U.S., Sir Howard Beale, and Lady Beale will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Auchincloss, Jackie Kennedy's stepfather and mother, at "Hammersmith Farm," the rambling estate where Jackie spent much of her youth.

If world conditions permit, it is also on the cards that Prime Minister Menzies and Prince Philip may decide to



GRETEL'S brilliant red-white-and-blue spinnaker balloons before a brisk breeze during preliminary trials on Sydney Harbor. Gretel is now on the way by freighter to America for trials over the challenge course off Rhode Island. Newport's Mayor, Charles Hambly, plans a big welcome for the Australian challenger.



"THE BREAKERS" (left), the Vanderbilts' ancestral weekender, scene of race-week festivities. At right: "Hammersmith Farm," owned by Jackie Kennedy's stepfather, Mr. Hugh Auchincloss.





CASTLE HILL HOTEL (above, centre), on a promontory overlooking Newport Harbor, has been taken over for the Australian crews of Gretel and Vim, who will spend the summer there training for the America's Cup races. From the boathouse (seen under plane's wingstrut) they will go daily by launch to the yacht moorings two miles upstream. **BELOW:** Newport wharves. Gretel will be hauled to the shipyard, upper centre. Easterner, one of the U.S. yachts contending to meet her, is in the long shed with seven windows.

come. The Kennedys' almost certain presence and keen interest in sailing would make the races a magnet.

Amid portraits of vanished Vanderbilts and Astors, the great halls of the palazzos and chateaux that line Bellevue Avenue and Ocean Drive will come to sparkling life, many of them for the first time since World War II.

The most famous of the architectural landmarks is "The Breakers," the Vanderbilt "cottage" of Italian Renaissance style, probably the largest private dwelling in America.

In summer, Countess Szechenyi (the former Gladys Vanderbilt) sometimes occupies a small apartment on the top floor, but has turned the rest of the mansion over to the Newport Preservation Society as a public museum.

In its great hall, the "Four Hundred" of high society (whittled down to about 250 to allow elbow-room at dinner) dine and dance at the annual Breakers Ball. The Preservation Society also lets it out for special occasions, and one or two of these are expected in mid-September.

A gala affair will certainly be held on the eve of the America's Cup races. In 1958, when the British challenged with Sceptre, the dinner was put on by the English-Speaking Union. This time the Australian Government is considering playing host.

The Sceptre challenge was the first since 1937, when Harold S. Vanderbilt skippered Ranger to four straight victories over T. O. M. Sopwith's Endeavour II. In 21 years, with a war intervening, Newporters had forgotten how to throw a proper yachting party.

Only a feeble attempt was made to simulate the glamor of former years. In the old days, Newport was noted for its palatial stream of yachts and its feverish round of activity, ashore and afloat.

Continued overleaf



CHAMPAGNE WELCOME FOR CHALLENGER

Sopwith entertained 60 guests at a time for luncheon or dinner on his steam yacht, Philante, throughout the 1937 races.

Vanderbilt himself lived on Vara, which dominated the harbor like an aircraft-carrier. Other notable vessels that rode at anchor in those balmy days belonged to people like J. P. Morgan, Vincent Astor, Tommy Manville, and Frederick H. Prince.

As a preliminary to the main event, two square-riggers, Huntington Hartford's Joseph Conrad and Walter Gubelmann's Seven Seas, attempted a flying-start race out of the harbor.

Comparatively, the 1958 meeting between Sceptre and Columbia proved a dud—socially as well as competitively.

The British crew and the rest of the British delegation virtually isolated themselves on a private estate in Jamestown, across Narragansett Bay from Newport.

But just as Gretel promises to set a sprightly pace for the U.S. defender, so Newport expects the general atmosphere, both ashore and afloat, to be livelier, too.

William Carey, an estate agent and chronicler of the social set, expects the 1962 season to be the brightest since the war.

Of the 75 splendid cottages, Carey told me, all but one will be occupied this year. Million-dollar palazzos that sold for 10,000 or 20,000 dollars when the bottom dropped out years ago are now changing hands at 150,000 dollars or more.

"Values shot up just after the Australian challenge was announced," Carey said.

Though race week is expected to bring more than half a million dollars into local tills, not all the joy in Newport is commercially inspired.

Schoolchildren are being taught to sing "Waltzing Matilda"—but somehow the words have come out:

"Once there was sailor sitting by the road-side

Under a shade tree eating goober peas . . ."

The tune was right, though, and it would have been cruel to destroy the children's faith in their teachers.

Mayor Charles A. Hambly has been kept busy making honorary citizens of Australians who turn up in Newport. A Sydney journalist (not this one) who wandered in from New York one day was instantly drafted to address the local Chamber of Commerce.

Mayor Hambly told me he would proclaim an "Australia Day" when Gretel, her "pacer" yacht, Vim, and crews arrive in July.

Kids will be let out of school and every one of the 40,000 Newporters who are not in gaol will be urged to line the harborside and join in a noisy welcome.



CLOSE-UP of the Castle Hill Hotel, where the Australian crews will spend the summer.

A flotilla of Navy, Coast Guard, and pleasure craft, including an excursion steamer, will escort Gretel up the harbor, whistles a-blowing and flags a-flying. Navy fireboats will spray geysers over everything in sight, especially if it's a hot day.

Hambly and other official Rhode Islanders (none of them, alas, possessing robes or wigs) will greet the visitors on the wharf, then adjourn to the Newport Country Club for a civic reception, budgeted at 1000 dollars. Host will be John Nicholas Brown, an affluent cottager and former Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

After the popping of champagne corks subsides and the counterpoint of American and Australian accents trails off, the visitors will slip out to their home-away-from-home, the Castle Hill Hotel, leased for the summer by the Australian America's Cup Challenge Association.

Castle Hill is accessible from town by road (three miles) and to Gretel's berth in Brenton Cove by tender (two miles).

Hard abeam of the Aussie diggings is Shamrock Cliff House, former estate of Barbara Hutton, now converted into a posh bar and restaurant.

Comparatively, the kitchen at Castle Hill will serve hardtack. But then Gretel must keep most of its weight in the keel.

Australians venturing to Newport to watch the races will find themselves celebrities. But this will not necessarily get them a room at the only commercial hotel, The Viking, which is already booked out.

The 1958 races attracted about 8000 visitors on the first day, though the crowds thinned quickly thereafter due to lack of suspense about the outcome. There were then 3500 rooms available in Newport and within easy reach of town.

But this September the number of land-based spectators may approach 10,000 (with several thousand more living on boats). The total of commercial accommodations will be 5000.

Frank Holbrook, director of the Newport Chamber of Commerce, has started a campaign to sign up Newporters who are willing to let spare bedrooms. In addition, rooms in nearby towns and in Providence, an hour's drive away, will be available.

Meals on race days may run a bit short. At a pinch, Newport restaurants are prepared to churn out an endless line of jonny cakes, a Rhode Island speciality which looks and tastes like a cold pancake. (The name derives from the original "journey cakes," a kind of damper that the early inhabitants could throw in their swags.)

In addition there are lobster rolls, which taste best at a local institution known as the Newport Creamery, and Rhode Island clam chowder.

Newport was settled in the early 17th century, and there are many splendid houses around to prove it.

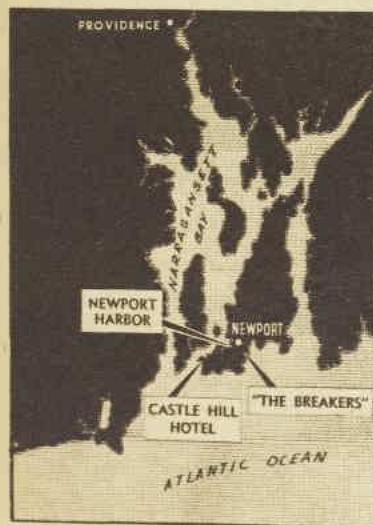
Now most of the riches have gone, stolen away by its rival seaports, New York and Boston. And despite the efforts of the Vanderbilt family, Perle Mesta, and others, much of the glamor of the resort is faded and its castles are crumbling.

But its proudest remaining distinction is as the yachting capital of the world—the venue for the America's Cup races.

So, while Newport wishes the Australian challenger luck, heaven forbid, says Newport, that she should win.

(If Australia wins, the Cup comes to Australia and the next challenge will be sailed here.)

MAP shows Newport and part of Rhode Island. The Challenge Cup course is to the south.



Mary COLES' SOCIAL

RECORD entries again this year for Sydney Town's sixty-third Sheep Show. Judging will begin at the Showground on June 6, and trophies, including the coveted Stonehaven Cup, will be presented after the official opening by Sir William Gunn at 2.30 p.m. on June 8.

The N.S.W. Branch of the Australian Corriedale Association will set parties rolling on June 6 with a dinner at the Pickwick Club, where guests will be greeted by the retiring president, Mr. A. B. Carroll, of "Red Bank," Molong, and his wife.

On June 7 the president, Mr. C. A. Loneragan, and Mrs. Loneragan, of "The Lagoon," Gulgong, will receive guests at a dinner at the State Ballroom given by fanciers of British breeds.

And on June 8 more than 800 guests will be entertained at a cocktail party and wool dress parade given by the president, Mr. J. F. Litchfield, and his wife, of "Hazel-dean," Cooma, and members of the Australian Sheepbreeders' Association at David Jones' restaurant.

Later that evening there'll be the Sheep Show Ball at the Empress Ballroom—to aid the Far West Children's Health Scheme and Torch Bearers for Legacy.

MALCOLM BROWN has just transferred the lovely antique Italian signet ring he gave Jan Edwards for her birthday to the third finger of her left hand. It's to signify their romance while waiting for the diamond-and-sapphire engagement ring he is having made for her. They're planning an early spring wedding, and a feature of their future home will be a lovely collection of copperware which Jan shopped for in Greece. She spent nine months there last year doing an interesting job as governess to the children of an aristocratic Greek family who lived in a fabulous home right next door to the Royal Palace in Athens.

A FEW days after their wedding on June 15 Penny Cowper and Ted Patterson will leave Sydney to make their home at Port Moresby for two years. The ceremony will be at St. Augustine's Church, Neutral Bay, and afterwards Penny's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. H. Cooper, will entertain at Elenora Country Club. Her sister Christine will be bridesmaid and Ted's brother, Bruce Patterson, best man. With her bridal finery Penny will carry a lace handkerchief which has been handed down on her mother's side of the family for 200 years. Mrs. Cowper is also giving Penny and Ted a set of sterling silver coffee spoons which were a wedding present to Penny's grandmother, Mrs. A. W. Maxwell, of Hobart. Penny, who is the eldest of the seventh generation of the Cowper family in Australia, is a descendant of Sir Charles Cowper, who formed the Cowper Ministry in 1861.

JUST-WED John Fortey and his bride, formerly Jann Cockle, didn't have a hope of "keeping it dark" that they were honeymooners New Zealand-bound aboard the Monterey. Friends who went down to farewell them stole into their cabin while they were on deck and hid piles of confetti in their luggage and round the cabin—including even folding up confetti-filled bath-towels! A novel note at the reception at the Wentworth Hotel given by Jann's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cockle, of Mosman, after the wedding of the young couple was a tiny little cake beside the three-tiered cake on the bridal table. It was a butter sponge made by Jann's mother for Jann to have as her personal wedding cake—because she never eats fruit cake. Mrs. Cockle had the sponge professionally iced in white and decorated with tiny pink roses and bluebirds to exactly match the formal cake.

LEAVING Sydney by air on June 11, Jann Tootill has four marvellous months ahead filling in time until she goes into residence at London's famous Monkey Club to get a gloss on studies in languages, art, music, and politics in October. Her first halt will be Los Angeles, where she'll stay with Mrs. Dan Sheehan, who returned to the United States about 18 months ago after living in Sydney for a number of years. Later Jann will go on to stay with other American friends Mr. and Mrs. Ross Hammond at their town house in Portland, Oregon, and also visit their ranch about 100 miles distant. After next visiting friends in San Francisco she will board the Oriana to continue her trip, travelling via the Panama Canal and calling at exciting, off-beat islands in the West Indies. She then plans to spend two months with a French family in Paris before settling in London.

MEMBERS of the American Women's Club are looking forward to having best-seller Australian author Jon Cleary as guest speaker at their next luncheon at the Metropole Hotel on June 6. Jon and his wife have just returned to their home at Avalon after holidaying in outback Queensland to "recover" from their recent expedition to Burma, where Jon gathered material for his latest book. His choice for its title is "Invisible Cargo," but he frivolously admits his publishers might have other ideas and it COULD possibly end up with a name such as "Grandson of Lassie." Jon is now "warming up" to begin work on a new novel—set in London with an American hero and an Australian heroine.

Incidentally, he writes all his books in neat longhand and rarely has to make a single correction to his MSS.



MASKS and elaborate headdresses will be a feature of the Art Gallery Society's Ball at the Gallery on June 15. ABOVE: Mrs. Alec Simpson, of Double Bay, who will wear an Alencon lace mask to match her beige lace evening gown, pictured with her daughter, Susan Mary, who has chosen a mask of pink velvet petals. AT LEFT: Mrs. Cedric O'Gorman Hughes, of Edgecliff, will wear a striking head-dress of hand-made French roses in shades of pale pink to cerise and a black eye mask.

ROUNDAABOUT



SMILES from Mr. and Mrs. Joe Fearon and Mrs. I. A. Listwan (at right) admiring the "Study For Sir Garfield Barwick" at the Ten Best Dressed Rooms Exhibition at David Jones' Gallery arranged by the Silver Lighthouse Committee of the Royal Blind Society. Mr. Fearon has bought all the effects in the study, which was designed by Malcolm Forbes, to furnish his new office in the A.M.P. Building at the end of the exhibition, which will close on June 7.



JUST WED. Mr. Tom Lindsay Tompkins, of "Clydemere," Mudgee, and his bride, formerly Miss Margaret Mary Haynes, of Point Piper, leaving St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay, with matron of honor Mrs. John Langley. A reception given by the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Brian Haynes, at Caprice, Rose Bay, followed the ceremony.



RECENTLY ENGAGED Mr. Ian Spring and his fiancée, Miss Patricia Deer, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Deer, of Turrumurra. After their wedding in December they will make their home at Wahroonga, where they recently bought land with a magnificent view.

AT RIGHT: Miss Estelle Simson, of "The Plantation," Quirindi, attended the opening of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust's Opera season with her brother, Mr. Ian Simson, who has just returned from abroad.



AT LEFT: Sir Bernard and Lady Heinze arriving at the Elizabethan Theatre, Newtown, for the opening performance of the opera "Ariadne On Naxos." Three other operas, "La Traviata," "Don Giovanni," and "Falstaff," are also being presented by the Elizabethan Theatre Trust during the season, which will end on June 30.

What's in this box for you?



LOVELY, NATURAL-LOOKING RICHARD HUDNUT CURLS



A Richard Hudnut home permanent gives you the loveliest, most natural-looking curls, because it's the only permanent with lanolised Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion. It penetrates so fast you can wind more hair on to each curler . . . so you use less curlers and do your perm quicker and easier! Be sure your next home perm is a Richard Hudnut! Choose RED BOX for easy-to-wave hair, GREEN BOX for hard-to-wave hair, only 13/6. For end curls use Richard Hudnut Quickette, only 9/9.



HP38, 143

FATHER



"Stop counting the number of mouths you have to feed and come eat your dinner."

MOTHER



"But, Jimmy . . . I'd RATHER have the fly!"

It seems to me

THE Paris shoe-shop proprietor who announced that a five-pair wardrobe of shoes was enough for any woman caused plenty of discussion.

He is M. Roger D'Aya, and his upper-crust customers include Queen Fabiola. His list could come down to four pairs in temperate climates, because he mentions "bootees" for very cold weather. The others are one pair of satin for evening, one suede, one classic black calf, and one low-heeled.

In theory I like the idea of this tidy shoe-cupboard, not being addicted to shoes.

But M. D'Aya doesn't allow for specialised needs like gardening shoes or thongs for slopping round the house and shops.

It gives me some pleasure to think of his delicate Gallic shudder if he could see my nine-year-old sandshoes.

These, which are quite hideous, are used only three weeks a year at most — for fishing. They are cleaned annually at the end of the holiday, when I scrub them in a bucket of water.

Often I have an uneasy feeling that in preferring lace-up tennis sandshoes for fishing I am not moving with the times. There must be something more becoming and equally suitable for walking on wet rocks. But fishing is a conservative pastime.

To look elegant when fishing would mark one as the rankest novice. And if you don't think this idea is soundly based, then you have never kept a spare prawn in your pocket.

★ ★ ★

DURING the High Court hearing which rejected an application by Mr. J. T. Kane, D.L.P. Senate candidate, to have a number of informal votes included in the count, one fascinating fact emerged.

Some voters, instead of numbering one to 26, numbered one to 12 and 14 to 26.

"That may be attributable," said the judges, "not to an error but to a desire to omit the figure 13."

Which shows the crying need for better political awareness. If superstitious citizens were well acquainted with all 26 candidates they would have no difficulty. They could assign the number 13 to the least liked.

★ ★ ★

"HAVE you ever noticed," one of my aunts asked long ago, "that just when you think you've finished the washing-up there's always one last wretched teaspoon rattling round the bottom of the sink?"

Yes, indeed I have. Ever since. Perhaps you could put all the silver into one of those wire salad-shakers. Or a mosquito-net bag. Or something.

By



Dorothy Drann

AS cameras prove a thousand times a week, a girl looks pretty in bridal array, and prettier still when she's gazing at her own baby. And now you can add to those sure-fire photographic successes a smaller group — wives whose astronaut husbands have returned safely from space.

The widely published picture showing Mrs. Scott Carpenter when she heard the good news showed the kind of lighted-up happiness that cannot be simulated.

And, as you will remember, cameras caught the same expression on the others of that select group whose husbands have come back safe from space.

I know authorities make sure that chosen astronauts have sensible, unhysterical women for wives, but the strain of the waiting must be almost unendurable.

People sometimes point out that millions of wives of servicemen have endured the same strain in varying degrees. That is true. But what sets the astronauts' wives apart is that they have no hope of conducting their worrying and waiting in their own ways. They can't slip anonymously into the city or give way to despair in absolute privacy. The eyes of the world are on them.

★ ★ ★

PUBLIC-RELATIONS officer for the city of Coventry, England, Mr. Mervyn Miles, states that after a search of old books he can find no record of the 800-year-old legend that Lady Godiva rode naked through the streets to persuade her husband, Earl Leofric, to stop harsh taxation.

Lady Godiva's psychoanalyst, A patient and well meaning sort of man,

Told Leofric, "She's exhibitionist.

Just try to understand her if you can. These tales she tells, they're fantasies, of course.

Riding alone through Coventry, undressed!

Her fair hair flowing, on a snow-white horse!

In time we'll cure her. Clearly she's repressed."

"Well, you're the doctor," Leofric replied.

"I love the wench." Uneasily, he frowned.

"I wish you'd stop her talking, though," he sighed.

"The trouble is, these stories get around."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 13, 1962

NEXT WEEK

● "BONANZA"— BIGGEST TV PIN-UP EVER

A mammoth two-page color pin-up of the "Bonanza" boys on horseback introduces a new television feature in our next issue.

"Bonanza" is the highest-rated TV show in Australia — and this color pin-up of the four on horseback is one for which many readers have been asking.

Our new TV section — from next week a regular feature — will be a four-page lift-out.

As well as big color pin-ups, there will be stories of top TV stars and shows, Australian and overseas.

And it will be in addition to our popular "Channel Chatter."

● Canberra—see how it grows

In the past eight years, the population of Canberra has doubled and building is keeping pace.

Next week, four pages of striking color pictures show how Canberra has grown — the new embassies, flats, the Academy of Science, a modern motel, a hotel. This is another in our Australia-in-color picture series.



● Gay panel for children

This is one of the charming designs in a delightful picture panel to make for a child's room.

The panel has other designs of kittens and fish — each to cut out in felt and applique on a felt background — with full directions.

● Lazy-bones snow look

The new European look in snow fashions is the lazy-bones or don't-care look.

You can see it in color in our next issue and a feature story tells all about it.

● Winter buffet recipes

Planning an informal party? Why not share the cookery by letting the guests bring their own choice of food. Then serve it as a buffet.

A three-page cookery feature has 18 recipes that are certain to please hostess and guests. All dishes will carry well and reheat easily.

Recipes are sweet and savory — Hungarian veal casserole, palate-pleaser salad, sugar-plum pie.



"All will be well on the day, Darling"

From DIANA GIBSON, in London

● Who but Otto Lucas would have 187 women at Princess Margaret's wedding wearing his hats, and more than 200 at the Kent wedding?

GERMAN-BORN Mr. Lucas, who will make his second visit to Australia next month, makes hats for many titled and socially prominent women to wear to the same party—without duplication, jealousy, or quarrelling.

And only Otto Lucas could assure such famous customers: "All will be well on the day, Darling; no two hats will be alike" — and be believed!

One of London's top milliners, Mr. Lucas arrives in Sydney on July 21 to show a collection specially designed for Australian women.

He will be at David Jones, Sydney, on July 23, 24, and 25, and will also visit Finney Isles Ltd., Brisbane; the Myer Emporium, Melbourne; and Charles Birks and Co. Ltd., Adelaide.

"Every woman looks pretty in my hats," says this no-nonsense milliner, who

has a rapier wit and a charming Charles Boyer-type accent.

Season after season, dreamy creations come from his Bond St. workrooms to adorn the most famous heads in "social" London.

Nearly every head worth looking at in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot and at Lord's shows the unmistakable line of a new Lucas creation.

Who but Otto would be making all the hats for the recent London collections and have a page extolling his virtues as an interior decorator in a London evening paper at the same time?

His home off Belgrave Square, in London, shows his flair for color—ice-blue and white decor offset by French and Italian antiques.

His Bond St. office has eggshell-blue walls, yellow curtains, French furniture, and a red antique tapestry chair in bright heraldic colors.

While I was there Mrs. David Bruce, wife of the

U.S. Ambassador to Britain, came in to choose a new hat. She went away with three!

The collection coming to Australia includes hats designed specially for the brilliant Australian summer.

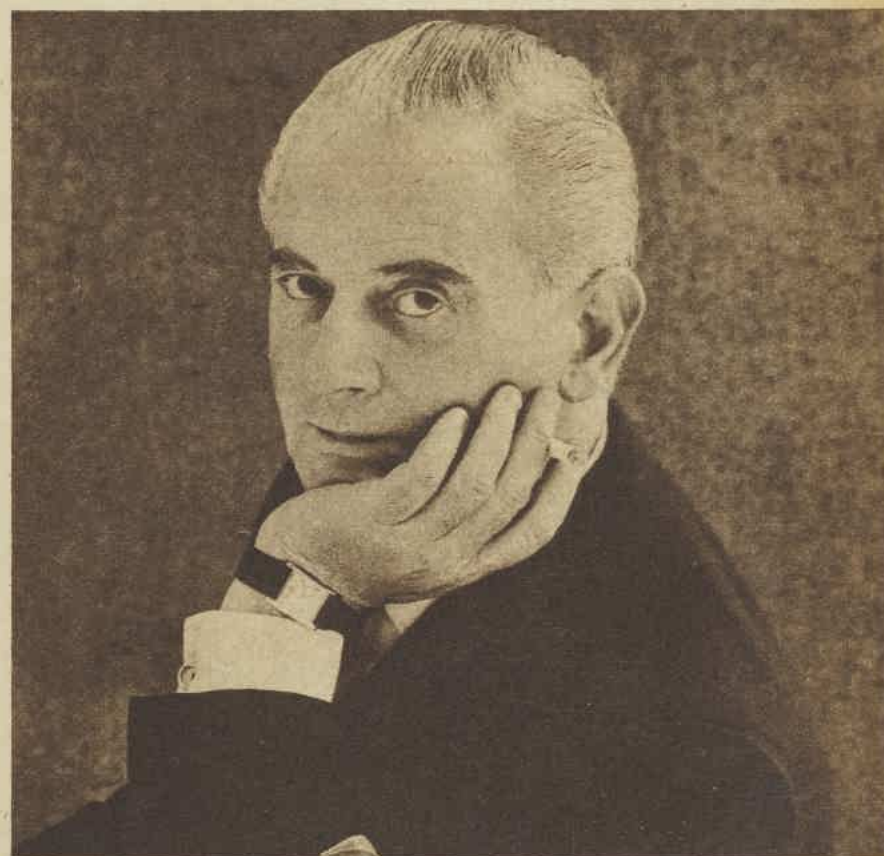
There will be wide-brimmed hats, curvy-brimmed hats; Breton straws in turquoise, hot orange, and muted spruce-green; smart, mature hats in emerald silk; black trimmed with white chiffon; and hats in all the colors of a peacock's tail.

There will be softest organdie and flower-petal hats for the very young, and brilliant eye-catchers for their mothers.

"Women buy hats to look chic," he says. "Girls buy them to please their boy-friends."

"When a woman walks into a room, I look first to see how she is dressed. I look specially at her gloves and shoes. Then I look at her face, and by that time I know what kind of hat she would like."

"I try to guide her into looking stylish — never 'dressed.'"



OTTO LUCAS, famous London milliner, who will visit here next month with his specially-designed-for-Australia hat collection. Some of the hats are pictured below.



4 good things have happened to SUNBEAM GOURMET



1 Tilts to baste or grill: With a flick of the finger you can tilt the Frypan to drain away excess fat.



2 Pyrex Lid: Cook delicious stews, casseroles and other moist-heat dishes—you can see how they're getting on!

If you haven't got a Sunbeam Frypan yet—now is the time to buy. If you have got one—maybe you should have these big new improvements! With four big new features Sunbeam Gourmet Frypan now does every cooking job better, quicker, easier than ever before!



3 Hi-Dome adjustable lid: This new heat-reflecting lid is so roomy you can roast a whole chicken. It adjusts to 6 positions.

It's called a frypan—but that's only 1/100th of the story!

A Sunbeam Frypan is really a complete electric range. It fries superbly, of course. But it also roasts meat, simmers stews gently for hours, steams a pudding and even bakes a birthday cake if you wish. And all the cooking is done by automatically controlled heat—so your fuel bills are way down. Some users report savings as high as £2 a quarter. If you've got a Sunbeam Frypan maybe you'd like a gleaming new one, with the four new features, also in your kitchen. It'll pay for itself in savings.

Sunbeam



4 Auxiliary handle: Makes your Sunbeam Gourmet Frypan easy to lift and carry—even when it's hot, even when it's full.

A MONKEY IN THE HOUSE

To be exact—3 lovable chimps who like to dance (THUMP! CRASH!) on the tiled roof

Story and pictures by ANNE SCOLLAN, of Oatley, N.S.W.

IT'S a riotous household. You're likely to find your cup of tea drained by a hairy black animal, your hat being modelled by another on a neighbor's roof, and a third chimp washing your handkerchief in the bathroom basin.

But animal trainer Mervyn King, his wife, Emily, a former circus rider, and their son, Greg, 7, of Greenacre, a Sydney suburb, are devoted to their three chimps.

There's Butch, aged 4, the biggest and cheekiest chimp, who adores to smoke cigarettes in a holder ("Emily!" says Merv, "have you smoked Butch's cigarettes again?"); baby Lulu, 3, who has tantrums, sulks, and holds her breath until she's sick; Mary, 5½, who collects pennies in a purse and likes to count them.

Although Merv has owned them for three years, the chimps were untrained until they began work a few months ago. Now they make regular appearances on TV, at carnivals, fetes, and stores.

Born in West African jungles, they are still officially foreigners. (Their daily whereabouts must be reported to the N.S.W. Animal Quarantine Service of the Commonwealth Department of Agriculture.) But they couldn't be more at home than they make themselves in the Kings' house.

They open the back door, race through the rooms, leave finger- and toe-marks on walls and curtains, pick up anything that takes their fancy, drop anything that doesn't, eat any food they can find, scream and hoot and thump on the floors, and generally behave like a housewife's nightmare.

Then they jump into your arms and give you a cuddle and a kiss, swing out of the window, and pull up a plant or two.

"Like a gangster kid"

Emily, an attractive young redhead who always sees the funny side, told me:

"Butch likes to hide round corners, and when I go past, maybe with a tray, he catches my leg and over I go."

As dancer-rider-contortionist Emily Kear, she's done lots of dangerous circus acts, including hanging by



• Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn King, son Greg, 7, and their chimpanzees, Butch, Mary, and Lulu, in the garden of their home at Greenacre, a Sydney suburb. Butch weighs 4 stone; Mary and Lulu, 3 stone — a hefty problem when they want to be picked up and petted.

her teeth 60ft. up. But Butch has her bluff.

"He's like a gangster kid," she says. "If I chase him with the shovel, he takes the shovel off me and chases me!"

The chimps treat visitors like royalty. I was the focus of all six miss-nothing beady eyes, my dress was curiously fingered, and finally my feet were kissed.

(Chimps feel tender toward human feet, especially toes. Any bare feet may be picked up, examined, gently felt, and perhaps the toes sucked.)

Give Mary a bowl of water, soap, and a rag, and she'll lather, wash, and wring incessantly.

But she loves to dig in the garden, too, with a little fork. After Emily had done some planting, she watched Mary dig a small hole, pour in water, and stick a plant in, just as she had done.

(Then Mary may come into the house with her dirty feet and maybe wash her dirty hands.)

"Does the cleaning-up worry you?" I asked Emily. We were sitting in the dining-room. A purposeful chimp came out of the hall shedding soap froth, parted the curtains, and left through the window.

"I used to be cleaning all the time," said Emily, "but I'm more sensible now."

If she let a few footprints on the washbasin throw her, she'd be neurotic by now. But she takes it all with a laugh.

The animals have travelled a lot, first from Africa to a dealer in England, then by air to Singapore, and to Sydney by ship.

They cost Merv £A175 each to buy.

He spent £180 building their own Council-approved house at the end of his garden. It has double brick walls, edged with a few flowers, a caged-in verandah with swings, hessian bags, and straw for bedding (they get in the bags on cold nights), and a tiled roof which they've smashed three times by dancing on it.

Almost from the time Merv joined a circus at the age of seven—he became an acrobat, later a foreman and trainer, then had his own circus—he has worked with lions, horses, ponies, elephants, camels. He finds chimps the most intelligent, with elephants second.

Merv doesn't consider himself an authority on chimpanzees. He told me, "When I got them, I knew nothing at all, and now I know only what I've learned from these."

"You have to be their friend; more than that—their parent."

"You've got to smack

them. They're too rough without discipline. But you mustn't be nasty."

"They're tender-hearted. If I scold one, the others come over and comfort her."

"If I want to teach them, I sit down and talk to them and do little jobs with them."

"Butch learns fast. I tie a knot, he ties a knot. I eat a banana with a knife



• Butch eats a banana — the chimps' favorite dish—imitating the Kings' knife-and-fork table approach. As a rule the chimps use fingers, and, if the bananas are very tasty, they eat the skins, too.

and fork, he does it. But he doesn't always remember things.

"It might take me a month to get something through Mary's head. But she never forgets it."

"Chimps are one-man animals. If they're very young their affections can be transferred, but not when they're older."

Butch, Mary, and Lulu are let out of their house for 20 minutes twice a day. When they're out, adults and children appear from nowhere to watch, fascinated.

Baby Lulu does the Twist

On Sundays the audience swells to 50 or so, with children fighting, Lulu doing back flips and the Twist (like a non-stop corkscrew), Mary hammering or dashing around on stilts, and Butch wrestling allcomers.

Emily shuts herself in the house, but children keep knocking on the door telling tales on who's fighting.

"Lulu and Mary adore babies," she said, "and sometimes they're allowed to

hold them. They're so gentle with them."

The Kings are blessed with good-natured neighbors. When a child let Butch out in Merv's absence, Butch went to visit next door. Emily saw him doing a tightrope act on the electricity wires and cavorting heavily around the roof.

The chimps get up at daylight usually, but they sleep in on cold mornings. Merv spends up to 30/- a day on their food.

For breakfast they each have four slices of bread and honey or jam and margarine and share a two-quart pot of tea with milk and sugar. For an hour afterwards they suck the tea-leaves.

An average evening meal for the three is 3lb. peas, a dozen oranges, two pineapples, two stalks of celery, six carrots, 4lb. grapes, and a dozen apples.

They have three tones of chimp-speech, Merv says. You can tell when they're frightened, pleased to see you, or worried.

There isn't much that frightens them, but Merv has discovered two infallible controls: They cower in terror and cry at sight of a snail or a rubber snake.

Once the chimps know you, their friendship is for always.

If you see them out driving with Merv in his station-wagon, you'd better duck round a corner or you'll have a trio of loud-voiced apes waving and calling to you. What could be more embarrassing?

• Greg and Butch. Greg's mother, Emily King, says they both have "a little bit of gangster in them," but she doesn't know whether Greg gave it to Butch, or vice versa. Greg usually has one, two, or three chimps hanging on him. They embrace him, rub faces, inspect his hair, clothes, and feet; they talk to him, wrestle, play, and skip with him.



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AM185/62

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AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 13, 1962

Joyfully back to the Stone Age

By NAN MUSGROVE

● No news has caused more general rejoicing than the return of "The Flintstones" to Channel 9. Viewers rushed back to the Stone Age with glee.

THE FLINTSTONES is an adult cartoon series that paints a bright and zany picture of life in the suburbs in prehistoric days.

If you haven't met the Flintstones before don't miss them now. They're on at 7 p.m. on Mondays on Channel 9, and they're half an hour of pure joy.

When the Flintstones were first introduced to Australia, TV experts had their doubts about their reception. But their doubts didn't last long. "The Flintstones" soon became one of Australia's top-rated programmes.

From the look of this brand-new series, they'll soon be up among the top ratings again.

The hero and heroine of the cartoon are Fred Flintstone and his wife, Wilma; their support and great friends are Betty and Barney Rubble, who live next door. The language and behaviour of the characters are strictly 20th century, but the settings, costumes, and animals are Stone Age.

If you are wondering just how good "The Flintstones" really is cast your mind back to those wonderful M.G.M. "Tom and Jerry" cartoons.

"The Flintstones" is the creation of the two clever men who drew "Tom and Jerry," Joe Barbera and Bill Hanna. They think "The Flintstones" is the best thing they have done, and televisioners certainly agree with them.

A FRIEND of mine is still reeling from bad TV shock. He has only just caught up with Dr. Ben Casey (Vince Edwards), that scowling head doctor, whose bitter battles with death, patients, doctors, and nurses make popular televisioning these days.

"People should tell that hospital he's no doctor," he said. "I've known Vince Edwards for years on films, and he's never been anything else but the driver of the getaway car in old United Artists movies."

Just to prove his point he told me the last time Vince drove the getaway car was on March 21 this year on Channel 9 in an old movie called "The Killing," which starred Sterling Hayden.

I checked, and Vince was there all right, unnamed in the cast, hunched over the

wheel of a 1956-model car as he gunned it away from the scene of a big racetrack robbery.

There's better to come

THE first episode of "The Patriots," A.B.C.-TV's new historical series which began recently, was no preparation for the good entertainment to come.

It was slow and devoted to introducing the different plots involved.

I like Dr. Wardell (Nigel Lovell) and Miss Sarah Cox (Beverly Phillips) best of all the characters. I thought James Condon's William Charles Wentworth was a bit too theatrical, but he, like everyone else, was obviously suffering from beginnings.

I was a little disappointed, because I believe "The Patriots" is the best of the historical series yet presented, and I hoped this would be apparent straight away.

It always seems to me a wicked business to praise or condemn a series on one episode, particularly a "live" series with a first night that is the culmination of months of planning.

On paper, first nights are good, but in my experience they never are as good as other nights when a slight air of "what - the - hell" steadies the cast's nerves.

Viewers have shown surprisingly great interest in the serial and the characters. I can't remember this happening with either "Stormy Petrel" or "The Outcasts."

I have had quite a busy time explaining to televisioners that historical serials have a special casting problem.

Producer Colin Dean tells me he always tries to cast actors and actresses who bear

some resemblance to the historic character they are portraying. He spends hours studying portraits, photographs, and descriptions of the real characters before he chooses the actors.

That is why some are tall, some are short, some are fat, some are thin, some good-looking, some plain.

I thought of all this work and care when one man asked me whether Governor Darling was "as stuck up" as he looked, and thought of it again when another televisioner told me the A.B.C. ought to know heroines should be blond, not brunette like Miss Beverly Phillips.

She did concede, though, that she "rather liked" the look of Wentworth.

Paladin goes riding on

RICHARD BOONE ("Paladin") hoped to settle down and quit travelling around TV's wild west, but TV brass has lassoed him for a sixth year.

As Paladin in "Have Gun, Will Travel," Boone is one of TV's top-rated cowboys. However, even success wears thin after five years.

"If I said I am looking forward to the sixth year with as much enthusiasm as I did the second year, I'd be a liar," he said. "But I'm not being chained to something I don't want to do."

Dick starts filming final "Have Gun" segments next month and completes them in September. He will begin rehearsals in the play "Sergeant Steiner," which he will do on Broadway, in October.

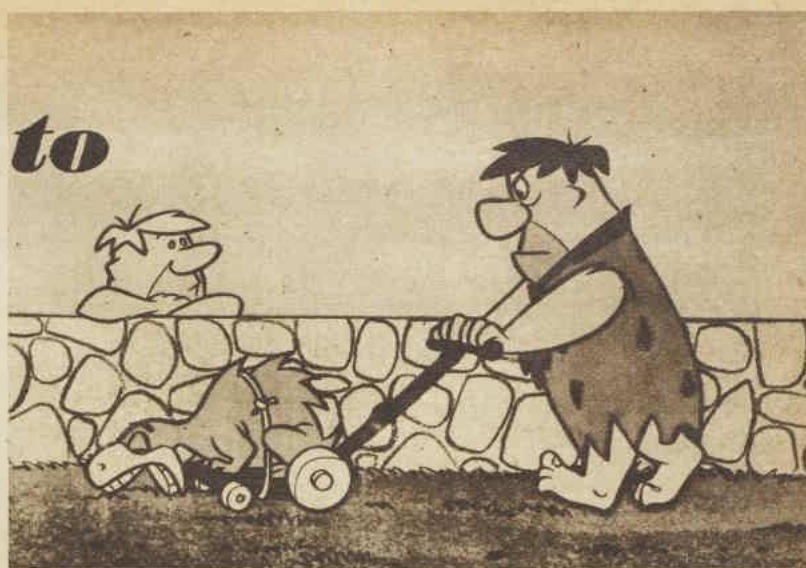
As he looks back on five years as one of history's best-paid gunmen, Boone seems to have no regrets.

"They've made more than a fair deal with me," said Boone, who has been paid at least one million dollars (£A500,000) for his work on the show. "The bills are paid for 20 years."

The plural that jarred

"MEET THE PRESS," on Sundays from Channel 9, round 10 p.m., can, like all interview shows, be good, better, or awful, but I found the one recently with Miss Marian Anderson a bit too much.

I was anxious to meet this magnificent singer and



FRED FLINTSTONE whirls into rather bad-tempered action with his prehistoric lawnmower, while friend Barney Rubble watches. At left: Wilma, Fred's wife, with rubbish for garbage disposal unit—a small, live monster under the sink.



world-famous human being on TV. But I couldn't take the way she calls herself "we."

At the end of a weekend I'm so relaxed late on Sunday night that I can't grapple with people who won't join us common folk and call themselves "I."

I think this "we" business is silly, even with Miss Anderson's explanation that it embraces all the people who have helped her.

New Films, Movie Gossip

With Miriam Fowler

★★ ONLY TWO CAN PLAY

This is a very amusing and witty adaptation by Bryan Forbes of Kingsley Amis' novel "That Uncertain Feeling," with Peter Sellers in a made-to-order role as the Welsh librarian hero whose preoccupation with the attractions of the opposite sex helps him to escape the reality of a dull job and a dreary domestic situation. An attempt to better himself in the library leads to a farcical affair with Mai Zetterling, wife of the library committee chairman. As Sellers' long-suffering but fairly understanding wife, Virginia Maskell is given some of the best lines in the film. M.B. — State, Sydney. In a word . . . HILARIOUS.

★★ MURDER, SHE SAID

Whimsically forthright, Margaret Rutherford makes the ideal Miss Marple — Agatha Christie's English

spinster sleuth. Working step by step with Miss M., fans will be absorbed in her hunt for a nameless body at a neglected country estate. Focused on her quiet dejection, the film — unlike the talented authoress — neglects to draw firmly all identities vital to the mystery. Unable to convince police she witnessed a murder, Miss Marple investigates alone. Her search leads to invalidated James Robertson Justice's mansion, where she poses as a maid — and meets the killer. — Liberty, Sydney. In a word . . . ABSORBING.

★★ SATAN NEVER SLEEPS

Communist "liberation" of a Christian Chinese village seems a light-hearted prank, with the drolleries of Clifton Webb and a sharp script. An elderly priest, Webb is trapped in the village by advancing Reds through the late arrival of his replacement (and comic foil), William Holden, in turn delayed by futile attempts to

shake his ardent shadow, France Nuyen. Humorous clerical quips, while resisting "Satanic" provocations from the Communists and Nuyen, reduce the Reds' brutality and sacrilege to unreality. — Regent, Sydney. In a word . . . DROLL.

ALAN LADD'S daughter Alana and her boyfriend, young millionaire Robert Westbrook, flew to Madrid to stay with Ava Gardner recently. The star had invited them during her earlier visit to Hollywood. Alana and Westbrook made the trip with Ladd's consent.

LIZA MINELLI, the daughter of director Vincent Minelli, has enrolled for dancing lessons with Gene Loring, who at one time coached her mother, Judy Garland.

GEORGE HAMILTON and Susan Kohner have decided to marry on September 30.



Marian Anderson

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

STAR-RAKER

One man's dream demanded all their courage — a new serial

By DONALD GORDON

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

JULY: the sun newly risen: and the countryside like a sleeping child, still and beautiful in the first soft flush of dawn. In the north the hills of the Cranbourne Chase were up to their knees in mist, but in the south a sea breeze had chased the mist from all but the most low-lying hollows and the Dorset seaboard lay bathed in light.

Six o'clock: and the bells of a dozen churches ringing in the new-born day. And down the main (and only) street of Witchampton, Jasper Mowlem, the postman, bicycling out of the village on the start of his round.

He bicycled slowly, for he was not a young man, and the three or four hundred letters in his mailbag had to be delivered along a scattered twelve-mile route: twelve miles of twisting, undulating lanes, with the hedgerows often so close together that cars could only squeeze past each other at the occasional scooped-out bays.

A mile to the south of Witchampton Jasper came to the first of the steep little hills where he had to dismount: the one-in-five haul from the Dawn Wood up to Five Oaks Farm. He swung off his bike and wheeled it up through the leafy tunnel of green. Up and up. Till the beeches gave way to grassland, a breeze cool from the sea came whispering over the crest of the hill, and there ahead of him, silhouetted against the skyline, was Five Oaks Farm.

The low L-shaped farmstead (already old when the Armada hovered off Lyme Bay) always struck Jasper Mowlem as being exactly the sort of home a gentleman ought to have: not flashy or ostentatious, but mellow, well cared for, and discreetly prosperous. Take for instance the gravel drive down which he was bicycling; it was weedless, well drained, and firm. Take the porch against which he leaned his bike; it was framed by posts of ships' timber two feet thick and hard as a Scotsman's bargain. No fear of his bicycle damaging them.

He opened his bag. He pulled out the morning's mail for Five Oaks Farm. Two letters. One with a twopenny-halfpenny stamp, one with a threepenny.

The first he could place at a glance—a receipt from the local garage. But the second wasn't so easy. Plain envelope, neat nondescript handwriting, postmark London, W.1: it was discreetly anonymous.

Jasper scratched his ear. Was a time—say, twenty or twenty-five years ago—when he would have tried to puzzle out who the letter had come from. For, although he was not by nature an inquisitive man, he did consider it one of the "perks" of his calling to know the affairs of the little circle of people to whom he delivered mail. But he couldn't be bothered to puzzle over it now.

Age and the warmth of the sun and the long haul up from the Dawn Wood had sapped his curiosity. He gave the letter only a cursory glance. Then, with a shrug, he pushed it in through the wrought-iron slit in the door. It couldn't, he told himself, be a very important letter—else it would surely have been addressed to Sir Iain's office and not to his home.

But in this Jasper Mowlem was wrong. Utterly and completely wrong.

The letter spun down, like an aircraft with shot-off ailerons. It fell to the thick-piled carpet. It lay face-down. From across the hall a grandfather clock stared at it blankly. A bar of sunlight, creeping between a chink in the curtains, wavered uncertainly toward it; then, as the curtains stirred in the wind, the bar of light was blocked out. The letter was left in the shadow. Waiting.

Seven o'clock: the unhurried chime of the grandfather clock: and Sir Iain's housekeeper padded into the hall. She drew the curtains. She picked up the mail. The receipt she could cope with herself; she stuffed it into her pocket (later to file). The letter she looked at doubtfully. She peered at postmark and handwriting, but they told her no more than they told Jasper Mowlem, and she shrugged her shoulders and carried the letter into the breakfast-room and laid it beside the single cup and saucer placed at the end of the refectory table.

And at that moment, in the austere little white-walled bedroom above the hall, the man to whom the letter was addressed—Sir Iain McIver, K.B.E., F.R.Ae.S.—opened his eyes.

He opened his eyes and looked out of his bedroom window and the first thing he saw was the vapor trail, the thread of magenta crawling toward the sun. The sight of the vapor trail reminded him at once of his Star-raker, and the thought of his Star-raker reminded him of the letter—the longed-for letter which, to his bitter disap-

pointment, still hadn't come. And as his thoughts coalesced into a familiar pattern all the doubts and fears he'd been a prey to for the past few weeks came crowding in on him.

For it was more than a month now since the Minister of Aviation and his retinue had come to Long Ashwood airfield to watch the Star-raker's trials. The Minister had seemed impressed at the time. His technical advisers had flown in the Star-raker; they had checked her performance figures; they had pored over her operating costs and her schedules of production. Then they had gone back to London. Sir Iain had waited patiently, but he had heard no more. The longed-for production contract had never arrived.

His fingers plucked at the flawless linen sheets. How, he asked himself, had this contract come to mean so much to him? Hadn't he as chairman of McIver-Ducann (one of the largest groups of aircraft manufacturers in the world) been responsible for the design and launching of a dozen important and often revolutionary aircraft in the past twenty years? And got away with them all? Why, then, was he fretting now, like a cow lowing anxiously after its only calf?

The answer, he told himself, was that the Star-raker was more important and more revolutionary than any other aircraft his company had ever embarked on. That was certainly true. (The launching of the world's first supersonic airliner did represent a greater advance in aviation than the launching, say, of the first monoplane or the first jet; it was more of a leap in the dark.) Yet that was only half the truth. The other half was something that Sir Iain never thought of taking into account. The fact that he was growing old.

Sir Iain McIver was sixty-five. His vigor was still phenomenal, his judgment was unimpaired, his vision undimmed. Yet in one respect his age had begun to catch up with him. His interests had narrowed. They had started to narrow immediately after the death of his wife and son in April, 1942 (the one killed in the London blitz, the other—within a week—missing from a fighter sweep over France). Sir Iain had begun, after their deaths, to discard the things which no longer seemed important to him: outside interests, family ties, the paraphernalia of gracious living; even his daughter had come to mean not very much to him.

For more and more he had grown to serve only the one god: the aviation company in which he had spent his life. He had lost interest in the sidelines; it was only the big decisions which interested him now, only the great themes of aviation. On these he now concentrated all his powers, throwing body and mind into fewer but fiercer battles, striving more ardently than ever before to bring to fruition the one or two projects which moved him most.

And the project which moved him most of all was the Star-raker—the prototype of the supersonic airliner at present undergoing its trials.

Sir Iain stared at the vapor trail, now dissipating into the semblance of cloud. Maybe the production contract would arrive this very morning. Maybe it would never arrive.

He glanced at the sunray clock opposite his bed. Five past seven. Five minutes later; and still, he reproached himself, wasting time. He groped for the top of the bedside table. He found and clamped on his glasses. Beneath their rimless lenses his eyes became suddenly harder, colder. He jerked the bellrope and jumped out of bed.

He walked quickly across the bathroom.

The bathroom was walled with dark green tiles, inset with glass tanks through whose waters tropical fish gavotted like meteors astab through a pale green sky. Sir Iain flicked on the light which illuminated his shaving mirror. He picked up his cut-throat razor, gave it a few brisk strokes, rubbed a minimum of cream into his slightly sagging jowls, and with exactly a dozen strokes removed all trace of stubble and beard. The rest of his ablutions were completed equally swiftly; Sir Iain was not the man to linger over what he termed "unessentials."

Back in the bedroom he found that Burgess, his valet, had laid out his clothes while he'd been shaving. And, having laid them out, had discreetly retired—for Sir Iain had never become accustomed to having a servant in the room while he dressed (a sure sign, the perspicacious Burgess had pointed out to his cronies, that the old man wasn't one of the proper gentry).

But the trappings helped; that no one would deny. Sir Iain dressed

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"About the other evening . . . I'm sorry," Keith Hamilton said, surprising Fiona with the apology as he met her in the hangar.



The star... is you!



NATALIE WOOD stars in
Elia Kazan's production of
"SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS"
for Warner Bros.



*Your beauty care... the beauty care of 9 out of 10
Hollywood stars... the mild beauty soap that
keeps your skin so soft, so smooth — so beautifully clear!*

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the purest, most luxurious beauty soap of all!

No Hollywood star ever faced such extreme close-ups as *you* face every day... nobody was ever on stage so long! Will the face you turn to your fans be flawless? Yes — if you use gentle, mild, creamy-smooth Lux Toilet Soap. This is the soap of the Hollywood stars, the soap with the rich lather that beautifies and purifies — leaving your skin so lovely to look at... so lovely to touch. No other soap can match the purity of Lux — no wonder it's the choice of 9 out of 10 glamorous stars. *And you...*



In four pastel shades and white

the PRICE OF HAPPINESS

By Loula Grace Erdman

I WILL always remember that summer because at its beginning the fabric of my faith was still whole and unblemished. I was eight years old, and for all I knew the great wide world was merely an extension of my own small one—a place filled with good and kind people who loved me and one another. How long this would have lasted if Cousin Mattie Lee Ford had not come up from Kentucky to visit her Missouri kin, I cannot say.

We went to Aunt Carrie's for dinner that Sunday, Papa and Mama and I, riding in a shiny new buggy that Mark, a high-stepping bay, pulled as easily as if we were no weight at all.

Aunt Carrie was Papa's sister, and the most satisfying kind of aunt to have. She always said, as soon as she hugged and kissed me, "My goodness, Janie, you look more and more like your mama every single day!"

This gave me a warm, comfortable feeling. Mama was the most beautiful woman I knew. If I looked like her, then I would be pretty and everyone would love me as they did Mama. That was all a woman needed to be, I thought—beautiful and charming. Growing up held only pleasant prospects for me.

"I suppose," Papa said, touching Mark lightly with the whip, "that Carrie will have the house full, as usual."

"Of course," Mama said, and the two of them exchanged a warm, happy smile over my head, managing at the same time to make me feel I was a part of it.

From my place between them, I looked first at one and then at the other. Even when Papa was sitting down you could tell he was tall. He wore a small, dark, close-cropped moustache. His hair was dark, too, and when he took off his hat—as he had done today, giving it to Mama to hold in her lap—there was a wave in his hair where the hat had rested. His eyes were dark with small wrinkles at the corners, which came because he laughed a lot.

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Janie tightly gripped the side of the buggy as her mother desperately tried to control the frightened horse.

Leo Batten.

I was sure Papa was the handsomest man in the world, and the gayest and the best. I thought Mama looked especially pretty today in a muslin dress sprinkled with violets. She smelled of violets, too—it was the only scent I ever knew her to wear.

"There's the halfway tree," I said, partly because looking at them made me so happy I had to say something, and partly because I could never pass the tree without calling attention to it.

It was a huge cottonwood that Papa said was the oldest and largest tree in the county. It stood at the spot where the road crossed the creek, its branches hanging down to touch the edge of the bridge. I loved it because it was exactly halfway between our house and Aunt Carrie's, so that whichever way we went I knew when we

Continuing . . . THE PRICE OF HAPPINESS

from page 23

came to it that we were halfway there.

Today Papa looked at it critically. "It's probably hollow inside," he said. "Some day it's going to fall and take the bridge along with it."

I was upset. The tree was mine and I wanted no flaw in it. Mama was disturbed, but for a different reason. She said why didn't Papa—or someone—cut it down before that happened.

But even as a protest crowded to my lips Papa laughed lightly and said she wasn't to worry her pretty little head about it; the tree would probably stand for another hundred years. He reached across

me to pat her hand and she smiled back. I felt better.

When we got to Aunt Carrie's, sure enough we saw that a lot of the kinfolk had already arrived.

Papa's kinfolk, for Mama was an orphan who had come from Ohio to marry Papa and take his family and their ways for her own. Papa tied the horse, helped Mama out of the buggy, and lifted me to the ground.

Aunt Carrie rushed to meet us, hugging and kissing us as if we had been separated for years. Aunt Hilda, Papa's other sister, came over to kiss us, too, although she

lived next door to us, and had seen us only this morning.

"Hello, everybody," Papa was saying when a woman came toward him.

She was a little on the plump side, with skin the color and texture of magnolia blossoms. Her strawberry-blond hair had a high pompadour in front, and in the back one fat curl hung down, draping itself across her shoulder. In contrast to Mama, who was small and delicately made, she looked like an oversized rose just before its petals are ready to drop. She made straight for Papa, her arms outstretched.

"Why, Boyd Ferguson!" she cried.

"Mattie Lee!" Papa said. He put his arms around her, and swung her off the floor, kissing her several times. Mama just stood there, watching. Finally Papa put Cousin Mattie Lee back on her feet and she stood regarding him, her head to one side, the fat curl sliding across her shoulder as she did so.

"I declare to goodness, Boyd Ferguson," she said, her voice seeming to come from way down in her throat, "you get bigger and better-looking every day you live. How long has it been—ten years?"

Only she didn't say it quite that way. It was "decalah" and "biggah" and "bettah."

"I guess ten years is about right," Papa agreed. He turned, reached toward Mama, and pulled her to his side. "You haven't met my wife," he said. "Ruth, this is cousin Mattie Lee Ford."

"How do you do?" Mama said, holding out her hand. The woman looked at her, a sort of sizing-up look. Mama was accustomed to Papa's sisters looking at her, saying wasn't she beautiful and things like that; but even I could see this look was different. Mama blushed a little, but she stood her ground. "It's good to have you with us," she said calmly.

"I reckon you don't know you came between Boyd and me," Cousin Mattie Lee said. "I thought I had him for sure that summer, but when he came home here, you went and snatched him away. I've never forgiven you for it."

SHE laughed when she said it—a laughter in which the aunts joined. Papa looked at Mama out of the corner of his eye. She smiled a little.

"And this is Janie," Mama said, taking my hand and pulling me toward her.

"Hello," Cousin Mattie Lee said, turning her smile on me just a moment. Then she looked at Papa again. "She's going to look like you, Boyd."

The statement made me vaguely uneasy. Not that-looking like Papa wouldn't be all right, but nobody had ever said it before. He was a man; I was supposed to look like Mama, who was a beautiful woman. I stole a quick glance at the mirror to see if I had changed in the past week.

"Oh," Papa said, "there's a lot of Ruth in her."

He didn't say I was exactly like Mama; even the aunts didn't mention it the way they always did. They just said, "Now, you all go into the parlor and catch up on the news while we put the dinner on the table."

Papa and Cousin Mattie Lee walked off, talking at the same time, laughing a great deal. Mama watched them go, hesitated a moment, and then turned to help Aunt Hilda and Aunt Carrie with the meal.

As far as Cousin Mattie Lee was concerned there might have been no one else at the table but Papa. Almost every word she said was directed to him, and for the most part she talked about the summer he had spent at Kentucky. It was "Do you remember that?" and "Do you remember that?" Everyone laughed at the things she was recalling, although none of them except Papa could possibly know what the jokes were because he had gone by himself to Kentucky.

At some time during dinner I began to realise that Mama wasn't joining in the laughter at all. Papa must have seen this, too, for he stopped laughing and looked at her uneasily a time or two. But Cousin Mattie Lee didn't seem to notice any difference. She kept right on.

She didn't let up even when we went out to see Uncle Will's new horse, Prince, and the thing he called a runabout—a sort of topless buggy with rubber-tyred wheels and a velvet cushion on the seat. Cousin Mattie Lee asked if Papa remembered the time they went buggy-riding and got lost. Papa got a little red in the face and everyone laughed again. All except Mama. She stood quiet and composed and held me by the hand.

Mama sat very straight in the

To page 25



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Continuing . . . THE PRICE OF HAPPINESS

from page 24

Cousin Mattie Lee very much and I didn't believe Mama had, either. If she was staying with Aunt Hilda, who lived next door to us, I was glad Mama and I had been out of town during the visit.

Mama looked a little absent-minded during supper, and as soon as it was over she said, "Will, would you mind letting me borrow your horse and buggy so Janie and I can go home this evening?"

"Right now?" Uncle Will asked. "Right now," Mama said.

They tried to argue her out of it, saying that it was late, she had seven miles to go, it looked like rain, and she ought to wait until morning and let Papa come for her. Mama said it didn't look much like

rain, but if it was going to that was all the more reason for going home immediately.

"Prince is pretty mettlesome and you've never driven him before," Uncle Will pointed out.

"My heavens," Aunt Carrie broke in, "you've got no business starting out at this time of night in an open runabout with rain coming up."

But there was no moving Mama. I knew what was in her mind. She had said she was going to surprise Papa and she wasn't about to give up the idea. So it ended up with Mama and me driving off in the runabout, its shiny wheels flashing, the rubber tyres making scarcely a

sound, Prince stepping high and smartly.

They were right about the rain. We hadn't gone more than two miles before it hit. And then out of a great stillness came the thunder. Lightning shot across the sky, so bright I could see it playing over Prince's harness. Then lightning and thunder came together, so close they seemed to explode in the buggy at the same time. I screamed and grabbed at Mama's arm. Prince reared straight in the air. For one awful moment I thought he was going to fall backwards into our laps.

Mama jerked her arm free. "Hold tight to the side of the seat!" she said.

After that she had no more time

for me. She was too busy trying to calm the horse, holding the reins taut but not too tight. "There, there, Prince . . ." she said. She continued to manipulate the reins, talking all the while. Finally, after what seemed a lifetime but must have been no more than five minutes, she had the horse reasonably quiet and steady again. Then she turned to me.

"Janie," she said, breathing quickly, "you must not do that again — scream or grab my arm. Understand?"

"Yes," I whispered thickly. Just then another flash of lightning ripped open the sky, and in spite of Mama's warning I screamed and threw myself upon her. Again Prince reared.

"Janie!" Mama cried, her voice rising above the storm.

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buggy on the way home that evening, not smiling, her mouth a thin, tight little line. Papa tried several times to start a conversation, with no luck. I sat between them, miserable and unhappy.

Finally Papa cleared his throat. "Ruth," he began.

Mama looked at him over my head, and I sensed the meaning of her glance. Whatever he had to say was to wait until they got home and I was in bed. Something was wrong between Papa and Mama, and my world ceased to seem safe and beautiful.

Whatever it was must have got straightened out all right, for the next morning Mama looked very smiling and happy. She hummed softly as she went about her work and looked prettier than ever.

When Papa came home for dinner he brought a letter for Mama that he had picked up at the post office. The envelope bore a black border, and Mama turned a little pale even before she opened it. She read the closely written pages and then told us that the letter said a distant cousin had died back in Ohio and left Mama a small legacy.

But the letter also said that Mama was to come out to Ohio and see that the cousin's personal effects were distributed according to a set of written directions she had left.

Mama didn't want to go, but there didn't seem any way out of it, so two days later Papa drove her and me over to Granbury, where Uncle Will and Aunt Carrie lived, to catch the train. We got to Ohio all right, and immediately Mama started the business of sorting out the effects of Mrs. Mary Lawson, a cousin twice removed, according to Mrs. Lawson's last wishes.

Mama worked hard, but even so it took a long time. Papa wrote us that he missed us something

FROM THE BIBLE

• "Set your mind on God's kingdom and His justice before everything else, and all the rest will come to you as well."

— Matthew 6: 33.
(New English Bible).

awful and that Mama was to hurry and get the job done and come home. Finally one letter came that sounded even more insistent than the others, so Mama set a date for our return, telling Papa when to meet us in Granbury. Then she worked so fast that she was through a good two days before the time she had set.

"We'll surprise Papa," she said, gleeful as a little girl. "We'll just walk in on him and surprise him. Goodness—it's been almost a month since we left home!"

It was very hot that day when we got off the train at Granbury. Mama wiped the perspiration off her face, and looked around half-expectantly, although she couldn't have thought anyone would meet her, for no one knew we were arriving this soon. Al Miller, the livery-stable man, took us to Aunt Carrie's in his hack, and we walked in on her and Uncle Will just as they were sitting down to supper.

You never saw such a lot of hugging and kissing as went on. It would have been perfect if Papa had only been there.

"My, my, is Boyd ever going to be happy!" Aunt Carrie said.

"How is he?" Mama asked, her cheeks turning a little pink as she spoke.

"Oh, fine, fine," Uncle Will broke in. "But just about worn to a frazzle like all the rest of us. With Mattie Lee here, everybody's trying to entertain her. Run, run, run all the time. And in this heat—"

"Oh, so she's still here." There was a slight edge of formality in Mama's voice. "Where's she staying?"

"At Hilda's. She says it's too much trouble to move her things back and forth, so she makes that her headquarters."

It seemed to me that things had worked out fine. I hadn't liked



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- Butter or oil (All spoon measures are level)

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THE LOVING HEART

A short short story

By Margaret Fox

HER suit was smart and expensive. Her straight, shining hair swept her shoulders and then gave a slight upward sweep, and to keep it in just that state was quite expensive, too. But all this did not really matter, because, although she was only nineteen, Carolyn Bedford already earned quite a large salary.

Straight from the art school she had obtained the post of window-dresser to the smallest and most exclusive shop in the coastal resort where she lived. She had made arrangements to visit Paris, Venice, Florence, and Rome to study display methods there. Everything was fun, everything was wonderful, life still seemed long and stretched interminably ahead.

She was going to get married quite soon, but this would really make very little difference. Because Alan was such fun, too, and he agreed with her about practically everything. If ever he did seem a little doubtful about anything Carolyn soon talked him round.

"It's been a good party, hasn't it?" she said now, tucking her arm through his as they walked along the promenade to her home. "Betty and Peter are an awfully sensible couple, aren't they? I mean the way they run their lives now they're married. Both quite free and independent. None of this silly clinging business. And they do have fun. We will, too, won't we? I mean, there's no reason why you shouldn't just because you're married, is there?" She went babbling on.

He smiled at her. He had loved Carolyn since they had built their sandcastles together and he always would love her.

"Well, tomorrow's the great day, isn't it?" he said. "A real gathering of the clans. East, West, North, and South..."

"Don't I know it! There's one thing about a small house, though. There is a limit to the number of relatives you can put up. We've only got the grandparents."

"The stars of the occasion. The protagonists, I suppose one might almost call them." Alan grinned. "Well, a golden wedding is still quite something, isn't it? Wait till we have ours."

"Oh, we shall have finished each other off long before that." She laughed. At the gate he kissed her, but only lightly, because that was how she liked it.

"No, I'm not coming in," he said in reply to her unspoken question. "They'll just have arrived and won't want me. I'll see you at the festivities tomorrow."

By the door she turned and blew him a kiss. Then she went inside, all ready to be sweetly innocent and appealing with her grandmother and slightly arch and dashing with her grandfather. The sounds that came from the sitting-room gave the impression that all was going well.

Her grandmother, in her seventies, looked amazingly young and smart; her grandfather, although only a little older, appeared a great deal more so, but it was her grandmother whom everybody combined to hustle off to bed.

"Carolyn will bring you some milk, won't you, dear?" said her mother.

"Of course," Carolyn was all honey and light.

When she went upstairs she found her grandmother propped up in bed wearing a jacket which she would have been quite proud to use in one of her own window displays.

"This is quite ridiculous," her grandmother smiled. "I mean, all this fuss about hot milk and going to bed early. As though having a golden wedding had suddenly turned one into an invalid or an imbecile or something. Well, fifty years is quite a long time, I suppose."

"Yes," said Carolyn, to whom fifty years and eternity were still synonymous.

"Yet now, looking back, it appears impossible. Everything becomes telescoped. All the fun and all the worry, the good things and the bad..."

"Was there much bad?" asked Carolyn, and suddenly, although she would have denied it vehemently, she was just a little afraid. Her grandmother looked at her.

"My dear Carolyn, what do you expect? You don't get through fifty years without your share, you know. Nobody does. Sickness—your grandfather was ill for a long time after World War I, and then the money..."



Alan smiled at his fiancée, "Wait till we have our golden wedding," he said.

"Money?" Carolyn looked at the expensive luggage, and again at the exquisite bedjacket.

"Good gracious, yes. I remember crying once because your mother's shoes needed mending."

"But I had no idea..."

Her grandmother laughed. "Of course you hadn't. How could you have, a child like you? One struggles through, and then, except for odd moments, forgets. One forgets everything. Even the neglect and..."

"Neglect! Oh, Granny, really! Grandad absolutely worships you."

"Of course, dear. I know. But that didn't prevent him leaving me quite a bit when the children were small for a pretty little thing who hadn't any children. That hurt at the time, but now even that..."

"But what did you do?" asked Carolyn. "You must have done something, surely?"

"Good gracious, no! That would have been suicidal. I knew he would come back if only I could be patient. Men nearly always do. Well, ones like your grandfather, anyway. Carolyn, will you do something for me?"

"Why, of course. Anything."

Her grandmother laughed. "Don't look so dramatic. It's nothing exciting. But do you think you could get rid of this milk without your mother knowing?"

Suddenly and stupidly deflated, Carolyn managed to laugh, too. "Yes, I'll do that. Goodnight, Granny. Come and see my window displays, won't you? And thank you."

Then she went to bed, but she did not sleep, and this was peculiar, because she had never, in all her nineteen years, not slept before. She had fallen in love with Alan because it was all such fun and everything they did and saw and said when they were together was fun, too. But marriage wasn't only that, she had just been learning. Not if it was going to be real and lasting and go on for fifty years like Granny's had done. Marriage wasn't just sharing the same jokes, singing the same songs, and listening to the same records, having the same friends.

Marriage was sickness and going without and feeling lonely and left out even by the very person one cared for most. It was pain and sacrifice and hardship. Did she love Alan enough to face these things if they should come? Could she suffer with him, work with him, wait for him, even perhaps sometimes be estranged from him, and then forgive and be forgiven and start all over again? And as the dawn came she knew that she could and she slept.

Next morning as she went to the shop everything seemed different. Even the waves had a different sound as they lapped on the pebbles. Because she was only nineteen, yet she had fallen in love twice. Really in love. But what was so wonderful, so very, very wonderful, was that both times it had been with the same man.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 13, 1962

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Worth Reporting

"HE was very nice, very friendly. But he had a dark side to him none of us ever knew."

Elizabeth Ferguson, traveller, bullfighter, author, and teacher, was telling us about writer Ernest Hemingway, whom she knew during her four years in Spain.

She has been back home in Australia one and a half years, and has just had her first book published — a book about her madcap life in Spain, mixing with poets, revolutionaries, and bullfighters (and, indeed, facing the bulls herself!).

The book, "Spanish Laughter," took only two and a half months to write.

"But really you could say it took all my life," Elizabeth said. "I used everything I know to write it."

"It wouldn't have taken so long except that I was sick. I wrote it just after I came back from Spain and was recovering from a bad goring I had just before I left."

The book was compiled from her letters to her parents, formerly of Melbourne, now living in Sydney at North Balgowlah.

"I had no money — so I wrote on every scrap of paper I could find," Elizabeth said. "To save paper I sketched incidents, which didn't take as much room as writing."

"Letter-writing taught me to condense my thoughts. It was invaluable."

The sketches were used to illustrate the book.

Elizabeth is working on another book — about the small Norwegian cargo ship she travelled in to Dunkirk from Australia six years ago.

HAVE you noticed how fantastic eyebrow fashions are? Some women just don't know where to draw the line.

Van Gogh at auction

ART fanciers usually sell their paintings (a) because they're tired of them and want to get others or (b) because they need the money. A reason new to us is Mrs. David Metcalfe's: Her Chelsea (London) home is too small to house them.

Mrs. Metcalfe, 32-year-old former widow of film producer Sir Alexander Korda, is married to a London underwriter.

Her collection of drawings, sculpture, impressionist and post-impressionist paintings was formed by Sir Alexander Korda.

It is one of the world's outstanding private collections and is expected to realise more than the Somerset Maugham collection, which brought £523,000 sterling at auction at Sotheby's last month.

Among the Metcalfe treasures for auction — at



● Elizabeth Ferguson . . . gored in the bull-ring.

"MY name is Kitty. I am eight months old. I am de-sexed and exceptionally clean. I am terribly lonely. I am free of charge. I must find a good home as soon as possible."

For four years a Googee (N.S.W.) veterinary surgeon has found homes for orphaned kittens by placing a sign like this in his surgery window.

A present from Perth

PERTH artist Owen Garde paid us a lightning visit in Sydney, where he and his wife spent a few days before their ship sailed for America.

The Gardes' first trip abroad coincides with exhibitions of his paintings in various American States (and, later, London, The Hague, France, and Italy).

Most of the paintings they are taking are studies from life of Australian aborigines, but one of the most important canvases is the lights of Perth on the historic night when astronaut John Glenn passed over.

It was sketched very quickly that night and finished in about 20 hours' work immediately afterwards.

The painting is a gift to Mrs. Glenn on behalf of the people of Perth, the Lord Mayor, and the City Council.



● Mrs. Metcalfe, of Chelsea . . . plenty of pictures, had run out of walls.

Sotheby's — on June 14, will be the Van Gogh (above) of oranges and lemons in a wicker basket, blue gloves, and a cypress branch. It was painted in 1889.

Bottle was worth £2300

WELL, you may pay a lot for perfume, but how would you like to pay £2300 just for the bottle?

Our antiques expert, Stanley Lipscombe, saw a 3½-in.-high Chelsea porcelain scent-bottle auctioned for that price in England recently.

Mr. Lipscombe spent most of his eight months abroad in London — "the international market for antiques." While there he haunted the principal auction-rooms.

"I saw nearly one and a half million pounds' worth of business being transacted in the first month," he said.

"The scent-bottle was part of the famous Blohm collection of porcelain. The 300 pieces in the collection sold for £78,000 — a world-record price."

"I spent a lot of time in the Portobello Road Markets, too; a fantastic place — 200 stalls, each selling about 80 different items."

"One morning I bought a marvellous pair of 18th-century shoe buckles for 35/-. They're worth £15."

OUR friend says that when she starts reducing, the first thing to get thin is her temper.

White hands at the wheel

PERTH is really moving ahead with Games preparations.

The 159 voluntary women drivers for V.I.P. visitors to the Commonwealth Games in November are doing a six-lesson course on hair-styling, how to get in and out of a car gracefully, how to put on make-up so it will stay on, and how to make those hands that grasp the steering-wheel look white and soft.

As a Games contribution, Mrs. Isabel Ramsay, head of a Perth mannequin academy, has offered the lessons free.

A LEGACY

It was a milestone in their lives . . . a short story

By MARJORIE E. PHILPOT



John looked with surprise at the china on the table as his wife stood nearby.

DANNY HEATH ran agitated fingers through his fair hair. On his white face the freckles stood out like a brown rash.

"There's no use arguing, Mum. I'm leaving the office next week!"

Nora Heath sighed. "Life's maddening," she thought. "Here I've been smugly imagining I had the family settled. Mentally I've been putting my feet up, relaxing into a plump middle-age. Then my brother Ned had to die and shatter everything."

She turned abruptly from her son. "You might consider the sacrifices your father and I made for your training. It seems wicked, throwing away a good position to bury yourself in the country."

Danny slid the knot down his tie. He unfastened his collar. "You wanted this piece of starched linen round my neck," he said half banteringly.

"Danny!" Nora Heath's eyes blazed. She held to the back of a chair for support, while red anger flushed her cheeks.

"But I deserved that," she thought, biting back the bitter words that sped through her mind. "I did push Danny into accountancy. I fought against the inborn destiny he felt within himself, the inborn urge of his forefathers to get back to the land."

Her hands dropped to her sides. "I must get the tea," she said flatly. "It won't be long before Dell and your father will be here."

Feeling wretched, Danny trailed behind her. Tall, blue-eyed, and serious, fitfully he slapped his tie against his leg as he walked. "I'll give you a hand, shall I?"

"You needn't bother."

Nora Heath slipped an apron carefully over her waved greying hair. Her mind was all confused. "I'll need breadcrumbs and herbs. Oh, and onions, too." She unclipped the catch on the safe and took out some meat. "I wish he'd go away," she thought desperately. Choking sobs were forming at the throbbing base of her throat. "Oh, why must these awful abysses rise between parents and their children, abysses that can't be bridged, that widen with tears."

Danny swished the egg-whisk through the air and cleared his throat noisily. "I'll change, then, if I can't be of any use."

With his going, Nora Heath wiped her eyes along the curve of her arm and dabbed them with her sleeve. "I mustn't break down," she thought. "I really mustn't."

She stuffed the meat and tied it neatly. Automatically

her hand threw open the oven door. "That's that," she thought, going to the window. She gazed unseeing out over the potted scarlet geraniums on the window ledge.

"Ned," she sighed. "Why did you have to leave Danny your thousand acres of wind-eroded land. And Dell. I'm sure that £500 you left will unsettle her, too." The popping of exploding fat in the oven drew her mind back to the evening meal. She had just placed the last table-mat into position when the sound of a key grated in the lock of the front door. Behind a mound of crackling paper parcels, Dell made her appearance. "Mum," she said excitedly, "just wait till you see what I've bought." Her dark brown eyes, so like her mother's, shone with excitement. "It's lovely having a legacy. Among other things I've bought you a sweet little chiffon scarf."

As her eager fingers tugged at the knotted string, Nora Heath's eyes sought her husband's face. As usual he stood quietly in the background. But he was looking at her closely, noting the strain behind her facade of pleased anticipation. He smiled slightly, a secret married smile, then slipped the loose raincoat from his thin shoulders.

"Try not to be upset," his blue eyes pleaded. "I'm here now. Leave the worrying for once to me."

With a flourish, Dell produced the scarf. "It's lovely." Nora Heath held the delicate autumn-tinted square before her. "Just the very thing I needed to brighten my brown suit." She fingered the little tendrils of fair hair escaping from under her daughter's absurd wisp of a hat. "Only twenty," she said. "And you could buy your father out almost. But what a boon you'll find the money when you settle down to marry."

Dell hesitated, then turned thoughtfully back to her parcels. "There's something wrong," Nora Heath sensed instantly. Ill-omen chilled the atmosphere. "It's awful," she mused frantically. "Our emotional barometers are all on change. The glass has fallen swiftly, even in the past few minutes."

"Mum . . ."

Dell spun round on her heels, but her father placed a cautionary hand on her shoulder.

"After, Dell," he said. "We'll have tea before discussing anything."

"Then there is something brewing," Nora Heath thought. Automatically she poured gravy over the pungent seasoned meat.

"Coming, Danny?" she called down the long passage.

To page 50

Which Suit has been Sanitone Drycleaned 50 times?



One of these identical suits is brand new, the other has been drycleaned 50 times, the Sanitone way. A committee of clothing experts could not detect which was which. This convincing test proves that *quality* drycleaning does *not* wear out clothes. That's why you can always feel safe to send your suits, frocks and household items to the Sanitone Drycleaner in your area that displays this emblem of guaranteed drycleaning.



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142/1

Page 29

hold
it
lady!



Rain or shine, *Gossamer* keeps your hair beautiful all the time!

No gone-with-the-wind look for you when you use Gossamer. Even on damp and blustery days, your hair doesn't fly away. Gossamer just won't let it. Gossamer holds your hair . . . cares for your hair without a hint of lacquer. Gossamer contains Lanolin Esters to nourish and give your hair a healthy, natural gloss. Wherever you go, whatever you do, Gossamer will keep your hair

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Both come in three sizes

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

For bored housewives

STIMULATING friendships could be the answer for many women who complain of the boredom of being a housewife. Nine friends and I meet about every six weeks at one another's homes to enjoy a delightful lunch (to which we all contribute) and an interesting discussion. The members of our group have varied interests and we are all avid readers, so we have many topics of conversation. It has never been necessary to make it a rule that husbands and children shouldn't be discussed.

£1/1/- to "Redrow" (name supplied), Blackwood, S.A.

An opportunity missed

I WISH to warn parents against allowing children to leave school with only the minimum of education. I left early for no good reason, and have regretted it ever since. While I was being smart enough earning money at a boring office job, my classmates went on to university. One is now a teacher, another our local chemist, one a dietitian, one a personnel officer in a large company, and many more are in interesting positions opened to them by their degrees. So here I am with envy in my commercial little soul and the horrible conviction that it is entirely my own fault.

£1/1/- to P. A. Cracknell, Botany, N.S.W.

What, no kangaroos?

I ARRIVED in Sydney from Malaya two months ago expecting to see kangaroos jumping all over the place and koalas climbing trees. I now realise this picture has been an illusion, and was, in fact, very silly. But you'd be surprised just how many young Malaysians at home picture Australia as I did.

£1/1/- to Miss L. C. Oh, Maroubra, N.S.W.

Not a "sweet, patient angel"

I WONDER how many mothers honestly appreciate the "sentimental piffle" printed in Mother's Day cards? Here's one who doesn't. I love my children and I do my best to foster their love for me, but I'm certainly not the "sweet, self-sacrificing, patient angel" of those cards, and my children know it. So far as I can see, these verses only serve to make mums feel guilty and children seem insincere.

£1/1/- to "Guilty Mum" (name supplied), Mt. Gambier, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

THERE are hardly any jokes about dentists now.

I can remember years ago when the very mention of a dentist's chair was supposed to be funny in a gruesome sort of way. It was really painful then having anything done to your teeth.

Today it does not hurt nearly so much. My children don't worry unduly about going to the dentist. They look forward to the ice-creams and comics which they wangle as a reward for being good.

Give dentists their due, they are much cleverer than they used to be. Also, in two respects they have taken the lead over doctors—their nurses are prettier and their magazines are more up to date.

You can usually enjoy a good read in a dentist's waiting-room. When it is your turn to go into the surgery you have a bib tied round your neck by a gorgeous creature in a tremendously clean uniform.

Yet in spite of the fine job dentists do and the glamor of their assistants, they do not get nearly as much publicity as doctors.

Look at the heroic doctors on TV, like Ben Casey. As far as I know, there aren't any TV shows about dentists. But why shouldn't there be?

THE DRILL SQUAD

To show what I mean, I have worked out rough plans for a TV series of this kind. The suggested name for it is "Emergency Chair Ten," and the leading character is a dedicated young dentist named Sam Riley.

The first episode opens in the waiting-room. Screams and sobs are



heard as a beautiful, hysterical young woman is brought in.

She is Gloria Dish, the stage star — due to appear that night in the opening of her new play, "Mixed-Up Love."

Enter the dentist's nurse, a lovely girl named Desiree Smith. The actress' secretary tells her the pitiful story.

"This morning Miss Dish was eating some toffee — she's very fond

of toffee — when a big piece of one of her front teeth broke off. She's frantic with worry in case she won't be able to go on stage tonight."

Desiree Smith bites her lip. She has a problem of her own. She has been offered a highly paid job as a fashion model. Will she take it — or will she be loyal to Sam Riley?

Controlling her feelings, Desiree takes the weeping beauty into the surgery and puts a bib on her. Enter Sam Riley, Doctor of Dentistry—tall, dark, sincere.

He gazes into the eyes of his patient.

"Miss Dish," he says quietly, "I want you to regain your self-respect. I want you to show your courage. Above all I want you to trust me. Believe me when I tell you this: your toofy-pegs will be ready for the show tonight."

A new expression of hope comes into the eyes of Gloria Dish. Nurse Smith looks adoringly at Sam Riley. Her problem, too, is solved — she will stay at her post.

But there is no emotion on Sam's face as he says to her from the corner of his mouth: "Give me a cocaine needle — giant economy size . . ."

Not much good, you say? At least it's a try. Dentists have done a lot for me, and I would like to do something for them in return — a tooth for a tooth.

Artificial bouquets

I AGREE with "Real Roses" (S.A.), who was shocked to see a bride carry a "permanent bouquet" so she could keep it as a reminder of her day. Artificial flowers are not for bridal bouquets. Nothing can equal the beauty and perfume of the real flower, and, as the bride usually has the best she can get in other things, why spoil the outfit with something artificial. Memories which are sweet always remain.

£1/1/- to "Flower Lover" (name supplied), East Brisbane.

A MEMBER of our family was married nearly 50 years ago and her bouquet is still a treasured possession. Made of artificial flowers, the centre of each being a delicious chocolate wrapped in silver paper, it was a gift from her employer. The chocolates were eaten, but the bouquet has been used time and time again.

£1/1/- to "Long Ago" (name supplied), Campsie, N.S.W.

IF you haven't flowers growing and you live a long way from a florist, it's much nicer to carry an artificial bouquet that you like than one made from flowers which don't look right. I carried an artificial bouquet.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. A. Dent, Bullsbrook East, W.A.

PERHAPS "Real Roses" doesn't realise it has been scientifically proved that flowers scream in agony when severed from the plant. My flowers will live out their natural lives in the soil that nurtured them.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. M. Jones, Noble Park, Vic.

I CAN'T understand a bride, living in a country which abounds in beautiful flowers, being content to carry a handful of lifeless things, and far less to keep them as a reminder. I have one fragrant bloom from my wedding bouquet pressed between the pages of the missal I carried.

£1/1/- to "Perfumed Texture" (name supplied), Turramurra, N.S.W.

ON YOUR FEET A LOT?



Here's blissful comfort for tired aching legs

Supp-hose

THE SHEER SUPPORT NYLON STOCKINGS THAT EASE TIRED LEGS!

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mushrooms ... bigger mushroom chunks

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simmered in the home-cooked manner.

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SECRETS of a GOOD COOK

● Whether good cooks are born, not made, is often disputed. But it is a basic fact that the little extra touches make all the difference between good, average, and monotonous cooking.

NO matter how much training the cook has had (whether for professional or home cooking), those little extra touches that make for perfection will come only from constant experimentation, tasting, searching for new ideas, and use of imagination.

In this four-page feature are many hints for the cook, collected by those who love cooking.

These hints include many tricks of the trade to improve your cooking and others grouped under specific headings.

And a word to the eaters: Remember that a good cook is like an actress — she needs an appreciative audience. So don't forget to praise her efforts. It will give her the necessary inspiration to go on to even better cookery.

MEATS

DO as Parisians do — baste lamb while it is roasting with half a cup of French dressing (one-third olive oil, two-thirds vinegar) mixed with 1 teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce — it gives a delicious flavor.

Veal cutlets have a distinctive cordon bleu taste if crumbled cheese biscuits are used instead of breadcrumbs for coating before frying.

Choice grilling steaks don't always have to be smothered in onions or mushrooms. Try instead sliced black olives in a browned butter sauce with a touch of shallot.

Rub out the frying-pan with a cut clove of garlic before sauteing liver slices — even those who eat liver only "because its good for them" will appreciate the difference.

One tablespoon of peanut butter and a clove or two added to family-style beef stew will mean you had better make a larger quantity to cope with the family's request for second helpings.

Most curry recipes call for curry powder and chutneys, apples, bananas, dried fruits, and coconut. If you wish to create a distinctive dish try adding a little more ginger to beef curry, a bayleaf to lamb curry, and a touch of thyme to prawn curry.

For an unusual finishing touch to a curry sprinkle a little desiccated coconut over the completed dish and put it under the grill for a moment, then serve. The heated coconut gives a wonderful aroma.

Corned beef can look pretty — or dreary. To help keep it a good rosy color add a pinch of bicarbonate of soda as well as the usual onion stuck with cloves to the water while cooking.

Stews and casseroles, rich with their own gravies, take on extra tastiness if a little acid is added. Wine, vinegar, lemon, or grapefruit juice will reduce the richness, and sometimes floury taste, and leave a clean fresh tang on the palate.

Sprinkle chopped cashew nuts over each serving of lamb casserole or curry.

VEGETABLES, FRUIT

WHENEVER a dish has a predominating flavor of tomatoes (always skinned, of course), add a little sugar with the salt and pepper for seasoning. This brings out the full flavor of the fruit and prevents the sometimes slightly acid taste.

Tiny spring onions cooked with fresh peas are a wonderful combination—so, too, is a little chopped bacon in young beans.

A Continental touch for sophisticates: Fold just enough sour cream into cooked peas to coat well, then season with a dash of piquant sauce.

Mashed pumpkin is improved by the addition of a good pinch of curry powder as well as the usual butter and pepper. Or try a few drops of vinegar instead.

Fruit salad is always luscious, but to make it a glamor dish heat 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, and the finely shredded rind of an orange and lemon for a few minutes. Chill it and pour over the fruit before serving.

Add a wonderful taste to cooked pears by cooking in a little of the syrup left from preserved ginger.

Put your cake-decorating skill to more use by piping rosettes of mashed creamy potatoes or pumpkin on top of the family casserole.

HERBS, SPICES

WHITE sauce (or to give its classical title — bechamel) is enhanced by a pinch of mace. Add a little to start and keep tasting until you have it perfect.

For roast fowl with a difference rub well before cooking with a mixture of butter and chopped fresh rosemary, and insert a few leaves here and there into the flesh in the same way as you flavor lamb and beef with garlic.

Those specialties of the younger generation — rissoles, patties, and hamburgers — will taste even better if a dash of allspice (not mixed spice) is added to the meat before cooking.

Extra appetite appeal — and vitamins — can be given to everyday sandwiches by chopping some parsley, mint, chives, or watercress and creaming it with the butter before spreading.

Caraway seeds sprinkled over cooked cabbage, which is then tossed for a moment over the fire, will cause requests for second helpings.

Did you know that a pinch of nutmeg in old-fashioned steak-and-kidney pie brings out the full kidney flavor? Add two pinches of nutmeg and you can omit the kidneys entirely.

Root ginger is widely used in oriental cookery. To bring out its full flavor saute it lightly in the pan with the oil, then add other ingredients. This method gives a perfect touch to prawn and lobster dishes.

Tomato-juice cocktail will taste really wonderful if a pinch of basil or a dash of tabasco is added just before serving. Serve well chilled, of course.

Stewed kidneys take on a new tangy flavor with the addition of a few caraway seeds in place of the traditional bayleaf.

Tie a good tablespoon of caraway seeds in muslin and simmer it in fish soup. Start taste-testing after 10 minutes, and leave it in only long enough to give a delicate flavor.

When cooking salted or smoked fish add



EYE APPEAL is as important as appetite appeal in good cookery. Even the simplest of foods take on a new zest when attractively served, like the crisp salad in a huge brandy balloon, shown above.

the merest hint of sage—no more, because sage is a strongly flavored herb.

A good idea to remember: Pep up the fruit mince for Christmas fruit pies with a pinch of allspice.

CHEESE

GRATED cheese stirred into freshly cooked rice imparts a specially delicious flavor. Cover and keep hot 10 minutes to allow flavors to mingle.

When using cheese for cooking — either grated, shredded, diced, or in pieces—make sure all bits are the same size so they will melt uniformly. Otherwise the result is likely to be an overcooked, lumpy, or stringy mass.

Add a little crumbled caraway cheese to the stuffing next time you are serving pocket pork chops. The flavors blend well and give this dish a distinctive touch.

Add zest to hot apple, pumpkin, or mincemeat pies by topping with wedges of edam or gouda cheese.

A tablespoon of grated cheese sprinkled over a bowl of soup — especially a meatless one — will add both body and flavor.

Vary your cheese fondue: Make it sometimes with cheddar instead of the traditional swiss cheese and add a dash of tabasco sauce for bite.

Blue vein cheese gives a gourmet touch when added to devilled eggs (scrambled eggs with hot sauce added), either as a cocktail appetiser or on toast for breakfast.

FISH

FOR color and flavor, dip whole fish or fish fillets in lemon juice and then in a mixture of flour, salt, and paprika before frying.

Frozen fish has proved a great standby when fresh fish prices rise. Remember, it must always be thawed slowly at room temperature, never placed in hot water—otherwise the fish will lose flavor, become very coarse and tough.

Sprinkle chopped or slivered almonds (lightly browned in oil) over grilled or baked fish.

Fish poached in a mixture of white wine, water, and seasonings has a subtle flavor that can't be equalled. Try adding a few bayleaves, peppercorns, and sliced onion to the mixture.

SEASONINGS

BE wary of the amount of salt or other seasonings you add when increasing quantities of ingredients—whether you double, triple, or quadruple a recipe. Add only half as much salt and pepper again, then taste to see if more is needed.

A little sugar and a pinch of nutmeg give an elusive flavor to lamb stew that will set the gourmets guessing.

When making candy and fondant sweets add a good pinch of salt. It not only brings out the flavor but makes the sugar seem less cloying or sickly sweet.

A special flavoring for creamed tripe—add mustard blended with a little milk.

COOKERY ADVICE AND RECIPES IN THIS FEATURE
FROM OUR LEILA C. HOWARD KITCHEN

● Cookery advice continued on page 36
● Recipes overleaf

Use these for extra flavor

● Foods pickled in brine, such as gherkins, olives, onions, and capers, are familiar to most housewives merely as garnishes. But they can be incorporated in many types of dishes to give unique and interesting new flavors.



A TREAT for young people: Tasty meat patties flavored with pickled onions and served on toasted bread. See recipe below.

PICKLED ONIONS (available in several sizes and colors)

TEEN-TIME PLATTER

One pound minced steak, 1 lb. sausage mince, 2 large pickled white onions (chopped), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons chopped celery, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, flour, fat or oil, 6 to 8 slices vienna bread, extra pickled white onions, celery tops or parsley to garnish.

Combine in basin the meats, chopped parsley, onions, celery, salt, and pepper; mix well. Form into 6 or 8 patties with floured hands, fry lightly in heated fat or oil until well browned and cooked through, turning occasionally. Toast bread slices, place a patty on each. Arrange on heated serving-dish, garnish centre of dish with extra pickled onions and celery tops or parsley sprigs.

COLESLAW MAGIC

Half head cabbage, few lettuce leaves, 1 clove garlic, 1 large carrot, 1 green cucumber, 1 or 2 pickled onions, french dressing (mix one part vinegar with two parts olive oil), 2 stalks celery, 2 tomatoes.

Shred cabbage and lettuce finely, place in wooden or china salad bowl which has been lightly rubbed with cut garlic. Slice celery finely, peel and chop tomatoes, grate carrot, chop cucumber and onions finely. Mix all through the cabbage and lettuce mixture. Lastly toss in french dressing. Chill before serving.

SEAFOOD SUPPER LOAF

Three cups flaked tuna or salmon, 3 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1/2 cup milk, 3 eggs (slightly beaten), 2 tablespoons finely chopped pickled onions, 1/2 cup minced parsley, 1/2 cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper.

Place flaked tuna, breadcrumbs, milk, eggs, onion, parsley, lemon juice in basin, season well with salt and pepper. Mix well together, place into greased loaf-tin. Bake in moderately slow oven approximately 50 to 60 minutes (or until set). Serve hot or cold.



ATTRACTIVE ARRAY of dishes above all for. They include golden corn bake, Roman meat

OLIVES (black or green)

ROMAN MEAT ROLLS

Two pounds blade, topside, or round steak (cut in 1/2 slices), 3 cups breadcrumbs, good pinch mixed herbs, 1 finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons finely chopped olives, 1 skinned and chopped tomato, 1 beaten egg, 3 tablespoons fat or oil, 1 green pepper (sliced), 1 onion (sliced), 1 can tomato puree, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1/2 cup sliced stuffed olives, salt, pepper, 3 tomatoes (skinned and chopped), cooked broad noodle parsley.

Combine breadcrumbs with herbs, onion, beaten egg, parsley, chopped olives, and tomato. Mix all well together, place a little on each meat slice. Roll up securely and tie with string. Brown in heated fat or oil. Remove from pan, extra sliced onion and green pepper; saute lightly. Drain excess oil, add tomato puree, water, worcestershire sauce, stuffed olives, chopped tomatoes. Season with salt and pepper. Return meat rolls to pan, cover and simmer gently about 1 hour, or until meat is tender. Serve on bed of cooked noodle garnish with parsley.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

June 13, 1962

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



OUR PIN-UP

● PAUL WAYNE, who has just had his 20th birthday, is winning a faithful following on national teenage TV shows, has already made two records, and has a band of his own to back his popular singing.

THE PARIS SISTERS

— see page 2

LETTERS

Why are we all hypocrites?

WHY is it that hypocrisy has become such an inevitable part of everyday life? Most people agree that white lies are necessary if we want to live in harmony with our friends, but the line dividing tact and hypocrisy is very fine.

Honesty is essential if we want to keep any integrity in our relationships with our fellow men and if we want to prevent society from becoming a sham. — *Rae Matthews, Lindisfarne, Tas.*

Chic chick sick

I'M sure many teenagers who use the word "sophisticated" don't know its true meaning. According to the dictionary it is: "False or impure."

How many people still want to be called sophisticated? — *"Stark Reality," Roseville, N.S.W.*

Endowment anomaly

WHEN is something going to be done about the conditions of child endowment? Children are allowed it up to the age of 16.

Many school pupils leave school at 15 yet continue to receive the endowment with the addition of wages for a further 12 months.

Other students continue at school for the Leaving Certificate, yet have to rely on weekend jobs or their parents' money.

This seems a ridiculous situation, yet the practice still continues. — *Barbara Bertram, Newcastle, N.S.W.*

NEXT WEEK

IN a valley south of Sydney live two 15-year-old boys. They have grown to love the valley and its animals and birds, and recently started a campaign to have the valley declared a sanctuary for wildlife. Next week we tell you their story and publish a lovely color photograph of the boys and their valley.

Girls

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There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to "Teenagers' Weekly," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

OUR COVER

THE PARIS SISTERS, Albeth, Sherrel, and Priscilla, of San Francisco, first performed as a sister act in public when they were 13, 11, and nine years old respectively. They started as dancers, but changed to singing on the advice of the Andrews Sisters. The Paris Sisters' first hit, "I Love How You Love Me," made the charts in the U.S. and Australia. Their last release was "He Knows I Love Him Too Much."

Youngest flier

I WAS very thrilled to read the article on Christine Henderson in T.W., 28/2/62. It has been my belief that for the past nine years I had held the record for being the youngest girl in Australia to have done solo flying.

I am very happy now to give the honors to Miss Henderson and wish her the best of luck in her future flying career.

I did my first solo flight after 21 hours, though this time was spread over a period of 16 months, as I had to work and save for my lessons. I did over 30 hours altogether before I married my schoolteacher husband.

I now have three children, but I will definitely take up flying again, because once the "bug" gets you it's hard to shake off. I wish Miss Henderson the best of luck and many happy landings. — *Mrs. N. Duncan, St. George's Basin, via Nowra, N.S.W.*

No self-respect

WHAT a pity some of Australia's top-line entertainers do not show more ingenuity and self-respect instead of contenting themselves with singing so many "hand-me-downs" from American singers.

Surely we must express our individualism more than this if Australia is to impress other countries with its music-making?

Is this shameful state of affairs due to the fact that our composers are either too few or second-rate? Or are our singers so money-hungry that they don't

mind if their country's reputation suffers? — *"Ashamed," Guildford, W.A.*

Still no job

I AM one of the hundreds of teenagers who are still looking for jobs after five months of futile searching and numerous interviews.

My IQ is reasonably high, my appearance neat, and my educational standard the Leaving.

After five years of secondary education, I expected to secure a reasonably good position. Unfortunately I discovered that typing and shorthand are indispensable to the job hunter. Thus I am finding life hard lately, as I have to rely on unemployment benefits for ready cash, and on my parents for clothes and other necessities.

Perhaps if firms would take the trouble to train young people for various vocations, the employment situation might improve. Employers advertise only for experienced people, and thus young people are not given a chance to learn a trade and draw a regular wage.

Another aspect of the problem is married women. Many are working for luxuries or as a hobby. These women should be compelled to give their jobs to young girls who need a start in life and don't have husbands to keep them. — *"Disheartened," Packham, S.A.*

Wait for it

I PASS on this advice from my mother: "Never chase a tram or a man—there's another along in a minute." — *Lynne Bragg, Gladesville, N.S.W.*

Live for today—or plan for tomorrow?

● "Idealistic" (T.W., 11/4/62) wrote that "yesterday is past, tomorrow is another day, so make the best of today. Death is at our doorstep (so) live today while you have the chance."

WHO does "Idealistic" think he (or she) is? Death might be on our doorstep, but we don't have to sit around and wait for it. Have fun and enjoy yourself, but what could you do if you didn't plan for the future? — *"Anti-Idealistic," Bendigo, Vic.*

THERE are many people in the world who depend on hopes and plans to vary their tedious lives. To live happy, well-organised lives we must think of the future. It is easy to picture "Idealistic" as a ghoulish individual, littering the streets with "The End of the World Is Near" posters. — *J.H.C., Myrtleford, Vic.*

IF everyone thought as you do, we probably wouldn't have a world, let alone a happy one. Have you ever thought what would happen

to people if they didn't plan? They wouldn't work and save money. There would be no banks, no shops, no industries.

If our Government didn't look ahead there would be no development projects, no defences, in fact, nothing. Think again, "Idealistic," what would happen if we did not look back. We would not profit by past mistakes and there would be no progress. — *"Don't Be Mad," Sawtell, N.S.W.*

HOW would we ever carry on if there were no plans made for tomorrow? There would be no entertainment like the Royal Easter Show, which requires months of careful planning.

Just how do you expect business people to carry on without planning for tomorrow?

● Always study in an upright position at a desk under a good light.

● Just as important as knowing how to study is knowing how to relax. Remember, your I needs rest in the same way that your limbs do. Work for an hour, then take ten minutes off for a cup of coffee or reading a book quite different from the subject you have been studying.

● Finally, do not allow your extra study to interfere with your set homework.

Perhaps other readers have some suggestions, too? — *J.S., Brisbane.*

She's not with it

IS there a dictionary of modern "English" that I can buy so I can understand my friends when they speak? — *Jennifer Gelling, Baulkham Hills, N.S.W.*

row? And what about school-teachers — how could they manage if they just let tomorrow come and go? — *Muriel Armfield, Casino, N.S.W.*

OF course "Idealistic" is right in saying we should live for today.

Planning for the future would mean digging a bomb shelter, cultivating the back garden to prepare food for when the population explosion came along, and burning all our British flags to be ready for the Common Market.

Whether we like it or not, there's very little we can do about these matters. And it only means frustration to think about them for too long.

So, what's your address and telephone number, "Idealistic," so we can live it up together? — *Peter Ewart, West Pymble, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK



"I'll say one thing for Old Swampy, man — the way he keeps up appearances is positively brilliant."

Study method

HERE are some methods of studying which I have found most successful. These could make your study if not more interesting at least not so much of a drag.

● Set yourself a special study timetable. By doing this, you are able to work out in advance the study required for each subject, thus eliminating last-minute cramming before exams. Be careful not to be too ambitious with your timetable, and once you have made it, stick to it.

● Spend regular hours on your study. Don't do so much on one night that you are too tired to do any the next time.

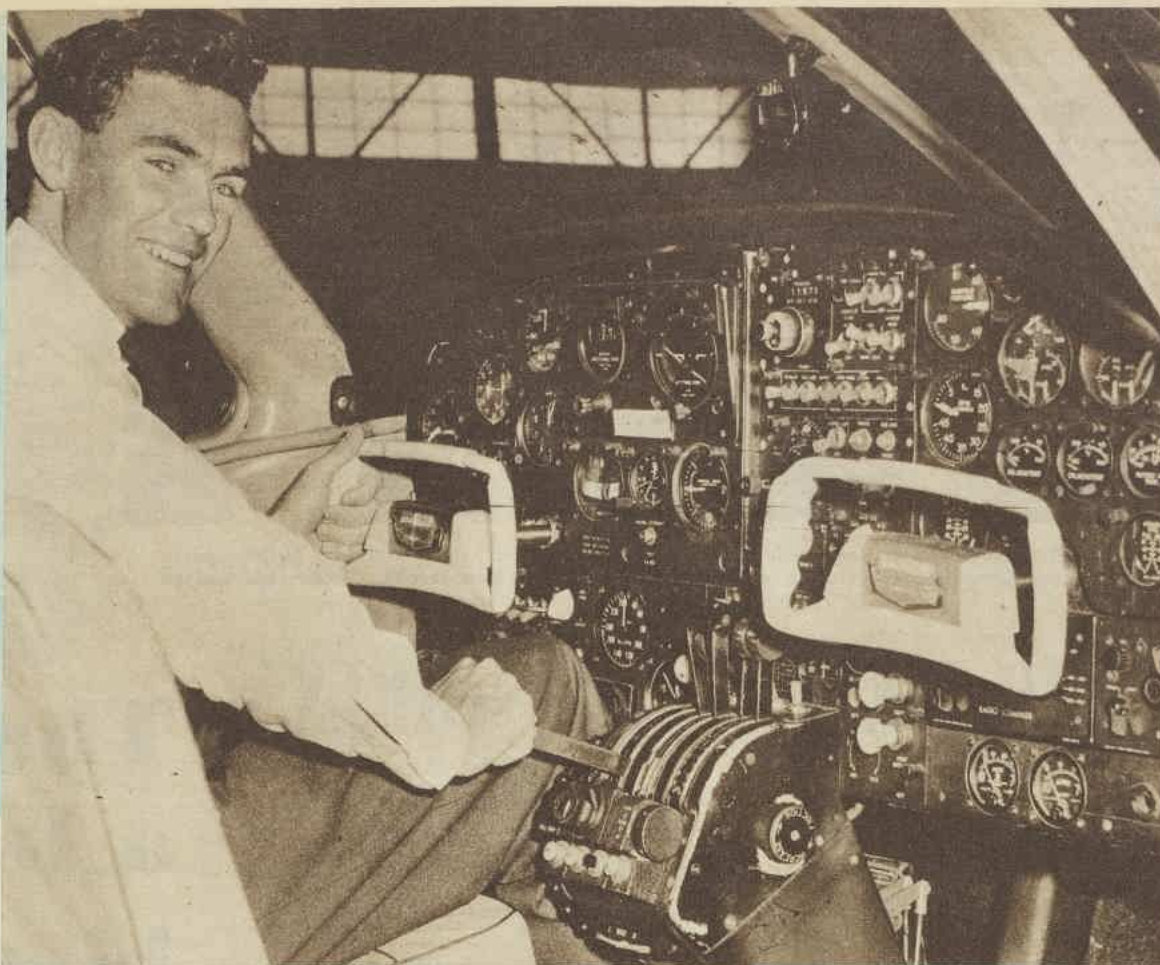
● Learn to concentrate. If you should feel tired, stop immediately. You can't take in what you're learning if you're half asleep.

OTHERS' JOBS

AN AIR- LINE PILOT AT 24

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● The sky is the limit for former farmer Lance Grant, of Wyndham, N.S.W., now that he has become a licensed airline pilot.



LANCE GRANT at the controls of a twin-engined Cessna 310 ("a beaut little plane") in which he trained as a pilot.

ON the horizon is the chance of an income stretching to £5500 a year, the prospect of captaincy of the great jet-liners of the future, and the reality of a career doing the work he loves.

And his take-off into a flying career? How did 24-year-old Lance Grant qualify for his smart uniform as a First Officer in a D.C.-3 passenger aircraft flying throughout the Commonwealth?

It all started about four years ago when, as a farmer on his father's small Wyndham property, he started seriously to think what he wanted out of life and a career.

Commercial flying seemed, on paper, to fit his bill. The training would not take as long as a medicine, law, or an engineering course at the university. Yet flying was a worthwhile profession, built on the security that there is, and will be, a growing demand for airline pilots.

It was, as far as Lance could see, the sort of career which would never bore him. There are always new planes coming into use, new things to learn.

Besides, reckoned Lance, it would be fun to learn to fly. He had never been in a plane before, even as a passenger.

So his choice of career was born, not from any childhood passion for aircraft or adolescent dream of the romance of flying but from the down-to-earth consideration of earning a reasonably interesting living.

The romance came later when, coming to Sydney and joining the Royal Aero Club of N.S.W. at Bankstown Aerodrome, Lance climbed into the cockpit of a two-seater Chipmunk for his first "familiarisation" flight.

From that flight he lived and worked for the weekend flying instruction at the Aero Club.

During the week he worked in an engineering firm. "All my wages used to go in a burst for the weekend flying," said Lance. "An hour's flying in a Chipmunk costs £5."

And 150 £5 hours had to fly beneath Lance's wings before he could qualify for his commercial licence. And this, in weekend flying only, took him three years.

But the commercial licence, though it allows Lance to get a flying job, is not an adequate qualification for a command in airlines.

However, it did qualify him for an advanced training scheme for airline pilots. The Leaving Certificate is another essential qualification for the scheme, and this Lance studied for at night school at a technical college.

He had to pass a stiff medical test, a special aptitude test, and finally he had to satisfy a selection panel by answering searching questions on his character and dedication to flying before he was accepted for the scheme.

This scheme is run and organised by the Royal Federation of Australian Aero Clubs in co-operation with the Civil Department of Aviation and the Australian airlines—which guarantee jobs for graduates.

When the training scheme started last year there were three different courses catering for those who had done no flying, those who had done 50 hours' flying and had their private licence, and those who had their commercial licence.

However, by the end of this year it is hoped that the more advanced flyers will have graduated as airline pilots, and only the first course for beginners will operate.

This is a two-year course for which applicants must have their Leaving

Certificate and be 17 to 24 years old. It costs £2500, part of which can be deferred until the pilot is earning a salary with an airline.

For 18 months of the course the would-be pilot does his flying at his local aero club and takes a correspondence course up to commercial licence standard. Then he "lives in" at the Bankstown Club, Sydney, or the Moorabbin Club, Melbourne, for six months' intensive advanced tuition.

This final six-month training is the equivalent of the short course which Lance and six other pilots with commercial licences did recently at Bankstown.

Lance left his job with the engineering firm and his "digs" in the city and moved to the aerodrome to live during his final tuition, which cost him £1750.

"I had to pay a £500 deposit and



STUDY is an essential part of a pilot's training. Here Lance is swotting up his navigation in the library of the Bankstown Aero Club.

the rest of the money will be paid back from my salary as a qualified pilot," said Lance. "It's not really so much when you consider how much it costs to become a qualified doctor."

The life, during the course, was neither school nor university nor regimental—but a bit of each, he said.

The seven trainees selected from all over the Commonwealth wore a uniform of white shirt, navy tie, and grey trousers, with a navy blazer.

There were lectures on navigation, instrument flying, and advanced aerodynamics from 9 a.m. to 12.30 and in the afternoon from 2 to 5 o'clock.

During the six months, outside lecture hours, each trainee had to accrue 40 hours' flying in a Cessna 310.

"I wish there'd been three times as much flying as bookwork," said Lance.

But the bookwork, all the trainees acknowledge, is important—and it's easier if you have a bent for engineering, physics, and maths.

The most important thing of all, though, is this "dedication to flying" which carries the trainee through the course.

"Somehow," said Lance, "when you're up there alone in a beaut little Cessna, you stop being yourself. You become the plane. It's a feeling you can't get as a passenger."

He paused thoughtfully. "But I wouldn't advise anyone to take it up for a career," he said. "It's the sort of thing a bloke has to make up his own mind about. If he doesn't—or can't—go through with it, then it's a pretty costly experiment."



QUEENSLAND reader Dorothy Betteridge, of Townsville, had a wonderful 17th birthday party (as her pictures show) when she followed the advice of our teenage chef, Debbie, and had an Hawaiian party. It was a (Hono) lulu!

GO WEST, YOUNG GIRLS!

● Every ship that sails for England carries scores of girls setting off on what is almost the accepted routine these days—18 months in England and on the Continent.

HERE and there on the passenger list one finds a boy, but they are almost as rare as hens' teeth.

While the girls can happily swan across the ocean the poor boys have to stay home and build a career. Back come the girls, soignée, polished, "finished"—back to the same old boys, untravelled, unpolished, but WONDERFUL.

Travelled girls I have chatted with say they wouldn't want Australian boys to be any different from what they are.

But how do the boys feel? Inferior? Jealous? No, on the whole they don't mind much whether a girl has travelled or not, so long as it hasn't gone to her head.

Eighteen-year-old Michael Forwell, of Cairns, Queensland, has a typical attitude.

He sums up the matter very thoughtfully in a letter, which we publish here.

Michael has travelled. He attended boarding-school at Gordonstoun, Moray Firth, Scotland—Prince Charles' school.

In compiling his views Michael had the help of his friend Bill Venables, also of Cairns, who is now doing a Science course at Queensland University.

Michael says:

I would like to marry a girl who has travelled abroad. This is because I find such girls have much broader outlooks than those who have not travelled at all.

A girl who has seen some of the world

can generally lend original and artistic touches to the arrangement of a home, meals, and everything connected with family life that she has gathered from her experiences—touches which simply do not, and cannot, occur to a girl who has never been outside her home town.

Travelling abroad, by bringing people constantly into contact with different and ever-varying people and places, must, of course, cultivate personality—versatile and interesting personalities.

Versatile, because to travel a girl must constantly adapt herself to her environments, and to be able to adapt herself to a wide range of situations and temperaments is, in my opinion at least, a very desirable feature in any housewife.

Also, the girls who have the zest to travel generally have the ability to cope efficiently with unexpected situations, and, consequently, the initiative to deal more than adequately with the common, everyday domestic crises.

Surely there is nothing worse than a housewife who is forever tied to her mother's apron strings and cannot think for herself. Stay-at-home girls tend to be like this.

At the same time travelling can be overdone. This is so with families with young children.

Nomad families are seldom happy.

Young children need a home—a stable home—to grow up in.

I think that overseas travel for a girl is a rare and wonderful experience and should be taken when the opportunity presents itself. It should not be just a fashion.

Travel generally improves a girl in some way or another. In the case of a girl who lives in the country, this improvement is usually in the line of new hairstyles and improved clothes sense.

But, contrary to the popular belief, it need not result in over-sophistication or undue polish, though it must be admitted that in a few cases a certain amount of head-swelling does result.

On the whole, then, I would advise teenage girls to see as much of the world as they are able to before they are married. It is an aid, and a very definite aid, to happy marriage and a stable married life.



MICHAEL FORWELL... woman's place is on the roan.

Page 4 — Teenagers' Weekly

Thanks for a lovely birthday

● Dorothy Betteridge, of Townsville, Queensland, used junior chef Debbie's Hawaiian party suggestions (T.W., 10/1/62) for her 17th birthday party.

DOROTHY wrote and told us it was a great success, and we thought how nice to get this appreciative story for our third birthday issue (see opposite page).

There were 30 guests and as each one arrived he or she was greeted with a crepe lei. These were made a few weeks before by my mother and grandmother.

The party was held in a Scout Den and we decorated it with palm leaves, prawn nets, fishing nets, crab pots, paper fish, and a paper moon.

To make it look more realistic we used colored fairy lights instead of the fluorescent lighting.

This gave the room sufficient light, but it also gave it a moon-light effect. Strains of Hawaiian music greeted the guests.

Boys paraded

To begin our entertainment for the night we whirled into a barn dance. Later in our programme each girl had to dress a boy as an Hawaiian girl with two sheets of paper and 12 pins.

There were some colossal styles — and shapes!

The boys paraded around in

their glad rags until one was decided the best dressed.

The supper looked quite effective, with the food laid out on a low palmleaf-covered table.

An old tarpaulin was spread out for guests to sit on.

The cake had an Hawaiian scene on it and, after the cutting, the "entertainers" were introduced.

Perfect night

All the neighbors or anyone passing must have wondered what was going on when a great roar suddenly filled the air. Two strange creatures had arrived. One wore a grass skirt (finely cut crepe - paper streamers sewn to an old belt) and the other, in a singlet, was a beachcomber.

The "terrible twins" utterly refused to change back into "civilian" clothes until it was time to go home.

Before we sang "Auld Lang Syne" we all stood in a circle and sang "Now Is the Hour," which seemed to make a perfect ending for an even more perfect evening.

Well, my 17th birthday won't come again, but I will never forget such a wonderful birthday party.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — June 13, 1962

Now we are three

● Believe it or not, we are three years old this week. The first issue of *Teenagers' Weekly* was dated June 10, 1959.

And our proudest boast is that up to this week we have received 34,182 letters from our readers.

THESE letters have come from all over Australia—and, indeed, from all over the world.

And most of them, of course, have come from girls. Like their mothers, they have more to say than men (please forgive us, but we must be honest). Of the 34,182 letters, 28,904 came from girls and 5278 from boys.

We've often been asked how we choose the letters for page 2—whether we just pick and choose at random. Well, EVERY letter sent to us is read, and we use those we think will be most interesting to other readers.

And most of the letters, we think, are as interesting as those written by adults to daily newspapers. The range of subjects they cover—from atomic warfare and religion to compulsive eating and how to get along with parents—is very wide.

Strong feelings

Many teenagers feel more strongly about world problems than adults do. They are more optimistic, and believe they can play some part in improving the world—which, who knows, they may.

Then there are the letters not for publication. They ask for advice about careers, what to take on their trips to Europe, glory-box lists, ideas for parties, where they can write to Elvis, and where they can buy strings for their banjos, the same as the Kingston Trio use.

We try to answer every letter, and if it's possible we try to help.

We receive articles, poems, and short stories from readers, and when they are not up to our standards we try to be helpful with advice.

Art series popular

Teenagers are not generally a frivolous, thoughtless crowd. We've received hundreds of letters praising our Art Through The Ages, Australian Painters, and Lifetime Reading Plan series and asking for more articles on similar themes.

In fact, there has been such an overwhelming demand from teenagers for the art series that we've run out of back copies!

Readers tell us that the Other People's Jobs articles—from gardening to advertising, from selling to acting—are interesting—and helpful.

And teenagers always have love problems, judging from the number of letters sent to Louise Hunter.

Color pin-ups seem to be our most popular feature. We're always being asked to publish pin-ups of sportsmen, film stars, and local TV and recording artists, or to send copies of those we have already published.

Our pin-up of punster Robin Adair caused a spate of letters—funny, condemning, and condoning—and we still get letters suggesting that Robin is a fraud. But again we must say—he's real. His full name is Robin James Adair, a fair-dinkum Sydney boy.

Fashion is always popular, and not only with the girls! Whenever we have a feature on boys' clothes we're almost deluged

with letters asking us where to buy them.

And once, when we photographed models with a racing-car background, among letters from the girls praising the clothes were some from boys—who thanked us for "two beautiful color pages—those cars were terrific."

Apparently teenagers mind their manners, or want to. Etiquette articles and quizzes are popular, and we often answer questions on etiquette in correspondence with readers.

Letters, letters, letters—they pour in every day. But we're not grumbling, far from it. Many of our best features have been inspired by readers' suggestions.



Letters, letters, letters—they pour in every day.



"Come on in, Joe—on my birthdays, Dad never throws out boys he hates."

NEW below-knee teepee nightie (below left) is a real party-stopper worn with red stockings. Two other warm and dashing arrivals on the party scene are the yoked floral and the diagonal-stripe flannelette suits on the other girls.



Page 6—Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — June 13, 1967

ALL SET FOR A PYJAMA PARTY

● *Where's the pyjama party? Anywhere. All it takes is a group of girls in the mood to talk about anything and everything, who like to listen to fun music on the side, and — most important — take youthful delight in dressing up in nonsense sleep fashions that manage to combine ease and warmth with whimsy. The girls in this group are wearing, besides a line of razzle-dazzle outfits, cover-ups that slip on over a nightie to make a pretty costume for "just lolling around."*



WANT to look pretty as a picture instead of pyjama-smart? Soft as a kitten? Then pick pastel brushed nylon (it's warmer than it looks) for a shortie nightie with matching cover-coat that floats and is lace-trimmed, bow-tied.

TIME-OF-YOUR-LIFE outfit are the wide-stripe teepee pyjamas (far left), the top tent-like and jaunty, the pants snug and warm. Shortie dressing-gown with rag-doll look (left) is heavy pastel flannelette, spotted and piped with white and with a ribbon tie.

Fashions from Farmer & Co., Sydney.

Pictures by staff photographer DON CAMERON

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Stringing a line

"I HAVE three boy-friends, I love them all so much I cannot bear to let any of them go. It is getting to be a problem, as I am trying not to let them know there is anyone else. But I think they are beginning to suspect, as I asked Francis to come to tea one Sunday evening, and then to top it off Roderick rang and said he was coming. When I heard this I told him a little white lie to stop him from coming. Please don't tell me I am stupid in not wanting to let them go. Individually they are all wonderful. I have been invited to a big formal party in a few weeks and I am at a loss as to who to ask. Do you think I should ask Frederick? He is a cute jazzman, whereas the others are neutral. Please help me. I am desperate. I am 17."

"Triple Trouble," W.A.

Who is pulling whose leg? Why not ask Prince Philip to take you to the party. I don't think the age difference between you matters.

Mum's the word

"MY mother is making me a jerkin suit. She wants to box-pleat the skirt and I want it to be tight and straight. I am 14. Who is right?"

"Sway," N.S.W.

Your mother has the best fashion sense. Tight straight skirts look ghastly on girls of 14.

A silent swain?

"THERE is a boy who lives in the same town as me whom I like very much. I see him at the pictures every Saturday night and he just stares at me. He is also very well-mannered and comes from a good home. How can I get to know him?"

"Mary," N.S.W.

You don't have to do anything. He'll get to know you soon. Staring is the first sign a boy likes you. He'll follow this up. Be patient.

Breaking the ice

"I AM a girl of 15 and am in fifth year at high school and considered young for my class. Being young, I am a bit left out of all the girls' gangs. In the bus I often sit next to a 16-year-old boy who is in my class. I find it very difficult to speak to him freely and am very shy with him. Could you help me?"

"Shy," Vic.

Next time you sit next to him, ask him to help you with one of your lessons or how he handled some problem in your homework.

You might know everything perfectly well, but if you started talking about your lessons you would forget about your shyness in no time, and it would make him feel good to be able to help you.

Face the facts

"THREE months ago I broke it off with my boy-friend and now, after waking up to myself, I want him back. But he has a girl-friend who works in the same street. Before I found this out, I wrote, telling him I wanted him back. I rang him, asking him to come and see me so I could explain, and he said yes, but he never came. Now he brings the girl down to the milkbar where I have lunch and drives up and down the street in front of me. What can I do? It hurts to see her with him. I went with him for six months and we were talking of getting engaged next year. Do you think I have got a chance?"

"Noel," Qld.

No, not a chance.

A tearful tale

"IN nearly every film (even on TV) that I see I start crying—not sobbing (though I feel like it often), just tears dropping and dropping in bucket-loads. I find it dreadfully embarrassing, and though I believe Mum when she says it's better to have a soft heart than a hard one, the fact still remains that people laugh at me and think me childish or a sook. The only advice I can think of is to stay away from films, which is rather impossible, or stop myself enjoying films by concentrating on not becoming involved in the film. I am 17."

"Tearful," S.A.

My heart really does bleed for you—I used to be exactly the same about sad pictures. The comforting thing is that time cures this condition. I can give you a signed testimonial that you'll grow out of it.

Practise being realistic. When you feel a weep coming on, rush outside and polish the kitchen floor or do some hard job that takes all your energy and doesn't leave the breath to cry with.

Crying in the pictures doesn't really matter—it is just a sign of a young and tender heart. But it does ruin the make-up, and when the lights go up at the end they reveal an awful mess.

It's sad, but true, too, that crying is a pretty certain romance-shatterer. Boys loathe it.

Pal problem

"WE are two girl-friends who like two fellows very much. We talk to them and are on quite friendly terms, but that is it. They treat us as just old pals. We would be very pleased if you could tell us how to get past just being a pal, as we both like them very much."

"Nursies," Vic.

Sorry, I can't oblige. I wish I had a love potion or a magic nectar that would do the trick, but I haven't.

Hope and keeping on being good pals may lead to anything, or nothing, but it's all you can do.

Wait and see

"FOR almost three weeks a boy has been calling for me after work and college each night. We both like each other very much, but one thing stops us from being really good friends: The girl-friend he was going with before he met me keeps appearing on the scene, as though she is determined not to lose him. He says he doesn't want to hurt her and doesn't want to go with her any more, but she just won't leave us alone. I feel very worried and unhappy, although I try to cheer up when I'm with him. I want him very much to stay with me, but this girl is older than I am and I'm very much afraid she will win him back, although he says he wants to go with me. Each time this happens I feel like running away and returning for the answer after they have fought it out. It appears that she is very jealous of me and shows it. He says he would like to go steady with me and I'd love to if only we had the chance. What should I do—or should I suffer through it all the way and wait for the answer?"

"Hopeful Love," N.S.W.

Suffer and wait is the shot. Spare a thought for that other poor girl—she's suffering and waiting, too.

Exams come first

"I AM an attractive 17-year-old girl and have been going steady for ten months with a boy who is in his last-year medicine and is determined to get his degree. He has asked me to be his own, but he has been concentrating on his studies so much that he hasn't taken me out in a long time. I have been wanting to go out with other boys but haven't. I understand to a certain extent about his studies, but I am getting very tired of waiting around. I have rung him a couple of times, and he talks only for a little while, not as long as he used to. What should I do?"

"Sad Sue," Qld.

Try to put yourself in his place, and think of it from his point of view. It's vital for him to spend the next months studying for his exams, because

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

his whole future (and possibly yours, too) depends on it. However, at your age you should be dating lots of boys and having fun, and unless you can cheerfully stay home alone, or with your girl-friends, you would be better off explaining your feelings of loneliness to him, and then seeing him again when all the exams are over. But don't bother him by moaning!

To write is right

"DURING the Christmas holidays I met a very nice boy. Every day he was here he took me swimming with him. One Sunday I went to Mass with his cousin and he told me he loved me and asked if I loved him. After some persuasion I told him I did. During that day he had to go home. Then on the Monday he rang me. We had an enjoyable conversation. After it he asked me the date of my birthday. I told him and asked him. To keep me in good cheer he sang me the song 'I'm Gonna Knock on Your Door,' and one or two others. He asked me to write to him when I wrote to my other friends and relations. Do you think I should write? I rather like him and desire to continue our friendship."

"Wondering," N.S.W.

Write to him casually and see if he writes back. If he doesn't, you have the answer to all your questions, asked and unasked.

Wrinkle wrinkle

"COULD you tell me how to get rid of wrinkles on my brow?"

"Worried," Tas.

You can't get rid of wrinkles. Once they're there, they're there. But make sure they don't get any worse. Trying to avoid frowning and raising your eyebrows.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE...



ARE you a Toast Temptress? Find out one day soon on a cold winter's day when the gang's appetites are in full cry after tearing round a squash court or bowling them down low and slow.

All you need is bread, a toaster, and what's in the pantry. Here are some recipes for budding temptresses.

- Cinnamon Toast—Sprinkle hot buttered toast with sugar and cinnamon. Cut into quarters and garnish with a dollop of whipped cream.
- Banana Toast—Slice bananas on buttered toast, spread with whipped cream and sprinkle with brown sugar.
- Cheese Toast—Toast one side of the bread, then butter the untoasted side and cover with thick cheese. Put under the grill until the cheese has melted over the bread and is browning. Season with salt and pepper, and yum-yum.
- Chutney variation. Plain cheese, not grilled, spread with chutney is terrific.
- Toast a la U.S.A. is hot buttered toast spread with peanut butter and topped with strawberry jam. It's absolutely the favorite sandwich across the Pacific.

Serve with aplomb and watch the boys' admiring looks.

They say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. So as you pass his eighth piece of toast, casually mention the big dance coming up, and who knows?

A hair care quiz

By Carolyn Earle

● Are you in the know when it comes to looking after your hair? Make a test by checking your hair-care knowledge against the questions in this quiz.

1. You're caught in the rain without rainhat or umbrella . . . and have a date in an hour. Quickest hair-saver:

- (a) Towel hair vigorously until almost dry, set and spray.
- (b) Comb hair into shape while wet, let dry.
- (c) Set hair wet and brush out while still damp.

ANSWER: (a) is best if you must set, (b) works well for naturally wavy hair or straight styles.

2. You notice your hair is becoming dull and lacklustre. To bring back its healthy shine:

- (a) Brush religiously with two natural-bristle brushes.
- (b) Give your hair a treatment of warm oil and hot towels.
- (c) Check your general health and diet, being sure to get enough rest, outdoor exercise, and plenty of green, leafy vegetables, lean meat, fruit, and milk.

ANSWER: All three will help, but pay particular attention to (c).

3. On an impulse you ask your hairdresser for a very short haircut . . . and find to your dismay it doesn't suit you at all. Solution:

- (a) Stay away from your salon until your hair has returned to its normal length, then have it restyled.
- (b) Visit your salon regularly, having your hair shaped and restyled all through the growing-out process.
- (c) Keep the short cut, hoping you'll get used to it eventually.

ANSWER: (b). You'll look and feel better.

4. You have short fair hair, blue eyes, and you wear glasses. Your most attractive hairstyle is:

- (a) A fluffy hairstyle, not too long, with curled ends turning up all round, a bit of a bang on the forehead.
- (b) Hair pulled straight back from the face

and ears and arranged in a French twist at the back.

(c) A neat and simple style, brushed back smoothly from the brow, lifted a trifle on top, and with soft circlets on the temples.

ANSWER: (c) You have a fair amount of leeway here and can easily ring the changes while keeping the general "line" intact. Always avoid too severe lines, which can make a girl who wears glasses look old-maidish. Avoid bushes of bangs on the forehead, too.

5. Your hair is candle-straight and you've always worn it hanging free. You want to continue to do so, but feel dubious about its suitability. To make up your mind:

- (a) Study the bone structure of your face.
- (b) Have your straight hair cut and shaped to suit your features.
- (c) Have a light permanent wave to give your locks a more abundant look if they seem to lack fullness.

ANSWER: Pay attention to all three, otherwise straight hair is likely to look old-hat.

6. Hair must be kept clean, but how do you decide what shampoo to use?

- (a) Just keep on experimenting until you find the one that seems to work all right.
- (b) Consult an expert about the best type of shampoo for your particular hair.
- (c) Consider the type of water you use.

ANSWER: (b) and (c) are your best picks. In soft water almost any shampoo works nicely. If water is hard, you get glossier results with a soapless shampoo, either liquid or cream.

Uniforms for women?

IF IT'S JUST THE SAME WITH YOU...

● I see that our Minister for Supply has been urged to persuade all Australian women to wear uniforms.

ANOTHER Member of Parliament told him that if women wore uniforms the mass-production would put the local artificial fibre industry on a sounder financial basis.

From the comments of girls to whom I relayed the suggestion, I gather women would oppose the idea tooth and painted nail.

Actually, however, it wouldn't be such a bad idea.

Applying the army uniform system, for instance, could well suit girls like a Services shirt's sleeves (in other words, it would be down to earth!).

What better outfit for a girl, fighting with her boy, than a battledress.

There would be little call for working dress, of course, but walking-out dress would be handy for married women—when they go home to mother!

I must point out, of course, that women already support the uniform system—whether they are quite aware of it or not.

When a girl wears strapless evening dress doesn't she cut a fine figure—in her bare-skin?

Also, apparently, all the nice girls like a sailor-suit. Aren't women's slacks bell-bottom trousers?

All jokes aside, women already do wear uniforms.

For instance, if the wedding dress isn't a uniform I'll eat my veil!

The only difference between the rights conferred by a male army uniform and a bride brigade get-up is that the latter always makes the wearer an officer—she gives the orders!

A SECOND recent fashion story that's fascinating is the news of the latest trend in London—the Medieval Look.

One of the most interesting facets of this fad is that it's the first in which women are trying to look Middle-Aged!

Presumably, seamstresses working on Medieval Look clothes use odds bodkins.

Of course, I hope there's one medieval way of life that girls don't adopt.

Getting back, in a mannyre of speakynge, to our earlier uniformity, let's pray they steer clear of armor. (Or, you might say, the chain-mail must not get through!)

It might be all very well for a girl to be on her metal.

But, j(ø)ust take it from the Old Master, armor is most unbecoming.

Particularly, on a sultry knight . . .

—Robin Adair

AUSTRALIAN PAINTERS By Douglas Watson

Emotion and pathos

13. Bob Dickerson: 1924 —

ROBERT DICKERSON is entirely self-taught, and this probably accounts for his innocent, original vision.

Dickerson was born in Sydney in 1924, and at 16 began a career of professional boxing. After many successful fights he abandoned this promising career and joined the R.A.A.F. His service in the Air Force took him to the East Indies, and it was during this period that he developed an interest in painting.

His very early work conveyed a feeling of loneliness and his canvases were peopled with the friendless. Perhaps it reflected in some way Dickerson's own loneliness, dating back to his earlier days in the boxing-ring.

His pictures sometimes have an air of pathos, and when he paints faces, the eyes—always most expressive in his paintings—even show fear. His paintings are loaded with emotion and usually reflect people shown against the background of their own environment.

The painting at right, "In the Park," shows a group of four lonely people grouped round a park bench—age, despair, fear, and futility are reflected in their faces. By placing the four figures in the lower half of the canvas interest is focused on the human element in the painting.

Dickerson once said: "There is nothing precious about art. It is an ordinary thing and you get paint



all over you. It comes second to living." In this statement the man, and his philosophy of life, is revealed.

His painting is uncompromising, for he is intensely involved in the trials and tribulations of the human race.

His pictures were first shown in 1953, and his first one-man show was in Melbourne in 1956. Dickerson

"IN THE PARK," by Bob Dickerson. From the Collection of the Art Gallery of N.S.W.

has exhibited in many mixed exhibitions in Sydney and twice in London. He is represented in all major Australian galleries.

NEXT WEEK: Michael Kmit.



Page 10 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — June 13, 1962

He had to UNteach himself to play

● Never teach yourself to play an instrument, says the 21-year-old leader of Sydney's booming trad jazz band Nat Oliver's New Orleans Jazzmen.

HE was given an old cornet when he was 12, he told me, spent six months teaching himself to play it, and later had to find the money to pay for two years' tuition unlearning the bad habits he had taught himself.

With only one replacement (the original banjo player, Jeff Gilbert, for family reasons recently had to go to England), the Jazzmen have been together since their formation two years ago.

The current line-up is Nat Oliver, 21, trumpet-cornet; Dave Hethering, 23, clarinet; John Bates, 23, trombone; Noel Mackey, 24, drums; Ray Dermody, 24, bass; and Jeff Holden, 23, banjo.

Except for Ray and Jeff they are bachelors and all have day-time jobs. Soon, though, they hope to become full-time professionals.

A move in that direction was the opening of the "Nat Oliver Club," an intimate trad-jazz listening and dancing club in a Sydney street full of warehouses. The club is very similar to the small English coffee-drinking trad-jazz clubs.

The group has appeared at the Sydney Jazz Club, on three "Johnny O'Keefe Shows," "Revue '61," the A.B.C.'s "Jazz Club" session, and did a nine-month stint at a suburban hotel.

But their biggest job is yet to come—a national TV jazz spectacular which is now being planned.

Graeme Bell managed the group until he made his recent comeback. Now he represents them in Melbourne.

WHEN a successful new singer has such a pretty and distinctive name as Sharon O'Brien, people naturally wonder if it's real or adopted. In this case the full name's her own, and Sharon is a real blue-eyed Irish colleen—four generations removed. Her great-grandparents came to Australia from Ireland in the days of sailing ships.

Incidentally, Sharon had a rushed trip to Brisbane when Lionel Long recently hurt his right hand in an accident, and she took over the hotel dates that he couldn't keep. Poor Lionel, who'd made only one appearance, broke a wrist and a thumb and ended up in hospital.

HAD a letter from Lonnie Lee's wife, Pam, who's been holidaying with friends in Melbourne while Lonnie's been on an extended New Zealand tour. After the tour ended, he stayed on to supervise a recording session during which New Zealanders Bill and Boyd recorded two songs written for them by Lonnie, whose new music company will be the publishers.

"In The Middle of an Island" is the name of Lonnie's new Leedon SP. You hear him sing "Ruby, Baby," "Every Little Girl," and "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey," plus the title-tune.

Local talent: One of the stars of Slim Dusty's Country and Western Bandwagon touring show, Rocky Page, makes his disc debut on the Tasmanian Hadley label with "Good Old Aussie Beer" and "A Hundred Thousand Acres," both good value for C and W fans. Rocky was co-composer of the first, and Tasmanian Dudley Higgs wrote the second.

Pops: A happy-time stereo LP without the distraction of vocals is Tony Mottola's "String Band Strum-Along" (Command). Guitars, mandolins, ukuleles, and banjos are the only instruments, and blend sweetly to give a fresh, simple sound to a batch of such standards as "Carolina In The Morning," "The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise," and "It Had To Be You."

FOUR soundtrack songs from Elvis Presley's coming film, "Follow That Dream," are on an R.C.A. EP of the same title. "Follow That Dream" is the one that's clicked overseas, but there's also "Angel," "What A Wonderful Life," and "I'm Not The Marrying Kind."

Someone who's seen it tells me that the film (due for Australian release within a month or so) is a wonderful comedy about a feckless, lovable family who just don't believe in work when there's the Government to keep them. Elvis plays the son.

AN LP of Frank Sinatra in good form, as he is on "Ring-A-Ding Ding" (Reprise), is a sound long-range investment, for people don't get tired of him. With such lasting romantic standards as "In the Still of the Night," "You'd Be So Easy To Love," and "You and the Night and the Music," you could play this record to a group of friends in five years' time and they'd still be interested.

IT'S easy to imagine the brilliant Ray Charles doing many things, but an LP with the title of "Modern Sounds In Country and Western Music" isn't one of them. Needless to say, it's a huge success, and it's quite fascinating to hear Charles' stylish treatment of such songs as "Half As Much," "Born to Lose," and "It Makes No Difference At All."

WORTH HEARING

BEETHOVEN: Piano sonatas

AUSTRIAN Paul Badura-Skoda, one of the most intelligent and sensitive of the younger pianists of the present day, comes forward with three of the best-loved Beethoven piano sonatas on one Westminster disc.

They present three stages in Beethoven's journey of discovery as a piano composer.

The earliest of the three is the "Pathétique," with its prophetically dramatic opening movement. Next, and even more experimental, is the "Moonlight" Sonata—so often heard that we are inclined to underrate its originality.

The third is one of the richest works from Beethoven's confident "middle period"—the "Appassionata" Sonata.

This disc would make a good companion to the splendid recording under the same label of two late Beethoven sonatas by Fou Ts'ong, recently described here.

—Martin Long



NAT OLIVER

PROVIDED you don't find musical medleys unsatisfactory, there's some nice stuff on Frankie Carle's R.C.A. LP "A Carle-load of Hits," and while Carle's not a very adventurous pianist he's certainly an able one. The gimmick here is trains — each medley having a name of its own, such as "Honeymoon Express" (with "Hands Across the Table," etc.), "All Aboard" (with "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe," etc.).

IN "Conscience" (Pye), James Darren has something different for a pop single. It's about a boy who has some bad ideas, but his conscience talks him out of them. Not actually swinging, but a change and a chart climber in the U.S., "Dream Big," the flip, hands out some food for thought, too. Don't waste your time on little dreams, make 'em big.

MORE loot for Buddy Holly collectors comes on another Coral EP, this one entitled "Maybe Baby." Other tracks are "True Love Ways," "Learning the Game," and "Little Baby."

A LIVELY medley of 'twenties tunes ("Where Did You Get That Hat?" "Give My Regards To Broadway") and oldtimers such as "Rosy O'Grady" and "Hearts And Flowers" make "Knuckles O'Toole Plays Honky-Tonk Piano," Vol. 3 (Ampar), a lucky dip with plenty of prizes.

GUITARIST Chet Atkins, who's talent scout and producer for R.C.A.'s Nashville output, isn't often heard on disc himself, but when he is it's usually one not to miss. This is certainly so with the LP "Down Home," which has the gospel-like "Give the World a Smile Each Day," Chet's own well-known "Trambone," and, for novelty, "The Girl Friend of the Whirling Dervish."

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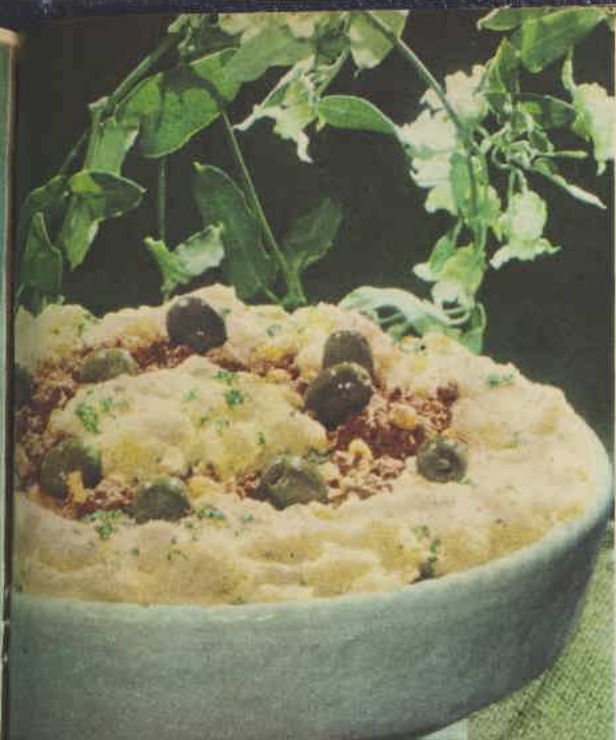
Curlypet



**PAUL
WAYNE**

Page 12—Teenage

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—June 18, 1962



CHICKEN CAPRICE, shown above, would be an ideal dish to serve piping hot at buffet parties during the cold weather.

CAPERS (Australian made or imported)

CHICKEN CAPRICE

One chicken (about 3 to 3½ lb.), 1 onion, 1 stalk celery, few peppercorns, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tomatoes (peeled and chopped), 4 shallots (chopped including some of the green section), extra 2 stalks celery, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons capers, ½ lb. spaghetti (cooked and drained), salt, pepper, ½ cup buttered crumbs.

Place chicken in saucepan, cover with water, add sliced onion and celery, peppercorns and salt. Bring slowly to boil, skim off any scum. Cover, simmer gently about 1 hour or until nearly tender. Remove from saucepan, cool and cut meat from chicken bones. Strain and reserve stock. Mix together chicken pieces, chopped tomato, shallots, and extra celery. Prepare sauce: melt butter in a saucepan, add flour and stir over heat 1 minute. Add 3 cups reserved stock, stir sauce until thickened. Add capers, season with salt

and pepper. Fold into other ingredients. Lastly add spaghetti. Fill into lightly greased casserole. Cover, bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes. Remove from oven, top with buttered crumbs. Return uncovered to oven for a few minutes longer to brown. Serve piping hot.

CHICKEN LIVER SAUTE

Six chopped celery stalks with leaves, 4oz. butter, 1 lb. chicken livers (soaked in salted water a few minutes then drained and chopped roughly), 1 cup sliced mushrooms, ½ cup dry sherry, ½ cup cream, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons capers.

Saute celery in butter 15 minutes. Remove from pan, keep warm. Saute chicken livers and mushrooms 10 minutes in remaining butter in pan, add sherry, cream, salt, and capers. Simmer, stirring frequently until hot (do not allow to boil). Return celery to sauce to heat thoroughly.



olives of one variety or another. shallots, and pumpernickel sunflowers.

(or seeded and stuffed)

GOLDEN CORN BAKE

One pound minced steak, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon fat, ½ cup tomato puree, ½ cup water, salt, pepper, few drops tabasco sauce, 1 can whole kernel corn (drained), ½ cup chopped green olives, 1 lb. mashed potatoes, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, extra olives.

Saute onion lightly in fat, add meat, cook until lightly browned all over. Add tomato puree, water, little salt, pepper, and tabasco sauce. Simmer covered 10 minutes. Fold in whole kernel corn and olives. Continue cooking until tender. Fill into greased casserole, top with potato, sprinkle with cheese. Brown in moderate oven. Garnish with parsley and olives.

PUMPERNICKEL SUNFLOWERS

Six slices pumpernickel, butter, 1½ cups shredded lettuce, 3 hard-boiled eggs (sliced), 9 stuffed olives.

Spread pumpernickel slices with butter, top each with little shredded lettuce and 2 hard-boiled egg slices. Make sunflower shapes on top of each by slicing 3 olives in halves to form centres and cutting remaining olives into petals. Serve.



FINELY SLICED gherkins give new flavor interest to the basic meat loaf above. Extra gherkins can be used to garnish.

GHERKINS (available in several sizes and varieties)

MEAT LOAF PIQUANT

One lb. minced topside, 1 lb. sausage mince, 1 finely chopped onion, 3 gherkins (finely chopped), 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 pinch mixed herbs, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper.

Combine all ingredients in large basin and

mix well. Press into lightly greased loaf tin, bake in moderately slow oven about 1½ hours or until cooked through. Drain off any fat, turn out on to heated dish. Surround with peas, corn, and a few baked tomato halves filled with peas and corn. Spoon over a little gravy, serve remainder of gravy separately.

Continued overleaf



A tasty taste for barbecues

TOMATO FRENCH DRESSING

1 tbsp. Keen's Mustard • 1 cup salad oil • 2 tbsps. sugar • 1 tbsps. grated onion • 1 cup Holbrook's vinegar • 1 tbsps. chopped green pepper (optional) • 1 can condensed Tomato Soup • 1 tsp. pepper • 1 tsp. salt.

Mix dry ingredients in large wide-topped bottle. Stir in salad oil, add onion, green pepper and let stand 5 to 10 minutes. Add vinegar and soup. Cover tightly and shake well until thick and blended. A mouth-watering addition to any meal—indoors or out.

A zesty lift for salads

MAGIC MAYONNAISE

1 tbsps. Keen's Mustard • 1 1/2 cups milk • 3 tbsps. sugar • 1/2 cup Holbrook's vinegar • 4 tbsps. flour • 2 eggs • 1 tsp. salt • 2 tbsps. butter • few grains of cayenne.

Mix dry ingredients in top of double boiler, slowly add vinegar and eggs (beaten). Then add milk. Stir constantly until thickened. Cook 15 minutes longer. Remove from heat and add the butter.



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A SUBSCRIPTION TO The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Concluding . . .

SECRETS OF A GOOD COOK

SAUCES, DRESSINGS

WHITE sauce is the basis for many dishes. Although the method of making is simple, many sauces are lumpy when finished. However, if the flour and, later, the milk are added off the heat and the mixture stirred all the time until boiling, the result should be perfect.

Sauces are made extra rich and smooth with a little cream or evaporated milk. Add it at the last moment and reheat until only one bubble appears.

A generous spoonful of butterscotch sauce on top of each serving of old-fashioned creamy rice pudding will give it an up-to-date touch.

Mayonnaise can be disappointing if not handled carefully. Should it show signs of "breaking" on standing, a little hot water will often remedy this.

PUDDINGS

THERE is something about flame cookery which seems to fascinate even the most sophisticated guest, but give the family a treat as well. It only takes a moment to soak a lump of sugar in brandy or rum and set it alight on the simplest dessert.

Put half a dozen or so chocolate peppermint creams on top of a simple baked custard immediately after baking. They will melt to form a glamorous marbled design and add a delicious flavor.

Imported Canadian maple syrup has a fine flavor and texture. Try adding a tablespoon of the syrup to a pint of milk when making a baked custard.

Beat in 2 or 3 tablespoons of full-cream powdered milk with each pint of fresh milk to make a baked custard velvety and smooth.

Make very sure a meringue topping on a tart or pie is touching the pastry edge all round. Otherwise it will shrink away from the edge when cooked.

A glaze of egg-white and a sprinkling of dried bread-crumbs are the best way to prevent soggy bottoms on tarts. Don't prick the pastry, either.

CAKES, BISCUITS

ROCKCAKES are still a favorite standby for packed lunch boxes. For variation add a generous amount of grated orange rind to the batter. This will not only enhance the flavor but will improve the keeping quality.

Don't forget the old tried and tested trick of creaming essences or fruit rinds with the shortening and sugar for more even and lasting flavor in cakes and biscuits.

Finely grated chocolate folded into sponge and butter cake mixtures before baking gives extra flavor and also an attractive marbled effect which young people adore.

Although biscuits are tempting to eat when taken straight from the oven, they are best loosened and left on the trays to cool. In this way they'll become crisp and stay full of flavor.

Cheese biscuits will take on new flavor when to eight ounces of dough is added one of the following—1 dessert-spoon worcestershire sauce, tomato sauce, or a little mustard sauce.

For a delicious rich chocolate cake that all men will love add a spoonful of raspberry or plum jam to the chocolate cake mixture.

If your cakes always tend to crack while baking, this can be caused by too high a temperature or too dry a mixture. Check your oven heat and add a little extra milk or take out a spoonful of flour until they bake level.

AND REMEMBER . . .

NO one likes overcooked fish—and here's a good rule for testing during cooking. If done, the fish should flake easily and fall away from the bones and a white, creamy liquid emerge from the flesh.

Sauces and soups based on tomato and milk or cream have a nasty habit of curdling, so help prevent this by adding a pinch of bicarbonate of soda.

Preserve the whiteness of boiled poultry (to be served cold) and prevent the grey look which sometimes happens by plunging the cooked bird into cold water immediately it is taken from the boiling water. Leave in water to cool.

If you must make your salad ahead of time, mix the dressing in the bowl, place the servers across in the bowl to act as a barrier, and arrange lettuce, etc., on top. Place on the table and at the last moment pull out the servers and toss the contents. This will keep the ingredients crisp and fresh.

An omelet keeps on cooking a little after it has been removed from the fire, so heat it only until the outsides are set and the centre still slightly runny.

Plain boiled rice is so easy to make more appetising—and colorful. Add a little French or Italian dressing; a

• Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes in this feature.

Readers' Hints

• These cookery hints have been sent in by readers. Each one wins £1/1/- prize.

DRAIN preserved peach halves from syrup, sprinkle them lightly with cinnamon, grated lemon rind, and coconut, and bake about 25 minutes. They're delicious served with ice-cream.—Mrs. J. Sampson, 56 Morotai Rd., Revesby, N.S.W.

Large pieces of bacon will keep longer if you mix the white of an egg with pepper, beat it, and paint it all over the bacon. Hang it to dry in an airy place. The bacon will not become dry or mouldy.—Renate Halm, 38 Barry St., Rindon Park, Port Pirie, S.A.

When making pastry, take your shortening from the refrigerator and grate it with your kitchen grater. It can then be worked into the flour quickly.—Mrs. J. MacIntyre, 100 Alexandra St., Bardon, Qld.

Mix well together the required amounts of salt, celery salt, onion salt, and pepper, put into shaker and keep it handy when making savories, sandwiches, etc. This is much easier and more satisfactory than using the flavorings separately.—Mrs. T. Branch, 257 Bathurst St., Hobart.

During the last hour of roasting lamb or veal, cover meat with slices of pineapple, brush pineapple with melted butter or margarine. The meat will have extra flavor and be more attractive to serve.—Mrs. E. Lane, 2 Hayes St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

An easily made confection for afternoon tea: Dip walnut halves in marshmallows that have been melted over hot water. Roll at once in coconut; chill on waxed paper.—Mrs. Stella O'Sullivan, 29 Stewart Rd., Ashgrove, Brisbane.

Butter the top of a sponge cake lightly with soft butter before spreading with jam and the jam will not soak in. This method also prevents juice from a fruit filling soaking into a shortcake.—Mrs. I. Nicholson, 4 Wellman St., Box Hill, Vic.

If short of eggs when preparing cutlets, smear over both sides with flour, dip in milk, then in brown breadcrumbs. This tastes just as nice as an egg coating.—Mrs. P. Gibbs, Hay St., Dubbo, N.S.W.

A new way to cook cabbage: First add about 1 dessertspoon of butter to saucepan, then shredded raw cabbage, 1 strip bacon finely sliced, and only 2 or 3 tablespoons water. Stir occasionally to avoid burning, because it cooks much quicker than by the usual method.—Mrs. J. M. Wallace, 17 Stewart Rd., Ashgrove, Brisbane.

To prevent chops from rolling up when grilling, hold them under the cold water tap for a second before placing on grill.—Mrs. R. J. Williams, 154 Deanmore Rd., Scarborough, W.A.

pinch of saffron; finely chopped fresh rosemary or dill; or some truffle for a special occasion, and toss just before serving.

Never let monotony creep into the breakfast dish of hot cooked oats. One day sprinkle in some raisins, the next flavor with honey, then grated chocolate, then cinnamon or nutmeg, and so on and on . . . or put the trimmings on the table for the family to choose their own.

Try using the potato-masher when next you have to separate minced steak quickly while it is browning for savory mince, etc. It does the job in double quick time.

Use powdered milk plus water for featherweight scones. Sift the milk with the flour and add the water almost all at once—then handle the dough very lightly.

Coldness is the secret of success in pastry-making, so be sure to chill the pastry well after mixing. Chill again after filling into pie-dish and before placing in the oven.

For a crunchy sugar coating on sides and top of sponge cakes sprinkle equal quantities of icing-sugar and flour into the greased cake-tin and sprinkle more of the mixture lightly on top of cake before baking.

Crispily baked potatoes are not hard to produce. Coat the peeled and well-dried potatoes all over with hot fat when first placing them in the baking-dish. This seals the outside, which crisps during further baking.

Anyone can whip up an icing, but do you know how to make it smooth and shiny? Blend the icing-sugar with a little liquid as possible and stir over hot water a few minutes until of pouring consistency. Use immediately.

Reader in Africa wins £5 prize for tangy curry

● A recipe for a delicious piquant curry sent by a reader in Africa wins this week's main prize of £5 in our weekly recipe contest.

CONSOLATION prizes are awarded for recipes for a simple creamy custard, flavored with marmalade, and a tasty veal and egg dish. All spoon measurements are level.

AFRICAN CURRY

Two medium-sized onions, 2oz. butter or fat, 1 clove garlic, 3 bayleaves, 6 peppercorns, 2lb. thick rib of mutton, salt, 2 cups water, 3 to 4 tablespoons curry powder, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 ripe tomatoes, 3 bananas, 1 tablespoon coconut, 1 large grated apple, ½ cup sultanas, 2 tablespoons apricot jam, hot fluffy rice.

Brown sliced onions in fat, add chopped garlic, bayleaves, and peppercorns. Cut meat into cubes and season with salt, brown with onions in the heated fat. Add 1½ cups water, allow to simmer over low heat 20 minutes. Mix curry powder with the vinegar and ¼ cup water. Add to meat. Fold in tomatoes (which have been skinned and chopped), sliced bananas, sultanas, coconut, apple, and apricot jam. Cook slowly until meat is tender. Serve with hot fluffy rice and colorful extras consisting of small bowls of desiccated coconut, sliced bananas, diced pineapple, avocado pear, chutney, chopped onion and half-ripe tomatoes, sliced cucumber.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. Jones, 98 Brickhill Rd., Eastcourt, Natal, South Africa.

MARMALADE CREAM

Three tablespoons cornflour, ¼ cup sugar, pinch salt, 2 cups scalded milk, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ cup Seville orange marmalade (or any other marmalade desired), 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 egg-white, extra 2 tablespoons sugar.

Combine together in a saucepan the cornflour, salt, and sugar. Gradually add milk and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Put over boiling water, cover with lid, and cook 10 minutes. Stir in butter, marmalade, and vanilla. Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. Make a meringue with egg-white and extra sugar and fold into cooled custard. Pour into 5 or 6 individual dishes, chill.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Kiddle, Rural Delivery No. 9, Te Puke, N.Z.

CRUSTED VEAL BAKE

One cup onions (chopped), 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2lb. veal (minced), 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 3 eggs, 1 cup sour cream, 2-3rds cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups shredded cheddar cheese.

Saute onions in butter, add veal and 1 tablespoon flour. Cook until tender, stirring occasionally. Stir in milk, salt, pepper. Simmer until thick (about 15 minutes). Stir in parsley. Beat egg-yolks and sour cream together, stir in flour and salt. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour half the egg mixture into greased 10in. pan, top with half the grated cheese, bake 10 minutes in moderately hot oven. Remove from oven, cover with veal mixture, then pour remaining egg mixture over top. Bake 10 minutes or until top is browned. Sprinkle with remaining cheese and serve.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Leech, Flat 105, Eden Street, Arncliffe, N.S.W.

CANNED PINEAPPLE RECIPE CONTEST

INTERESTING recipes are being received from readers in our new cookery contest in which canned Queensland pineapple is the featured ingredient.

A total of £250 in cash prizes will be awarded in this contest.

First prize for the best recipe entered in the contest is £100; second prize, £50; third prize, £20. There will be eight consolation prizes of £10 each.

In addition, three progress prizes will be awarded and the recipes published each week. The first three

progress prizes will appear in our issue dated July 4.

The progress prizes will be parcels of canned pineapple products, each valued at £5.

To enter the contest, send in a recipe or recipes in which the featured ingredient is Queensland canned pineapple in any of its three forms—whole slices, chunks, and crushed—or canned pineapple juice in any of its three forms—pure pineapple juice, pineapple juice with orange juice, and pineapple juice with grapefruit juice.

Recipes entered in the contest can be for meat or fish dishes, hot or cold puddings and desserts, cakes, jams, and drinks, but please remember that canned Queensland pineapple must be the main ingredient.

Readers are reminded that the closing date for entries is July 9.

Send entries to:

PINEAPPLE CONTEST,
Box 7052,
G.P.O.,
SYDNEY.



"I'd like one of your 'little pillows' young lady!"

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CHERISHED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN GREAT FRAGRANCES

FIFTEEN-SQUARE HOUSE



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows the elegant simplicity of the family home, Plan 218, designed by Kenneth Woolley and Michael Dysart.

● This modern family home designed by architects Kenneth Woolley and Michael Dysart is 15 squares in area.

THE house is Plan No. 218 and is one of the 24 houses on exhibition now at our Homes Fair at Kingsdene Estate, Carlingford, N.S.W. The Fair is a joint project organised by The Australian Women's Weekly and Lend Lease Homes.

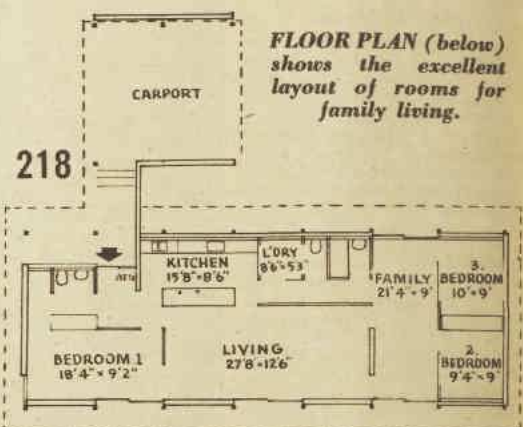
Built of light grey concrete blocks laid vertically edge to edge, the house has a suite and bedrooms for the children. The main bedroom with its own bathroom is completely separate from the children's rooms.

A family room near the children's bedroom could be used as a fourth bedroom.

The kitchen is divided from the living-room by a storage unit containing refrigerator, oven, hot-water service, etc. and is sheathed in Canadian red cedar.

All external timber is the same red cedar.

There is a large double



carport, a covered entrance colonnade, and very wide eaves to protect the house all round.

Sliding doors along one side of the house lead from main bedroom, living-room, and family room on to a sheltered terrace.

The flat roof is made of galvanised metal and spans 24ft.

Plans of 19 of the 24 homes in the Carlingford Homes Fair are being published in this Home Plans section weekly. These plans are available from The Australian Women's Weekly Home Plans Service.

Also available from our Service Centres are thousands of home plans which can be bought from £10/10/-. All normal architect's services are available and, if wanted, plans will be altered to suit your site.

Contact your Centre at: Sydney, Anthony Horderns (Box 7052, G.P.O.), B0951, ext. 220; Melbourne, Myers (32044); Hobart, Fitz-Gerald's (27221); Adelaide, 47 South Terrace (51-1798); Brisbane, McWhirters (50121); Geelong, Myers (X6111); Toowoomba, Pigotts (7733).

Carlingford Homes Fair Booklet

● Twenty-four beautiful homes are featured in a 32-page booklet produced for our Homes Fair now being held at Carlingford, N.S.W.

OF varied design — traditional, ranch-type, split-level—they are all two- or three-bedroom homes and are built in brick, timber, concrete masonry and aluminium siding.

The booklet includes perspective sketches of exteriors and interiors and floor plans on colored pages 14½ in. x 9½ in.

Plans for 19 of the houses are obtainable through our Home Plans Centres (see addresses above). The remaining five are standard Lend Lease Homes.

This informative booklet, price 4/-, can be obtained by

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' questions about their antiques.

Could you tell me something about a beautifully painted porcelain vase I own? It is in the shape of a double-tailed mermaid holding a large shell, which has a cherub and two seahorses on the base. The numbers 140 and 28 are stamped underneath.—Mrs. A. Phillips, Mentone, Vic.

Your vase (shown at right) is Continental porcelain and was made about 1870. I cannot suggest a factory of origin without examining the piece.



● Porcelain vase is hand-painted.

● English plate, made about 1850.



● Tobacco jars are late Victorian.

I have two snuff jars about which I would like some information. One is in the shape of a man, 10in. high, and the other, a woman, is 8in. high. The markings are 2554 and 2563 with a mark like a per cent. sign.—Mrs. J. Perkins, Auburn, N.S.W.

Your jars were made for tobacco, not snuff, and were made probably in Germany about 1890.

I have a plate measuring 13½in. in diameter with no markings, and also another plate which is marked Pearl on the back. It is a deep blue and is one of a pair. Could you tell me the age of them, please? —Mrs. G. Andrawartha, North Cottesloe, Vic.

Your first-mentioned plate (shown at top, right) is English and was made about 1850. The other Staffordshire plate, with the marking Pearl, is early 19th century, made about 1800. About 1795, Messrs. Chetham and Woolley, of Lane-End, in England, introduced a new kind of pottery into the market. It was white pottery, not affected by change of temperature, very fine in grain, durable in quality, most beautiful and delicate in whiteness. It became known as Pearl Ware, a description which was popularised by Josiah Spode the younger.

Could you identify a very small cup and saucer of mine? They are gold and white with a floral design in pink. They appear to be hand-painted and have a blue marking on the base of both pieces, which looks rather like a £ sign.—K. Ellick, Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

Your cup and saucer are German porcelain, made about 1865-70. The blue mark is an imitation of a Dresden mark. It is difficult to attribute this to any particular factory because many turned out this type of ware. However, Mrs. Wolfson, who worked in Germany in the 1860s, was responsible for buying plain porcelain and decorating it in a manner similar to your specimen.

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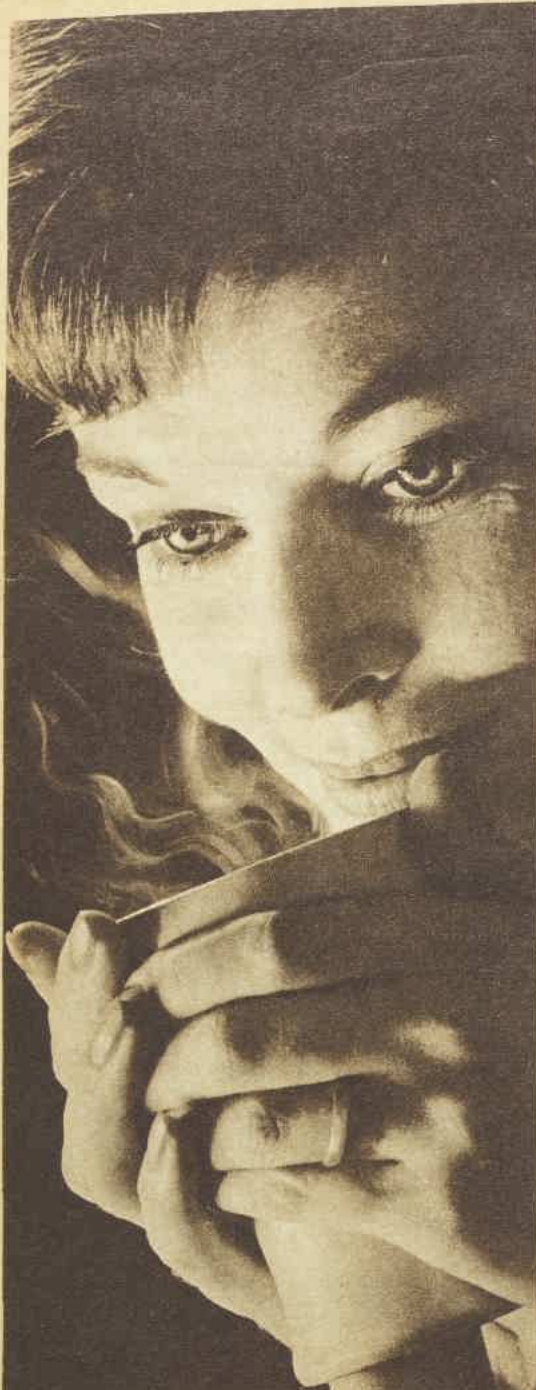
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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Have you ever noticed that if you put secateurs or a pruning saw into a man's hand he can't resist behaving like the father who, giving his sons home haircuts, practically shaves their skulls so that the job won't need doing again for a good long time.

HUGH is like this, with the result that the pruning saw is the hardest of all the garden tools to find.

I'm the only person who knows where it's hidden, and I have a habit of being quite unable to find it when he wants it.

He belongs to the school of gardeners who believe that if you're going to prune you may as well make a job of it, and making a job of it, to Hugh, means leaving the main stalk and about three short twigs!

When I see him in action it makes me think of that poem of Phyllis McGinley's called "Man With Pruning Shears," in which she says:

*"The self-same madness takes his mind,
That took his mind when he was little,
And owned a knife and could not find
Sufficient sticks to whittle."*

Axemen — please spare that tree

THE self-same madness sometimes attacks the men who are responsible for keeping the electricity supply running.

I know they have to cut the trees back occasionally or we'd all be wailing about power failures, but they do have this masculine tendency to "make a job of it."

The trees in our street are flowering trees, which means if they're too heavily cut they just don't flower that year.

I used to go out when I saw their truck arrive and make a nuisance of myself by pointing this out to them and pleading with them not to cut more than they absolutely had to.

"O.K., lady. Don't you give it a thought, we'll look after it," they'd say.

Anything, obviously, to get rid of a pest so that they could get on with the job.

Then I'd go back into the house and gnaw my knuckles while they hacked down bough after bough, ruining the next spring's flowering.

Now I've got a new technique which makes me much more of a nuisance to them, and saves quite a bit of tree.

We go through the business of me pleading and them promising, but when they wait patiently for me to go back into the house, nothing happens. Sometimes I pretend to be gardening near the front fence; sometimes I just stand and watch.

Whichever I do it seems to have the desired effect. It has a tendency to unnerve them, so that they hastily cut what really has to be cut and give up the idea of making such a good job of it that it won't need doing again for three or four years.

In quest of a pair of winter-proof hands

REMEMBER the fairy stories where, at christenings, fairy-godmothers collected round the cradle and granted gifts to newborn infants?

I've often thought that they didn't think

these gifts out carefully enough. Wealth and beauty and brains are all very well, but what fairy-godmother ever thought of making a child the gift of winter-proof hands?

What heaven it would be to have that thick, matt-colored skin on your hands that never discolors.

No matter what I do my hands seem to go a revolting sort of bruised plum-color with the cold, and the first frosts start tiny little cracks in the cuticles which are really quite painful.

I met a Viennese skin specialist once, and I asked her about this.

"But it is so very simple to prevent," she said. "You must not ever, on any account, go out in the wintertime without you wear gloves. Never, never, never you must go out with bare hands when it is being cold!"

Ha-ha-ha. Can you imagine putting on a nice thick woolly pair of gloves for handling the wet washing while you're hanging it out?

But she did give me a recipe for a hand-cream that she thought was very good. You need elderberries and unsalted fat. You take equal quantities (say half a pound of each) and boil them together for 20 minutes. I've never tried it, because I've never managed to get my hands on any elderberries, but some day I will.

To beard or not to beard depends on the pate

I SAT in the train the other day opposite three bearded gents, and I got to thinking about how much fashions change in this sort of thing.

When I was quite a small child the only beards you ever saw were on old men (both my grandfathers had them, one Father Christmas and one very short and trim), but I'm sure nobody under 70 sported a beard.

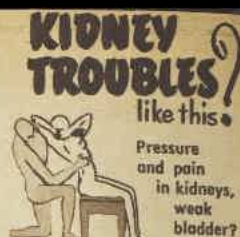
Then there were years and years and years when the only people who had beards were goats and sailors.

Now, suddenly, the beard is back, and there are so many of them about that they can't ALL be painters or actors getting ready to make historical films.

The beards are not being worn now by grandfathers or even by middle-aged men who are beginning to feel their years, or by late-teenagers who might be wearing them for a lark.

They seem to be a fashion beloved by old young men in their middle 20s or even early 30s, and it seems so odd somehow to see them pushing pushers and carrying toddlers, and wiping away ice-cream applied by sticky little fingers to their bushy beavers.

If you'd like my considered opinion on these beards (and I can't for the life of me see why anyone should!), I think they're all right if they manage to match the hair. But male fashion leaders should impose a total ban on growing a rich chestnut beard with drab brown hair or a thick brown one topped by a thinning yellow pate.



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THE IDEAL GIFT!

When your child goes to hospital

● A child's stay in hospital can be a time of anxiety and tension for him and his parents, but there are many ways in which parents and hospital staff can co-operate to allay much of his fear. An eminent Sydney child specialist here explains, through reporter Winifred Munday, some of those ways.



● It's natural for a child to be upset.

THE "acclimatisation" can begin even before the child arrives at the hospital.

If he and his mother live within reasonable distance of the hospital it may be possible to take the child along for a visit about a week before he is due to enter and show him around.

It is especially important at this time not to deceive the child—to tell him that "the needle won't hurt" if it will; that "mummy will be there" if she won't.

Frankness by the mother will give the child confidence, and she shouldn't hesitate to say, "I don't know" if she is in any doubt about the answer to his questions.

If it is allowed, the child should be encouraged to take with him to the hospital his "very special thing," whether it is a battered teddy bear or a grubby blanket he likes to cuddle at bedtime.

If the child is not allowed to have it or there is fear of its being lost, then the child should be solemnly assured that it will be waiting for him when he gets home.

When the time comes for admission, the mother should be there to change the child's street clothes for pyjamas, give him his first bath, and, if possible, to be on hand at the hospital for the first five or six hours.

Both mother and child will be upset, and this is one time when the doctor advises that a stiff upper lip is not the right thing.

A mother should be much more worried about a child who shows no sign of being upset than the one who is.

Mother's help

The ideal situation is when a mother can stay in hospital with her child. This practice is widespread overseas and is catching on in Australia.

Next best thing is unrestricted visiting hours, which many Australian hospitals are now encouraging.

If your children's ward sister does not let you in at any time, ask her why not. She may never have thought of it yet and you can help the idea along.

For mothers who live too far away to visit the child, a daily letter or postcard to let him know he is not forgotten is essential.

A daily call to the ward sister to inquire about his progress is not enough.

There are four particular

groups where it is specially desirable for the mother to be constantly in attendance.

1. Where the child and the mother do not speak English.

In many Southern European countries—Greece, Italy, Spain—it is customary for the whole family to be involved in a child's illness, and this is not the time to try to change the family's cultural pattern.

2. Where the child is backward.

Medical observations show that a retarded child is much more seriously affected by separation from his parents than a child who is able to cope with everything.

3. Where the child has an acute anxiety-producing illness.

For instance, in the case of a laryngeal obstruction where proper breathing is prevented, the child is especially liable to panic.

4. Where the child is nine months of age or under.

Such babies are specially susceptible to becoming retarded through separations from their parents. Ideally, all children up to 4 years old should have their mothers in hospital with them.

Though the extension of unrestricted visiting hours is such an excellent thing for all concerned, the mother must realise that hovering anxiously around while her child is receiving treatment is bad for all concerned.

"I'd like to stay all day, but I'll go out of the ward whenever you want me to" will usually get the mother permission to stay.

Feeding, changing, and amusing young hospital patients takes up much of a nurse's working day, and the willing and commonsense co-operation of a mother in doing these things for her own child would do much to relieve the nursing shortage.

Another way of helping to allay the child's fear is to assure him daily that he is still loved very much, that he is not being punished, that he is getting better.

Time is most important to a child bound by the walls of a hospital ward.

Half an hour can seem like ten hours, so don't mislead the child by saying you'll be back "soon" or "presently."

This may mean tomorrow to you, but it will mean a few hours to an anxious child.

Also, remember to be very specific about time, and never be late for visiting

hours. The doctor has seen many a child in tears at ten past two because mummy was due at two o'clock.

The doctor warns against the practice of taking a hospitalised child many and expensive gifts. Most would rather have something old and familiar from home.

A child in hospital is bewildered enough by his new surroundings, and therefore finds great comfort in familiar toys or in being read stories he has heard a hundred times before.

Ideal system

"The suggestions I have made would be possible in the ideal children's ward. But I realise that such conditions for this sort of treatment still do not exist in many Australian hospitals," said the doctor.

"In many cases there is neither the will on the part of the hospital authorities to allow unrestricted visiting nor the facilities to live in."

"But hospitals which are being built or planned could be designed on these lines."

"My ideal children's ward would have the sisters' kitchen, the doctors' examining- and interviewing-rooms at one end, and the mothers' quarters—kitchen, toilet facilities, living-in accommodation—at the other."

The doctor had one last word of advice for mothers—and one for doctors.

FOR MOTHERS:

"Do not embark on unnecessary operations without the consent of your child."

"By this I mean correcting the shape of ears, insisting on the removal of tonsils which do not really need removing, having facial blemishes such as moles removed."

"If the operation is in the name of vanity only and not vital to the child's physical or mental health, then no decision should be made without the child having a part in that decision."

FOR DOCTORS:

"A flexibility of the appointment book. Every child consultation is an 'emergency' in that there is often just one moment when the nervous mother feels she can 'spill the beans' about fears for her child's health."

"She should be able to get an appointment with her doctor when she wants it and not be offered one days or even weeks ahead when her courage may have deserted her again."

"I grew to love my mother-in-law"

● My maternal grandmother died before I was born and, as a young child, I was taught by my mother to dislike and distrust my paternal grandmother, whom I was permitted to visit with my father only rarely.

DESPITE the propaganda I had been fed against Gran, she made an evergrowing impression on my mind because of her kindness to me, her spotless home, and her interest in her son and his children.

I began to think that Gran was not, perhaps, the ogre Mother claimed her to be.

At the same time, I did not want to be disloyal to Mother, and for a long time I pushed the thoughts of Gran's love and many kindnesses from my mind.

However, as time went on, and as my reasonings became more assured and mature, I realised that Gran's sweetness was not just a veneer as my mother said it was, and that Mother herself was to blame for creating friction between them.

The venom unleashed by my mother against her mother-in-law was a constant source of pain to my father, and many bitter arguments were the result.

Bit by bit the picture came into focus, and I became aware that my mother was possessed of an uncontrollable jealousy.

She and Gran both loved my father, but Mother did not want to share his love.

I tried to persuade my mother—a gifted and intelligent woman—to make friends with Gran, but her animosity was by then so deep-rooted that I had no success.

Mother felt Gran was luring Father away from her, but she did not realise her own jealousy was driving him further away.

The dreadful impasse continued until the death of my grandmother, and all the love my father first had for my mother died, too, in the bitterness of those years.

As I grew into my late teens and became engaged to a wonderful boy, I put much thought into the problem of peaceful co-existence with my future mother-in-law, and made this my great goal.

Ray's mother seemed friendly enough, though not outgoing. She had quite a large family of boys and girls, and loved them all, each in an individual way.

I knew she hated the possibility of "losing" Ray, as of all her boys he was the one who helped her most.

To win her confidence and affection, I decided I would try to fit unobtrusively

into the family group, and to help as much as possible in a quiet way.

At first I met a blank wall. Every time I offered to help with chores I was told not to worry doing anything, as everything was under control.

However, one day when dinner was being prepared I simply joined in without asking and gradually Ray's family got round to accepting me quite naturally.

Ray's mother, though, still didn't seem to be meeting me half-way, and this worried me greatly.

The time came for Ray and me to be married, and we went to live almost a hundred miles away from our families.

I quite understood that Ray's mother would miss him deeply and resent me for taking her son away.

I was unwittingly helped at this time by the advice given me by an old friend.

"Never," she said, "let your husband get into the habit of going out alone."

Don't let anything stop you from going with him whenever he asks you to accompany him."

So when my husband, a little home-sick in the early months of marriage, would suddenly say: "How about going home to see the folks?" I would agree happily.

Many times I would have preferred a quiet weekend at home, as I had become pregnant a few months after our marriage, but still I would go, never complaining.

Our visits warmed Ray's mother and her first grandson won her heart completely. Then in an unguarded moment, fussing together over the baby, I confessed my deep love for her son.

Her face changed, softened, and she, an undemonstrative person, put her arms round me. I felt I had come home.

As the years passed I grew to love my mother-in-law, and I now regard her as the best friend I have in the world.

She has helped us over many troubled times in our many years of marriage, and I, in turn, have tried always to help her.

The love and affection between us is not my only reward. The even greater one is the love and obvious joy in my dear husband's face when he sees his wife and mother with heads happily together over his children.

● The author wishes to be anonymous.



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ST 406/62

from page 25

"Get down on the floor. And stay there!"

I was ready to do as she told me. It was too much to ask of anyone, to sit straight up in the middle of the storm, tempting the lightning to strike. But just then another flash came, illuminating Mama's face. It was as white as milk. And suddenly I knew: Mama was scared, too. She might have set her mind and heart into a pattern of courage, but she was scared. It wasn't very brave of me to lie cowering on the floor. The least I could do was to sit beside her.

"No," I said stubbornly. "I'll stay here—with you."

"All right," she said. "But you must not scream or grab at me no matter what happens. Understand?"

"Yes," I said. Now the rain started in earnest, a solid sheet of water that made it almost impossible for us to see any distance ahead. By instinct rather than by sight I knew we were coming to the bridge and the halfway tree. Mama tensed slightly and I knew what she was thinking. In this darkness and the rain it would be easy to miss the bridge.

Fortunately, at that moment a flash of lightning showed us we were on the road, safe enough. Then, above the howling of the wind, we heard another sound—not thunder, but a sharp cracking as if the very earth were breaking apart. In an instant we both knew what it was. Papa had said the tree would break apart some day, and this was the day.

For a minute Mama seemed to be trying to rein Prince in, to stop. Then she said firmly, "Janie, hold tight."

She touched the whip to Prince and he sprang forward. Mama leaned forward, too, as if she could will him to go even faster. The rain washed over us. I held tight to the side of the runabout. The planks of the bridge thundered under the wheels. Just above us there was an awful crashing sound. Then we were off the bridge, and not a second too soon, for just behind us the halfway tree fell, the branches grazing the back of the runabout.

Mama did not seem to be aware of our narrow escape; she was too busy trying to stop Prince's headlong flight, for the falling tree had put him in a frenzy of fright. She was swinging the reins, her arms straight out, her feet braced against the floor.

Finally she had the horse

under control. "We'll be all right now," she said, her voice shaky. "You were a fine, brave girl, Janie. You helped me a lot."

Sweet as her praise was, I could not bring myself to answer her. The halfway tree was gone and a part of my world had gone with it—something substantial and solid, something I had thought would last forever.

But then a comforting thought came to me. I had sat by Mama; I had not lain on the floor and given in to my own terror. Mama had said I helped her by being brave. I felt grown up and pleased. It came to me that maybe it wasn't enough for a woman to be just sweet and pretty; she also had to be brave in time of danger.

I decided that once we were home I'd talk to Mama about what I had discovered.

The worst of the storm was over by the time we got home. I saw a light in the living-room; that meant Papa was at home. The warmth and beauty of that light, the safety and comfort of it,

clothes. Her hair was hanging loose around her shoulders and it, too, was wet. I wanted to cry out to Papa and tell him why she was soaking, why her hair was drenched. But I could not say a word. I could only stand there and look at them.

Papa was standing away from Mama, as if some great gulf divided them. Cousin Mattie Lee was looking at him in a way I had never seen a woman look at a man before. Mama's face was set like stone in a mask of disbelief and hurt. It was as if some great evil were there before me, which I understood only dimly but knew was menacing. I began to sob. The sound of my wails broke the spell.

"Janie," Mama said, turning to me swiftly. "Janie, you're soaked. You must get out of those wet things and into bed at once."

I remember a great deal of confusion. Mama whisked me into a hot bath and then

"And that's the way it was, Ruth," he said. "Just as I told you. That's all—I give you my word."

Mama did not answer. I looked at her. Something was gone from her face that used to be there. I couldn't explain what it was, but somehow I knew that she'd never look quite the same again, that as long as she lived her face would bear a faint touch of sadness.

Not just sadness alone, but a mingling of the things that had happened to her tonight: the terror she had known driving Prince through the storm, pushing him across the bridge before the halfway tree fell; the memory of finding Cousin Mattie Lee and Papa standing together in our living-room, locked in each other's arms. Always she would bear the special stamp of women who have known hurt and risen above it.

I knew, too, although at the time I could not have put my knowledge into words, that unless Mama said the right thing now Papa would never stand on his feet again, free and proud as he had used to be. I thought I couldn't bear it if she didn't answer him. She needed to forgive Papa, and he needed to receive her forgiveness.

Then slowly, she extended her hand toward Papa. He got up quickly and came toward her.

"You do understand?" he said. "And you forgive me?"

"Yes," Mama said. "I do. And now don't let's talk about it any more."

"Darling," Papa said, and then Mama went into his arms.

I stood at the half-open door, watching them. I couldn't have moved if I had wanted to. I don't know how long I stood there, but by and by Mama turned a little in Papa's arms, and then she saw me.

"Janie," she said, "what are you doing out of bed?"

Papa turned, too.

"Come here," Mama said.

"You'll take your death of cold," Papa said. He smiled at me. "Come in."

He spoke in much the old way, but with a little difference, too. Maybe, I thought, he'll never forget tonight either. It's something that will be with all of us the rest of our lives.

I walked across the floor to where they stood. Mama and Papa each took one of my hands and led me to the sofa. We sat down with me between them. Papa reached out his arm along the sofa, embracing both of us.

"How do you feel?" Mama asked me.

Warmth and happiness engulfed me. It didn't matter that the halfway tree was gone. It didn't matter that, like Mama, I'd always remember about Papa and Cousin Mattie Lee. We were together again, Mama and Papa and I. The whole foundation of my world rested on this fact. And in some way I knew that, just as Mama had brought us safely through the storm, she had also worked out this other thing—this closeness of ours.

A flash of understanding came to me. I knew suddenly about this business of being a woman. It would be good if I could be beautiful and even better if I had courage. But most of all I would need a loving and understanding heart.

"I feel fine," I told them. "Just fine."

(Copyright)

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



seemed to stand for all life's goodness and happiness—a sure, dependable beacon to be approached with confidence and joy.

"Papa's here," Mama said. "And we're home. Thank heaven!"

Mama drove the buggy into the barn and unhitched Prince. When we had got him settled for the night, we walked toward the house. We were soaking wet and Mama's hat had blown away. She threw open the door and we walked in.

And there in the lamplight we saw them—Papa and Cousin Mattie Lee.

They were in each other's arms. I had seen Papa hugging Cousin Mattie Lee that Sunday at Aunt Carrie's, but this was different. Even I could realise that. Her face was lifted to his, the fat curl had slipped so that now it hung down her back instead of across her shoulder.

But that was not the whole difference. Then Papa had acted boyish and gay, holding her in his arms. Now he seemed a stranger, with all the lines set in his face in different patterns. There was no certain thing to tell me, but still I knew that he was being drawn to her and yet trying to pull away, both at the same time.

For what seemed an eternity we stood there, nobody speaking or moving. Then they broke apart.

"Ruth . . ." Papa said. His voice didn't sound like Papa at all. And then again: "Ruth . . ."

Mama did not answer. The water was running off her

into my nightgown. It was all so fast I had not even stopped crying when I found myself in bed.

"Good night," Mama said, and kissed me.

After she left I began to cry again. I could not stop. It was more than reaction from fright, from the sorrow I had known at seeing the halfway tree fall. It even went beyond the shock of finding Papa and Cousin Mattie Lee together. I was weeping for the beautiful world I had lost, which I knew I would never be able to regain.

I awoke in the dark, conscious that something was happening. My mouth felt dry. My first impulse was to call for Mama, for consolation and a drink of water, but then I remembered and knew I must not bother her. I slipped out of bed and started toward the kitchen.

A light was burning in the living-room, the door was ajar, and I could see Mama and Papa. Cousin Mattie Lee was gone, and at first I thought that now it would be all right for me to go in to them. But I hesitated, knowing instinctively that I should stay away.

Mama had on a wrapper. I must have been sleeping for some time, for her hair looked almost dry now. It was still hanging loose around her shoulders, making her look like a young girl. But she also looked old—older than I had ever seen her—and, in a strange sort of way, more beautiful.

Papa sat near her. He was staring at his hands. Then he began to speak.

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MIDWINTER HANDKNITS

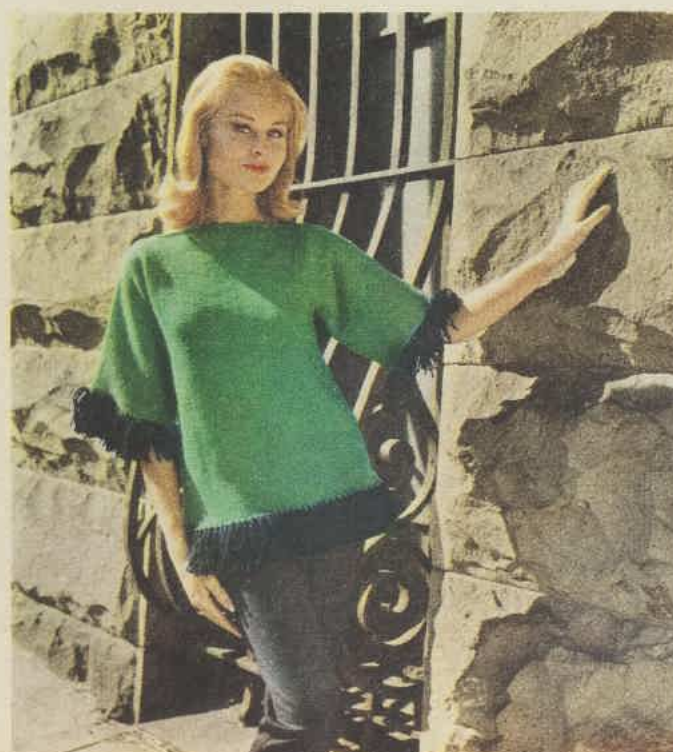
● A suit and two sweaters to brighten and give a lift to your winter wardrobe. The sweaters are beginners' patterns with little shaping and in the simplest of stitches. The suit is in attractive moss-stitch. Directions for these designs begin overleaf.



CARTER-STITCH sweater which even those who are new to knitting will find easy to make. Yoke and cuffs are in contrast color. A good design to top slacks or sporty skirt.



MOSS-STITCH suit in navy and white in a design that will stay in fashion for years. Jacket has contrast color as trimming.



FRINGED sweater in stocking-stitch — ideal for a knitting beginner to tackle. Neckline is completely straight.

WHITE AND NAVY SUIT

(This design and the two opposite are shown in color on previous page.)



Materials: 25 (B 27, C 29) balls white, 2 balls navy of Patons Nylette Crepe Yarn; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 11 knitting needles; 4in. zip-fastener for jumper; 8in. zip; elastic to fit waist; a spare needle; a stitch-holder.

Measurements: To fit 34 (B 36, C 38) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 20 (B 20½, C 21) in.; sleeve seam, 14 (B 14½, C 15) in. Skirt: Hips, 36 (B 38, C 40) in.; waist, 25 (B 27, C 29) in.; length, 27in. (all sizes), excluding band.

Abbreviations: "Inc." pick up loop which lies between next st., put on left-hand needle, and knit through back of loop; m-st., moss-

stitch; g-st., garter-stitch; n, navy; w, white.

Tension: 15 sts. to 2in. on No. 10 needles.

JUMPER

Pocket Linings (make 2): With n wool and No. 11 needles, cast on 31 (B 33, C 35) sts. and work 2½in. in st-st., ending with p row.

Break off wool and leave on spare needle.

FRONT

** With w wool and No. 11 needles, cast on 114 (B 122, C 130) sts. and work 18 rows in g-st. Break off w wool, join in n.

1st Row: K 5 (B 9, C 13),

("Inc." k 5) 21 times, k 4 (B 8, C 12)—135 (B 143, C 151) sts. Cont. in m-st. until work measures 3½in. from beg., ending with right side of work facing.

Insert Pocket: M-st. 15 sts., * sl. next 31 (B 33, C 35) sts. on stitch-holder; with right side of pocket lining facing, m-st. the sts. from spare needle, * m-st. for 43 (B 47, C 51) sts., rep. from * to *, m-st. 15 sts.

Cont. in m-st. until work measures 5in. from beg.

Change to No. 10 needles and cont. until work measures 13in. from beg.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 7

(B 9, C 11) sts. at beg. xt 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. alt. row until 105 (B 109, C 113) sts. rem. ** Work 47 (B 49, C 51) rows straight.

Next Row: M-st. for 40 (B 42, C 44) sts., turn.

Work on these sts. as follows:
1st Row: Cast off 4 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

3rd Row: Cast off 2 sts., work to end of row.

Rep. last 2 rows once, then dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 28 (B 30, C 32) sts. rem.

Work 18 rows straight, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 14 (B 15, C 16) sts. at beg. of next and foll. alt. row.

Join in wool at centre, cast off 25 sts., and work on rem. 40 (B 42, C 44) sts. to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work as given for front from ** to **, omitting pockets — 105 (B 109, C 113) sts. Work 37 (B 39, C 41) rows straight.

In Next Row: M-st. for 52 (B 54, C 56) sts., turn.

Next Row: Sl. 1, k 2, m-st. to end.

Next Row: M-st. to last 3 sts., k 3.

Rep. last 2 rows until armhole is same length as front, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 14 (B 15, C 16) sts. at beg. of next and foll. alt. row. Cast off rem. sts. Join in wool at centre, k 2 tog., m-st. to end of row.

Work on these sts. to correspond with other side, keeping a border of 3 sts. in g-st. at centre.

SLEEVES

With w wool and No. 11 needles, cast on 57 (B 59, C 61) sts. Work 20 rows in g-st. with n wool, proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 2 (B 3, C 4), ("Inc." k 3) 18 times, k 1 (B 2, C 3)—75 (B 77, C 79) sts.

Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in m-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of the 7th and every foll. 8th row until there are 105 (B 107, C 109) sts. on the needle.

Work straight until sleeve seam measures 14 (B 14½, C 15) in., ending with right side facing, (mark this each side with colored thread). Work 8 rows straight.

To Shape Top: Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alt. row until 79 (B 81, C 83) sts. rem. Work 1 row. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly. Join shoulder seams and sew in sleeves, placing marked row ends to underarm, then join side and sleeve seams.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing, beg. at back opening, with No. 11 needles and w wool, pick up 24 (B 25, C 26) sts. along back of neck, 65 (B 69, C 73) sts. along front, 24 (B 25, C 26) sts. along right side of back—113 (B 119, C 125) sts.

Work 16 rows in g-st., slipping first st. in each row. Cast off. Sew in zip-fastener.

Pocket Tops (both alike): With right side of work facing, slip the pocket sts. on to No. 11 needle with point at right-hand end. Join in w wool.

1st Row: K 1 (B 3, C 5) sts., * k 2 tog., k 4, rep. from * to end. Work 15 rows in g-st. Cast off. Sew ends of border in position. Sl-st. lining in position on wrong side.

SKIRT

FRONT AND BACK (both alike)

With n wool and No. 11 needles, cast on 151 (B 159, C 167) sts. Work 14 rows in m-st.

Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in m-st. until work measures 21½in. from beg. (or length required).

1st Dec. Row: K 2 tog., m-st. 49 (B 51, C 53) sts., work 3 tog., m-st. 43 (B 47, C 51) sts., work 3 tog., m-st. 49 (B 51, C 53) sts., k 2 tog.

Work 9 rows straight also after 11th, 21st, 31st, 41st, and 51st rows.

11th Row: K 2 tog., m-st. 47 (B 49, C 51) sts., work 3 tog., m-st. 41 (B 45, C 49) sts., work 3 tog., m-st. 47 (B 49, C 51) sts., k 2 tog.



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Pullover in blue and white

Materials: 19 (20, 21, 22) balls "Peacock" Bulkyknit main color (m.c.); 3 (3, 4, 4) balls contrast color (c.c.); 2 pairs each Nos. 6 and 10 needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust. Actual measurements will be 2in. larger to provide an easy fit. length from top of shoulder, 22 (22, 22, 22) in.; length of sleeve seam, 17 (17, 17, 17) in.

Tension: 5 sts. lin.; 10 rows lin.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles and c.c., cast on 86 (92, 96, 102) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Change to No. 6 needles and m.c. and work in g-st. until work measures 15 (15, 15, 15) in. or required length to armholes. Cast off loosely 3 (4, 4, 5) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row 4 (4, 5, 5) times. When armholes measure 6½ (6½, 6½, 7) in., change to c.c., k 2 rows, then shape shoulders as follows:

Next Row: K to last 2 sts., turn, k to last 2 sts., turn.

Next Row: K to last 4 sts., turn, k to last 4 sts., turn.

Next Row: K to last 6 sts., turn, k to last 6 sts., turn.

Cont. in this way, leaving 2 more sts. left unworked every row until there are 20 (22, 22, 24) sts. left unworked on each shoulder. K to end of row, then cast off all sts. very loosely.

FRONT

Work the same as for back.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and c.c., cast on 46 (48, 50, 52) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Change to No. 6 needles and m.c. and work in g-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 10th row until inc. to 70 (72, 76, 78) sts. When sleeve seam measures 17 (17, 17, 17) in. or required length, dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 20 (20, 20, 20) sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. Stitch sleeves around armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams.



SWEATER WITH BLACK FRINGE TRIM

Materials: Villawool Speedi-knit — 15 (16, 17) balls main color (m.c.); 3 (3, 3) balls contrast color (c.c.); 1 pr. No. 7 needles; No. 8 Aero/crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust loosely; length 25in.; sleeves 8in. (all sizes without fringe).

Tension: 5 sts. to lin.

BACK

Using No. 7 needles and m.c., cast on 97 (101, 105) sts.

1st Row: K 1, (yarn forward, k 2 tog.), rep. to end.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Knit.

Cont. in st-st. until work measures 14in., ending on a purl row.

To Shape for Sleeves: Cast on 42 sts. (all sizes) at the end of the next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1, yarn forward, k 2 tog., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., yarn forward, k 1.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows until sleeve edge measures 8in., ending on a purl row.

Next Row: Cast off loosely 63 (64, 65) sts., tie a marker in, cast off centre 55 (57, 59) sts., tie a marker in, cast off rem. 63 (64, 65) sts.

FRONT

Work exactly as back.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side.

Using a small bk-st., sew up the upper sleeve and shoulder seams to markers. Press seams. Sew up side and underarm seams. Press seams. Using crochet hook and m.c., work 1 row of d.c. round neck edge.

TO FRINGE

Using 3 lengths of yarn 9in. long in c.c., make a tassel in each hole round sleeve and lower edges.



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WHITE AND NAVY SUIT— from opposite page.

21st Row: K 2 tog., m-st. 45 (B 47, C 49) sts., work 3 tog., m-st. 39 (B 43, C 47) sts., work 3 tog., m-st. 45 (B 47, C 49), k 2 tog.

31st Row: K 2 tog., m-st. 43 (B 45, C 47) sts., work 3 tog., m-st. 37 (B 41, C 45) sts., work 3 tog., m-st. 43 (B 45, C 47) sts., k 2 tog.

41st Row: K 2 tog., m-st. 41 (B 43, C 45) sts., work 3 tog., m-st. 35 (B 39, C 43) sts., work 3 tog., m-st. 41 (B 43, C 45) sts., k 2 tog.

51st Row: K 2 tog., m-st. 39 (B 41, C 43) sts., work 3 tog., m-st. 33 (B 37, C 41) sts., work 3 tog., m-st. 39 (B 41, C 43) sts., k 2 tog.

61st Row: K 2 tog., m-st. 37 (B 39, C 41) sts., work 3 tog., m-st. 31 (B 35, C 39) sts., work 3 tog., m-st. 37 (B 39, C 41) sts., k 2 tog.

Cont. in m-st. until skirt measures 27in. (or required length). Cast off.

WAISTBAND

With n. wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 13 sts.

Work in m-st. for 25 (B 27, C 29) in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Join side seams, leaving a 7in. opening at top of left seam. Sew bands to waist and face with petersham or elastic. Sew in zip-fastener.

HAPPIEST HOLIDAY WE EVER HAD... We booked an Air-Conomy tour to New Zealand and saved so much we were able to take both the children. We'd never seen such scenery, visited such beautiful places or enjoyed ourselves so much. We walked on glaciers, flew over fjords and snowwhite mountains, explored lakes by jet-boat, and came home with a mid-summery tan! Exciting colour shots, too.



This picture was taken near one of New Zealand's friendly, modern resort hotels (the new Hermitage at Mt. Cook). Very luxurious really but we paid only a modest tariff, all included in our Air-Conomy tour. Nearby New Zealand is less than 4 hours away, so even a short trip—especially at Air-Conomy prices—is well worthwhile. You'll love it!

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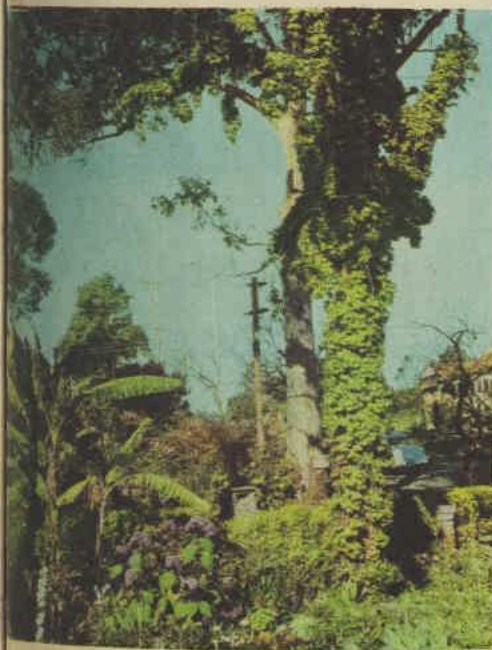


MIXED COMPANY. Bougainvillea climbs through a jacaranda tree at the home of Mr. D. C. Miller, East Maitland, N.S.W. Bougainvillea varieties include laterita (bright red), rosea (strawberry-pink), magnifica trailli (purple), Mrs. Butt (carmine), tomato (red), Turley's special (cherry-red).

GOOD COMPANIONS

● By accident or design, different types of plant life often unite to make a charming and colorful garden feature.

GARDENING



VIRGINIA creeper (above) covers a eucalypt in the garden of Mrs. C. Bradshaw, Gordon, N.S.W.

WISTERIA and pink roses (right) trained to grow together make a beautiful scene in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. D. Rossell, Bowral, N.S.W.



ILLUSTRATED here are some climbers which have "married" with spectacular success out of their own class.

Wisteria (see picture below) provides exquisite color when in flower and pale green foliage after the brief flowering season.

Prune them fairly hard every winter, as wisterias eventually develop tree-like proportions and can endanger their host.

The self-clinging Virginia creeper (*Ampelopsis veitchii*) is particularly good for covering tree stumps. It is deciduous and colors brilliantly in autumn.

The beautiful coral vine (*Antigonon leptopus*), which produces bright pink flowers in profusion in late summer, combines well on jacarandas or eucalypts.

Clematis montana rubens (pink), *superba* (white) do well on big trees. *Clematis aristata* (white fluffy flowers in spring) does well in a bushland setting.

Small climbers of medium vigor like *Hardenbergia monophylla*, *Mandevilla*, *Manettia*, *Medeola*, *Asparagoides*, *Sollya* can be used with small trees.

There are a few bad companions. The common English ivy can kill a tree in a few years. Best to keep ivy to camouflage a dead tree stump.

Others to be avoided are *Akebia quinata*, *Quisqualis*, *Bignonia*, Japanese ivy, and *Ipomoea congesta*.



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Continuing... A LEGACY

from page 29

Danny came into the room. He had changed into comfortable slacks and windcheater, but his hair was still ruffled. He nodded to his sister and father. "How are things, Dad? Still keeping ahead of the old figures?"

John Heath turned his finely moulded head toward his son. "I'm not thinking of giving them up," he said dryly, with an ironic twinkle in his blue eyes. He looked across at his wife. She was toying with the food on her plate. "Don't mind me," she said slowly. "I'd rather have things thrashed out here and now. About Dell, too. She's made up her mind about something. I'd like to know what it is."

Dell whitened, but her lips were firm. "I'm going to be a missionary," she said. "I've always wanted to be one. But I knew you couldn't afford the money to keep me while I studied."

Nora Heath put down her knife and fork. "You can't mean it, Dell," she said, with pain sharpening her voice and shock chasing the color from her skin. "You don't—you can't know what you're saying."

"I know what I'm saying all right," Dell looked at her father. "Some people naturally want marriage," she said. "But others think that dedicating their lives to something they really want to do means more than all the husbands and babies in the world."

Nora Heath moved spasmodically. "But, Dell, you'll be sent to foreign countries, away from us all, your home, your own mother and father."

"I know. I've thought it all out. I've even talked it over with Mr. Timms. I went to see him last night."

"Then there's nothing more to be said," Nora Heath meticulously placed her fork and knife side by side on her

plate. She stood up and smoothed the front of her dress. Her husband rose, too, crumpling the serviette in his hand. But she waved him away. "If anyone wants tea," she said with an effort, "it's in the pot. I'll go to my room for a while. I'd like to be alone."

She sunk dazedly into the comfortable lap of her bedside chair and pulled at the handkerchief in her hands. "The trials of an ambitious mother," she thought bitterly. She couldn't yet bear to think of Dell's announcement. It seemed fantastic. Unreal. Mentally she went back to the problem of Danny. How I wanted security for him, she thought. I pictured him owning his own home not too far from me, bringing his children to see me every weekend.

SHE picked up a photo of her brother. "You don't know what you've done," she whispered. "Maybe you knew that you'd be reaching out from the grave, changing two lives, upsetting mine. You always did have a maddening sense of humor." She put the photo down and went to the window. Danny will be leaving this pleasant suburb, she thought. He'll be far away, fighting against dust and rabbits and flies.

She closed her eyes and saw the cattle of her childhood days. Cattle that tramped heavily over the beams of a bridge. Thousands of white-faced beasts she had seen shaking their heads confusedly, goaded by the drovers' lashing whips, herded by silent working dogs. They filled the bridge with their innumerable sleek rumps, a living stream of flesh and blood crossing the yellow

To page 52

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"DOROTHY."—Softly woven pure wool dress has unpressed box-pleated skirt and self-material belt. Colors are mushroom, soft green, deep olive, and violet.

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Postage on all sizes 6/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 67. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 13, 1962



PYE introduces an entirely NEW KIND OF ELECTRIC BLANKET

Sleep well, sleep warm, sleep safely with an entirely new kind of electric blanket. It spreads over your mattress and you sleep on top. There are 5 settings on the control (the double bed model has separate controls) which is also a transformer and reduces power to a harmless 32 volts (less than 23 torch batteries).

5 Comfort settings—a range of warmth to suit everyone. The illuminated dial on the transformer control has 5 comfort settings for varying degrees of warmth. You can choose the exact temperature for healthy sleeping comfort—suited to your own personal requirements, and the atmospheric temperature.

Therapeutic Value. Used extensively in hospitals and sanitariums throughout Australia, for treatment of pulmonary illnesses, lumbago, arthritis and rheumatism.

Approved. The Pye Parisienne Electric Blanket works through a transformer control that reduces voltage to a completely harmless level. The thoroughly insulated element cannot overheat, even if left switched on for extended periods.

Double or Single Bed Deluxe Models. The double bed model is 43" x 60" with separate controls for individual comfort. Price: 39 gns. Single bed model is 23" x 60". Price: 23 gns.* Colours are Pink, Blue, White. (*Prices slightly higher in some States.)

YOU CAN RELY ON PYE



Parisienne
GAILY STYLED, LOW VOLTAGE
ELECTRIC BLANKET



FROM STORES, APPLIANCE RETAILERS, CHEMISTS.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 13, 1962

doing fine ...



From weaning age to toddler stage, keep your baby doing fine on Farex. Containing wheat, barley, oats, calcium, vitamins and mineral salts, Farex is ideal as baby's first "solid" food... provides the perfect balanced diet. Pre-cooked Farex is so easy to prepare. Just add a little sprinkling of sugar or other flavouring, pour on warm or cold milk and simply mix to the desired consistency. It's the perfect way to give your child the sturdiest start in life.



Always choose Farex mixed cereal or Farex rice cereal, and remember to ask your family chemist for the free Farex Weaning and Recipe booklet. Till they're doing fine on Farex, watch them grow on Glaxo.

... on Farex

F4

Soft pastel shades for grey hair!

Instant colour at the press of a button...
And you don't wet your hair.
Simply spray on to your finished hair style.
Available at all chemists and stores.



SMOKE, LILAC, BROWN, BLUE, PINK, GOLD, AUBURN, PLUM AND ASH.



COLOR SET BY NAPRO

waters of the Murrumbidgee. And overhead the scalding, blinding sun. Hysteria flared suddenly in her brain, overwhelming reason. She left her room and went back to Danny and her husband. "Danny, Dell, you can't make these changes in your life—you can't, you can't!"

With a little cry, Dell came from the kitchen. She went to her mother and held her close. "Danny's twenty-three, darling," she said. "And I'm twenty. We're both old enough to know what we're doing."

"But you can't know!" Nora Heath appealed to her husband. "You tell Danny, John. We'll come to Dell after."

John Heath turned to his son. He looked tired, drawn. "Your mother was brought up in the west," he said quietly. "In her childhood she saw gaunt drought-stricken sheep. She saw disease spread with deadly effect through herds of healthy cattle. All through her girlhood days she saw the soil that nature had taken a million years to make swept up in clouds and blown hundreds of miles out to sea." He paused. "She doesn't want you broken as it broke her father." Danny lit a cigarette and held it between his fingers. Soberly he spoke: "I know all that, Dad. I'm even looking forward to fighting such conditions."

Nora Heath's face contorted. She flushed scarlet and bent forward angrily. "You don't know what you're talking about. You're making a mistake if you think you can fight those things single-handed."

"But I won't be fighting single-handed." Danny tapped the ash from his cigarette. "I've been gathering information. The Government has a Soil Conservation Commission. It helps you re-plan whole farms for wise land and water usage. Paddocks will have to be re-designed. The fencing moved. But that will be my job." He flexed his muscles. "You can't fight figures. But you can lick most things you can put your hands to, even erosion."

HE came over to his mother and took her chin in his strong fingers. "Don't be afraid, Mum. You'd rather Dell and I did the work we'll be happy at, wouldn't you?" Nora Heath looked away. "If I could only be convinced you are being wise, that you will be happy..."

Danny laughed. He shook his mother's shoulders playfully. "Smile now, Honey. We could have dissipated our legacy. You would really have had something to be upset about then."

Later, in the privacy of their own room, Nora Heath undressed wearily. "I've had as much as I can stand. Danny's decision was hard enough to take. Dell's, if anything, is even worse." John Heath sat with his body drooped forward. He replied slowly: "There's a lot to be said for the missionaries and their work. I admire Dell for dedicating her life to her convictions."

His wife rounded on him furiously. "How can you talk such nonsense? How can Dell, at her age, really know what she wants?"

"Look," she cried, and tugged at the handle of a cupboard. "I've been storing these in secret, looking forward to the day when Dell would come home telling us she was engaged." With shaking hands she unfolded tissue-paper-wrapped parcels. "See," she said, arranging

Continuing . . . A LEGACY

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salt and pepper shakers, sugar and cream bowls, a coffee pot and milk jug side by side. "They were for Dell's trousseau. She'll probably never need them now." She stood with her face twisted in misery and frustration. Without moving, his blue eyes numb with pain, John Heath said: "The children have always meant more to you than I have, haven't they, Nora?"

Nora Heath looked at her husband as if she were coming up through depths of icy water.

With surprise she really noticed him for the first time in years. She saw the careworn lines around the blue eyes and the pallid features chiselled fine from exhaustion and despair. Almost overnight, it seemed, his dark hair was showing streaks of white. She faltered. "I don't know what you mean . . . I think you're being unfair . . . of course Danny and Dell don't mean more to me than you..."

But as she wrapped away the china gifts her heart thumped painfully. It's true what he's just said, she thought guiltily. Everything I've ever done since they were born has been for the children.

In her own room, Dell's brown eyes stared gravely back at her from the mirror as she brushed her short fair hair. Already cases with gaping open jaws were lying about the floor. She thought of the training hostel where the next years of her life would be spent. She thought of the horrors that service in a foreign country would entail. The ravages of famine she would have to witness.

In imagination she also saw, without flinching, the menace of winged death. The vibrating fragile flight of mosquitoes holding the seeds of horrible death in the red drops of blood they stored in their tiny transparent bodies. Her hair done, she opened a cupboard and commenced to pack. "Thank you, Uncle Ned," she whispered softly. "Thank you for your legacy."

Rather unhappily Danny had set out for a stroll before turning in. A fine rain had wet the black pavement, making it shine like polished leather. As he walked, the unhappy face of his mother faded a little. Excitement surged in his veins like a rising tide. He pictured his land waiting for him, land that was sick, but desperately fighting that sickness, resisting the death that whittled ruthlessly at it. Somehow, Danny knew that in the soil the power to survive still prevailed, that its strength would rise again in a full triumphant flood when his saving hands were put to the fight.

He saw the old barn he had known in childhood, its dim bones golden again with lantern light; heard in imagination the bleat of new lambs coming from clover-scented pastures. Before long he felt his mother would settle down to his going. After the first shock of separation she would be looking for his letters. It would give her a new interest. As a tram screamed its way along the line he smiled happily. He felt no regrets at leaving the city.

With forced gaiety, Nora Heath farewelled her children. She had come back from waving Danny out of sight down the long railway platform, waving with a sickening void in her chest, only to say goodbye to Dell, who was ready for her journey to

the other side of the city. She pattered aimlessly round the house for the rest of the day. By evening she was exhausted. She thought: "It doesn't matter about tea. I've got a few left-overs in the refrigerator. I'll give John those." With careless hands she dumped them on the table. Silently on their assorted dishes they accused her.

Suddenly her whole being was flooded in a pink glow of shame. She thought with horror: "That's what I've been giving John for years. Little snippets of love left over from what I've lavished on the children. Little left-over particles of my time and attention." With a guilty spurt of energy she started peeling vegetables.

By seven-thirty everything was ready. With a trim apron

protecting her flowered dress, she opened the door to her husband. She said: "Welcome home," and turned away embarrassed. John Heath gazed at her wonderingly. "Nora . . ." he began. She motioned him down the passage. "The chops are done. Hurry, won't you." The new china on the table caught his eyes, the china that was to have been a present to Dell. He said: "I thought you'd be prostrate. The day must have been terribly difficult."

With blurring vision, Nora faced the tired eyes studying her. "It was hard on me," she said quietly. "Then I realised my brother had left me a legacy, too."

John Heath braced his shoulders as if for a shock. "What legacy?" he asked apprehensively.

She turned away, emotion thickening her voice.

"It isn't easy to say. But if it isn't too late, if you still want it, it's the legacy of really loving you."

(Copyright)



New! Medicare

NOT ONLY BEAUTIFIES YOUR HANDS
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New Medicare Hand Lotion gives your hands the kind of three-way protection they need. New Medicare beautifies, protects and heals. It rubs in instantly . . . silkens, softens, whitens your hands . . . and unlike ordinary hand lotions, does an important undercover job, too. New Medicare protects your hands from the harsh effect of water and detergents . . . contains an antiseptic to heal cuts and infection . . . a conditioner to soothe dry or chapped skin. Give your hands the three-way protection of Medicare Hand Lotion.



Medicare
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7/6

PM 7052FC

carefully. Savile Row suit, sapphire cuff-links, silk hand-woven tie. As he eased the snow-white handkerchief into his pocket he was conscious of the merest suggestion of the perfume that Burgess used on his linen — a very different scent to the fetid odor of his boyhood bedroom with its rancid conglomeration of dust, sweat, damp plaster, stale beer, and flying fat. How very long ago . . .

The sunray clock reproached him again. Nearly ten minutes late now, and still wasting time. Sir Iain muttered under his breath. Quickly slipping wallet and gold cigarette case into his pocket he hurried down the spiral staircase and along the wine-red carpeted hall — at the end of which the footman was waiting to open the door of the breakfast room.

"Mornin', Dick. Any letters?"

"Good morning, sir. Just one, I believe."

"Humm."

The breakfast-room was low ceilinged, with an inglenook fireplace and french windows looking south-east to the Purbeck coast. Centrally placed was an oak refectory table, long enough to seat eight but laid now with only a single place and a solitary ladder-backed chair. A pot of freshly made coffee was simmering on the electric plate; a copy of "The Times" lay between sugar bowl and cream jug; and on top of the side-plate lay the letter: hand-written, enigmatic, discreetly anonymous.

SIR IAIN stared at the letter. For a second hope flared up; but almost at once it weakened and died. The envelope wasn't big enough to contain the contract; it lacked the Ministry frank; and, besides, a business letter would surely be addressed to the airfield rather than Five Oaks Farm. It was probably an appeal.

He poured himself a cup of coffee; then, quite without hope, picked up his paper-knife and slit open the top of the envelope. Inside was a single sheet of notepaper. When he saw the Minister's signature he began to tremble. His throat went dry and his eyes rolled suddenly out of focus. It was several seconds before he could read what was written.

"as from Parkhouse Lodge,
Chislehurst,
Kent.

July 11th, 1961.

My dear Iain,

I am dropping you a personal line to say that good tidings are on the way.

At long last the Treasury and the various other departments concerned have given us the O.K. to go ahead with our plans for a super-sonic airliner. Your Star-raker made a very good impression last month on my team of technical advisers and it seems to meet all our requirements. Accordingly when you get to Long Ashwood this morning you will find the draft of a Government contract for a fleet of nine Star-raker I Supersonic Airliners to be delivered to B.O.A.C. 1966/67. The contract will be signed and I shall make an announcement in the House the moment your prototype completes its trials successfully — which I believe you said would be in two or three weeks.

I am sending this unofficial note to your home, since I know how much the contract will mean to you personally.

He couldn't read any more. Relief, so long pent-up, engulfed him like the maw of a great wave, and to his intense embarrassment he felt tears prick at the back of his eyes. He pushed away his chair. He walked through the french windows and into the garden.

So it had happened at last. It was almost too good to be true. Fourteen years of toil and sweat and tears. And now — as in a fairy-tale — the reward: his dreams transformed to reality. He looked at the sky. It was serene as the eyes of a nun, unblemished save for a gossamer vapor trail away to the north — a Comet. Sir Iain guessed. Bermuda-bound at 42,000 feet. And it came to him suddenly that the

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Comet (and all other subsonic aircraft) would soon be things of the past: poor earth-bound creations, shackled by the restraints of gravity and the density of the air through which they flew.

The future belonged to super-sonic planes — such as the Star-raker: planes flying twice as high as the older conventional types, four times as fast, and (the Scot in him added) at less than a third of the cost. That was the promise of the letter he held in his hand.

The trees in his parkland seemed suddenly to take on a fresher green, the geraniums lining his borders to glow with a deeper, vivid red.

His eyes, as he walked to the house, were bright.

Dick, who had been watching his master's perambulations with some concern, held open the french windows.

"Tell Cartwright to bring the car round. Right away."

Five minutes later he was on his way to Long Ashwood.

The car purred down the Dorchester-Salisbury highway. Fast. But not fast enough for Sir Iain. The beauty of the July farmland through which they were passing made no impression on him; the sight of Long Ashwood (the heart of his empire) failed to move him; even the consternation of his staff — unprepared for their chairman's early arrival — never got through to him. He had thoughts for one thing only: the contract.

To page 56



**Look! 36 crunchy cookies you
bake in just 10 minutes!**



New **KRAFT** Ready to Bake **COOKIES**

Your kitchen's the family's favourite place whenever you make a batch of Kraft Ready to Bake Cookies. Everyone loves their tempting aroma and melting flavour, fresh-from-the-oven in only 10 minutes! So economical, you can afford to make lots of light, crisp Ready to Bake Cookies, because you make at least 3 dozen from every pack. And now there are 5 different, delicious Ready to Bake varieties — Chocolate Chip, Coconut Crunch, Spicy Currant, Vanilla Crisp, and Crunchy Peanut. They're all available from your grocer's refrigerated dairy case.

Simply slice . . . and bake



Look for Ready to Bake Cookies from **KRAFT**



The bride is the star of the day, but others dress for the occasion, too

THE head-dress and length of the bride's veil must match the degree of formality of the wedding and also balance the length and style of her dress.

If the bride has chosen a formal wedding and is wearing a floor-length satin dress with a train, a long veil drifting over the train will look magnificent.

But if she has decided on a smaller wedding and an ankle-length dress of, say, filmy organza, a bouffant veil, waist-length, or to just below the shoulders, will be much more effective.

Most brides follow tradition by wearing white. However, many girls prefer ivory, cream, or palest pink.

If a color is chosen the tulle of the veil must tone with the dress.

A wedding dress is designed with just one purpose in mind—to make the bride look her most beautiful. The style should be simple, flattering, and comfortable to wear. This is not the time to copy an exotic fashion.

The dress can be floor-length, street-length, or the newest look of all—cropped at ankle-length to show off dainty satin shoes.

Unless you are very petite, baby-heeled shoes are far more suitable than a stilt-heeled style.

Wearing them for a while in the house before THE

day will make for happy feet at the church and reception.

If the bride's dress has long, wrist-length sleeves, she needn't wear gloves, but with short or three-quarter sleeves, wrist-length gloves are correct. They should be plain white or pastel kid.

Brides' hands tend to become hot, so buy a slightly larger size than usual and the left glove will come off without tugging.

At the ceremony the engagement ring is worn on the right hand so the wedding band can be placed alone on the third finger, left hand.

Any jewellery the bride wears must be very simple—such as a string of pearls or a small piece of jewellery with some sentimental value.

Bridesmaids

The style and color of the bridesmaids' dresses should not overshadow the bride's.

(It is usual for the bridesmaids to pay for their own dresses and the bride should keep this in mind when discussing fabrics and designs.)

Bridesmaids and matrons-of-honor usually wear dresses of the same design, fabric, and color, as this gives a far prettier background to the bride. However, they may prefer contrasting colors.

The dresses can be the same length as the bride's, but it is equally correct for the bridesmaids to wear short dresses while the bride's is long. They should



A WREATH OF FLOWERS, worn well forward on the brow, crowns this bride. Her short veil flows from the back of the head-dress and is a perfect complement to her floor-length gown of fine lace and satin. The newest floral head-dresses feature small flowers, such as the traditional orange blossom, tiny rosebuds, and lily of the valley.



SPARKLING stems of rhinestones curve gracefully from a centre knot to arch over the soft drift of tulle. This fairytale head-dress is ideal for a young bride in an utterly simple wedding dress.

WHAT TO WEAR AT WEDDINGS

not wear long dresses if the bride's has a short skirt.

Junior bridesmaids (the 12-to-15 age group) are dressed in a simpler style than the adult maids, but in the same fabric and color.

Flowergirls usually wear high Empire-style dresses with puffed sleeves and floor-length, softly gathered skirts.

A page-boy is correctly dressed in a white frilly shirt and short or long velvet or linen trousers.

The bridegroom's clothes will depend on the degree of formality of the wedding. All the other men in the bridal party—her father, the best man, and groomsmen—are required to dress in the same style as the groom.

For an ultra-formal daytime wedding, the men should wear morning dress, consisting of black or grey cutaway coat, grey waistcoat, and black or grey striped trousers.

With these are worn a stiff-collared white shirt, plain grey or small-check grey tie, black calf shoes

with plain caps, a grey topper, and grey gloves, which are usually carried.

These formal weddings are rather rare in Australia. For a less formal wedding, the men are correctly dressed in either a dark grey or navy suit, white shirt, black calf shoes, and plain grey or navy socks. Ties should be either plain grey or navy or a very fine houndstooth check. Plain grey cotton or kid gloves may be carried.

For evenings

After 6 p.m., weddings are considered "evening" occasions, and for a formal wedding the men are correctly dressed in white tie and tails, worn with a stiff-fronted white shirt with wing collar, white pique waistcoat, black silk or lisle socks, black patent shoes, plus white gloves, which are carried.

If they do not own tails, the men should dress in dark dinner suits, white dinner shirts, black bow ties, black silk or lisle socks, and black

patent-leather shoes. Gloves are not required.

Mothers of the bride and groom always wear street-length dresses or ensembles if the wedding is held during the day. Their outfits should be in a formal material, such as lace, chiffon, taffeta, or silk for summer and fine light-colored wool for winter.

It is not correct for them to wear black or white. Most suitable are light beige, blue, dove-grey, and rose-pink.

A small dressed-up hat, often flowered, is worn, plus a small handbag, light court shoes, and white or beige doeskin gloves.

For an evening wedding, mothers usually wear a simply styled, covered-up evening dress with either a long or short skirt.

They must wear some form of head-covering to the church, even if it is only a small puff of veiling or a silk rose attached to a comb. Long gloves are also worn.

—Patricia O'Connell



TRADITIONAL CHARM and right-this-minute glamor are combined in this heavily embroidered Juliet cap (matching the embroidery on the dress) and bouffant wrist-length veil. Note the simplicity of the string of pearls.



NEW AND LOVELY look for a bride with a high topknot of hair. Tulle is pinned under the hair to veil her face when she enters the church (see inset) and is folded back later. A small trail of white flowers holds the tulle at the back.

ELEGANT simplicity (right) seen in a flat swathed satin pillbox holding layers of tulle puffing high. The satin dress has a lace applique around the neckline.



It was where he'd expected, laid out by his personal assistant on the massive flat-topped desk in his inner office. He picked it up. He ran his fingers over the rough-edged, heavily watermarked paper. He flicked through the twenty-eight pages of type. He drew a deep breath, sat down, and started to read.

Two hours later he pressed the buzzer let flush into the side of his desk. And his P.A. came in from the adjoining office.

"Morning, Sinclair. Call a meeting of heads of department. The boardroom, 11.30. And get the publicity boys along. We've something here they can get their teeth into."

"Right, Sir."

"And, Sinclair..."

"Yes?"

Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

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Sir Iain held up the sheaf of papers.

"The Star-raker contract."

The P.A. nodded. "I know. When will it be all sealed and signed?"

"As soon as we finish the prototype trials."

Sinclair pulled a folder out of the filing cabinet. He flicked through its pages.

"By yesterday evening she'd flown 483 hours. All tests are finished bar high-speed turns and long-range consumption tests." He snapped the folder shut. "Ten days at the most, I'd say, and it'll be in the bag."

Sir Iain pushed back his chair. He walked across to the window.

"Wish the tests were finished."

Then we could get signed-up now; right away."

"We've waited fourteen years, sir. What's another ten days?"

"There may be snags. There's always the possibility of snags."

"The pilots don't think so. I heard Jago say only the other day: 'If the Star-raker had any faults she'd have shown them long before this.'"

Sinclair's easy assurance irked Sir Iain. His voice was edgy.

"Let's hope he's right."

A distant, high-pitched whine; the double glass in the window be-

ginning to tremble; and across the airfield the Star-raker taking off. Even as the two men watched, the great plane lifted clear of the runway, leapt away from her shadow, and soared up like a silver arrow toward the distant veil of cloud. In less than half a minute she was out of sight.

The P.A. began to busy himself at once with papers, arranging neat little piles on the desk—"to be read," "to be signed," "to be answered," then he went back to his office. But Sir Iain stayed by the window; alone, listening, long after the scream of the jets had faded; looking, long after the last of the vapor trail had dissolved into the upper air.

"I hope Jago is right." His hands clamped suddenly on to the sill of the window. "I only hope to heaven he is right."

They broke through cloud at 35,000 feet. The air which a moment before had been full of turbulence became suddenly still; and the bright white light of the sun hit Jago between the eyes like the flash of a photographer's bulb. Only the flash went on and on. The Star-raker was climbing straight into the sun.

Jago banked away. He waited for the gyro-compass to steady, then made a note on his knee-pad.

"Course 135deg., Jim."

"135deg., Skipper."

In the tail of the aircraft, Jim Bradshaw laid off their amended track on his chart board (which stretched from Reykjavik to Oslo and from the Arctic Circle to the Azores). And the Star-raker climbed up through the tropo-pause: up and up and up. Beneath her a layer of flat cotton-wool cloud, brilliantly white; above her the indigo sky, silent as sleep, unbelievably dark, and shot with a galaxy of stars, brighter than those of a tropical midnight. The time was a few minutes after 10 a.m.

At 72,000 feet Jago levelled off and the Star-raker's speed began to build up: smoothly, effortlessly: Mach 2.2, 2.5, 2.9. Jago flicked on his transmitter.

"Star-raker 1 to Ducann Control. My position 100 south at 72,000. Preparing for tests."

The reply came through at once, like a voice from another world.

"Ducann Control to Star-raker 1. Your position confirmed. Listening out."

JAGO squinted at the instrument panel. It was in shadow; not the pale anaemic shadow of the earth, but the darker, denser shadow of outer space, a cavern of pitch-black (unsoftened by the cloak of the atmosphere) which even the fluorescent strips of the instruments had difficulty in penetrating. He checked the leads of his earphones.

"All set for Test Number One?"

"Observer all set. Cameras and recorders on."

"Engineer all set. Full power coming through. Now."

In the seat beside Jago, Keith Hamilton, the second pilot, watched the airspeed indicator creep round the dial. Mach 3. Mach 3.2. Mach 3.4. He gave Jago the thumbs up.

Jago nodded. He leaned forward. "In twenty seconds we'll bank at 30 degrees to port, followed by 30 degrees to starboard, followed by level."

He held the control column, lightly flexing his fingers, watching his instruments, listening to Hamilton counting him into the turn.

"Ten seconds . . . five seconds, four, three, two, one. Turn."

Controls eased over together, firmly but gently. His eyes on the artificial horizon—steady at thirty degrees of bank. The controls light and responsive. No soginess; no stiffening; just the effortless soaring arc. When they'd turned a complete circle he straightened the Star-raker up, checked their height (exactly 72,000); then eased her into a similar bank to starboard. Again the surging effortless turn; again the instruments steady as rocks. He was surprised to hear Hamilton's voice, muffled and curiously far away.

"We're losing height."

He didn't check the altimeter—why have a dog and bark yourself? He simply eased back on the stick, at the same time calling for increased power. When, a half minute later, they came out of the turn and he glanced at the altimeter, he was amazed. They were at 74,300 feet.

"I thought you said we were losing height!"

"No," Keith Hamilton was looking at him curiously. "I wondered what the hell you were at. I said we were gaining."

Jago fiddled with his earphones; he made a great business of checking the plugs and leads.

"You were miles away. But I'd have sworn you said losing."

"No really, old boy. We can check the recorder."

"No need to do that"—quickly—"I think there's something wrong with my earphones. I'll have 'em tested when we get down." A pause. "Anyhow the turn was O.K.?"

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NEW OMO

NEW DIRT-REMOVING POWER!

PLUS! AN AMAZING BLUE BRIGHTENER!



1 NEW DIRT REMOVING POWER WASHES CLEANER AND WHITER

New Omo attacks and removes all dirt because it's specially made to tackle the biggest washing job with its new dirt-removing power. Its rich active lather alone and unaided swirls away even ingrained dirt and rinses out instantly. No soap scum either. Your biggest wash is a cleaner and whiter wash every time.

2 THEN! AN AMAZING BLUE BRIGHTENER BRIGHTENS AS NOTHING ELSE CAN!

Brightness is an additional wash-day bonus which only New Omo can give you. That exclusive blue brightener in New Omo gives an outstanding brightness to your whites and coloureds. New Omo alone and unaided washes cleaner and whiter then brightens as nothing else can. No bluing needed, of course!

New Omo gives the brightest results in your washing machine

"Bang on. Handles sweet as a Spitfire."
 "O.K. at the back, Jim?"
 "Everything fine here, Skipper. No trace of buffeting. All recordings normal."
 Jago switched from intercom to transmit.
 "Star-raker 1 to Ducann Control. My position 50 south-west at 74,000. Test One completed. Handling characteristics excellent. A slight tendency to climb while turning to starboard. Otherwise instruments and recordings

Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

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normal. Preparing for test Number Two."

There was a slight delay before they heard the voice of the Controller:

"Ducann Control to Star-raker. Roger. I have a message for you. An important meeting of heads of department has been called for 1.30. The senior test pilot is required to attend. Please shorten your flight accordingly."

Jago acknowledged the message. He glanced at his watch, then at Hamilton.

"Hear that, Keith?"

"I heard it, old boy. Hell of a bind!"

"We'll finish tests two and three. Then let down."

"Right. Mustn't keep the egg-heads waiting."

Tests two and three took the better part of half an hour. The high speed turns themselves were over in a matter of seconds. It was the procedure that took the time; the duplicating of checks, the making of notes, the analysis of recordings, the hundred-and-one precautions — on which Jago invariably insisted — just in case anything went wrong.

And all the while Hamilton watched Jago's flying.

It had struck Keith Hamilton several times lately that the senior test pilot had been looking none too fit. The mistake he had made this morning was, as it turned out, of no great consequence; but it was a mistake, and under different circumstances it could have been serious. He made a point now of passing on his observations loudly and clearly; and he checked the accuracy of Jago's turns, courses, and timing — like an instructor watching an unfavored pupil.

He had just decided that he was probably making a mountain out of a molehill, when it happened. Sudden and unexpected.

The Star-raker, tests one, two, and three completed, was starting to let down. Her motors were cut. In a graveyard silence she hung between stars and cloud, midway from heaven to earth and belonging wholly to neither. She was dropping a shade below 50,000 feet when Jago leaned across as if to speak. His hand, Keith Hamilton no-

ticed, was pressed to his head. He seemed to be having trouble with his earphones. His lips moved. Then, as if pole-axed, he slumped forwards and sideways. Over the stick.

Star-raker—for all her size—was a sensitive aircraft. Her nose dipped. Her wings dropped. With the stick jammed forwards and sideways by the weight of Jago's body she flicked into a spiral dive. And, as her speed built up, her controls started to stiffen.

Keith Hamilton grabbed Jago by the collar. It was no time to be squeamish. He yanked him off the stick and saw him (out of the corner of his eye) slide from his seat and fall limp as a rag-doll to the floor of the cockpit.

HE saw the needle of the air-speed indicator swinging toward the danger limit: Mach 4.8: the speed above which the Star-raker's wings were liable to be ripped from her fuselage like sticks from a root of celery. He grabbed the stick. He jammed his feet against the instrument panel — shattering several of the fluorescent dials. He hauled back with all his strength.

Nothing happened.

He felt the aircraft begin to bucket as the pressure built up on her wings. He felt the sweat wet on his forehead. Then—mercifully—the stick started to give. It was rigid; but not, thank heaven, frozen completely solid. Reluctantly at first, then with gathering momentum, it came quivering back to central. And the Star-raker, shaking and shuddering like a ship hauling round into wind, lifted on to an even keel. Keith Hamilton called for power. The ram-jets fired at once. And the Star-raker was back under control.

Only then did he have time to think of Jago.

He switched in the automatic pilot and dropped to his knees.

"John! You all right?"

It was a silly inadequate thing to say. For John Jago was obviously far from "all right." He lay slumped against the base of the instrument panel. His hands were pressed to his head. His eyes were glazed. And a little trickle of blood ran down from a cut in his temple. This seemed to distress him out of all proportion to its seriousness. He kept on wiping the blood away from his ear and wincing.

Through the intercom came a sudden babble of sound: the frightened shouts of observer and engineer. Keith cut them short.

"John Jago fainted." (That seemed the least alarming way of putting it.) "I've taken over. The aircraft's under control and flying normally. There's nothing to flap about . . . Jim, bring the first-aid kit and a glass of water."

When Jim Bradshaw got through to the pilots' cabin they propped Jago up and gave him the water. He sipped at it greedily—although he was trembling so violently that they had to hold the glass to his mouth.

"What's hurting you, John?" Keith Hamilton's voice was gentle.

"Nothing." Jago tried to sit up. "Guess I just blacked out."

Very likely, Keith Hamilton thought, with the aircraft in a gentle rate-one descent! He took Jago carefully under the arm and helped him back to his seat.

The Chief Test Pilot stared at the shattered instrument panel. He moved his head slowly from side to side, wincing.

"Is the Star-raker all right?"

"The Star-raker's fine. It's you we're worried about."

"I'll be O.K. in a minute." They stuck plaster over the cut on his forehead. It wasn't the cause of the trouble (it had been made, Keith guessed, by the broken glass of the instrument panel). But it did seem to be bothering Jago; and once it was patched and the blood was no longer trickling over his face he certainly looked less of a death's head.

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Tired and grumpy, yesterday



Look at him today

HAPPY AND WELL THE LAXETTE WAY

When your child is crabby, naughty or nerry it may be constipation that's upset his normal happy nature. If he pushes food away; if he torments his sister; if his temper flares up, he's showing his distress. He needs your help! Aren't you glad you can make him happy and well overnight—the Laxette way?

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LA37

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. . . by Ted Key



"On behalf of the guests . . ."

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After a while Jim Bradshaw left them—to check on the stress recorders in the tail.

Once he had gone there was an awkward silence. Then Hamilton said quietly, "What happened, John?"

Jago licked his lips. "I told you. I must have blacked out."

"In a steady rate—one descent!" Silence. And the Star-raker whispering through the indigo sky.

Jago put out a hand. "Forget it, Keith. Whatever happened, I'm O.K. now. Let's get back."

The Star-raker dropped through a rift in the cloud belt, midway between Eire and Wales. Keith Hamilton let down fast. If Jago was going to be uncommunicative, then the sooner they landed—and got him across to sick-bay—the better.

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For some time the senior pilot lay slumped in his seat, his eyes fixed on the instrument panel. But after a while his head seemed to clear. He sat up. He even began to take an interest in Keith's flying.

"You checked the cloud-base, Keith?"

"Yes. Nine to ten thousand."

"Going to let right down?"

"Don't see why not. How d'you feel now?"

"Better. Reckon it was that cut on the head made me so groggy."

"Hmmm!"

They came out of cloud immediately over the Pembroke coast. The beaches, from nine thousand feet, were like hair-thin ribands of

gold; the scars of the Rhondda Valley were pinheads of black; away to the north the peaks of Snowdonia were ringed with cloud; and ahead the Severn coiled into the innards of the land like a silver snake. It was a beautiful day for flying.

They were just about level with Swansea when Jago stood up. His voice was carefully matter of fact.

"Keith."

"Yes?"

"I'll take over now."

Keith Hamilton didn't move. He couldn't believe at first that he'd heard right; that the man whose

adherence to safety procedure was proverbial would think even for a moment of taking over the Star-raker within half an hour of what had at best been an inexplicable blackout. His lips tightened. He could think of a dozen reasons—all of them good—for saying no.

"Keith! I said I want to take over."

It was more a plea than an order—as though Jago realised he was sponsoring a lost cause. Keith Hamilton looked at him curiously. He was about to list his objections—with some vehemence—when in a flash of intuition the truth came to him. If John Jago was as ill as he looked this could well be the last chance of flying the Star-raker he'd ever have. His eyes softened.

"Sure you feel up to it, John?"

"Yes. Just till we're over the airfield."

They exchanged seats. And as soon as he saw the way Jago touched the controls Keith Hamilton knew his guess had been right. It was like watching a man say goodbye to someone very dear to him.

In a gentle glide, gradually losing speed, Jago let down over the Mendips and the hills of the Cranborne Chase. He didn't approach the airfield by the automatic navigator; he flew visually, taking leave, one by one, of the old familiar landmarks: the smudge of industrial haze over Bristol, the bare, wind-swept ridge of the Mendips, the ever-twisting thread of the Stour, the final mosaic of the Dorset weald.

He would have liked, Keith Hamilton knew, to take the Star-raker all the way in. But he was too level-headed for that (a blackout in the landing circuit was something that didn't bear thinking of). He handed the Star-raker over at 5000 feet. And Keith took her in to land.

They didn't speak until they were taxi-ing clear of the runway. Then Jago said quietly: "No need to write up what happened in the log."

Keith Hamilton ran a knuckle over his teeth.

"Reckon we ought to, old boy. Just for the record, you know."

"Please!" Jago was pleading again. "I know what's got to be done. Let me do it my way."

"Can't risk another blackout. Mightn't be so lucky next time."

"I know that. As well as you do."

"Hmmm!" Keith Hamilton swung the Star-raker into the parking area. "My car's outside the control tower. Let me run you across to the sick-bay."

"Thanks. But I'd rather go by myself. After the meeting."

"Sure you're O.K. for the meeting?"

"I'll be O.K."

KEITH HAMILTON cut the jets. In the sudden silence his voice was loud; discordant.

"All right then. Play it your way."

"Thanks, Keith . . . Thanks a lot."

"That's all right, old boy. Think nothing of it." Keith Hamilton's voice was hearty (the foolish hearty voice that went with his Flying-Officer-Kite-moustache and his outdated Battle of Britain slang). But his eyes, as he watched Jago clamber down from the plane, were understanding.

Jago looked neither to right nor left. He walked firmly away from the Star-raker, his shoes clip-clopping fast across the sunlit tarmac.

Keith Hamilton nodded approval. That was the way to do it. When you say goodbye to a loved one, walk away fast. And never look back.

The boardroom was next to Sir Iain's office. It was an unexpectedly beautiful room, with none of the usual pseudo panelling or sepulchral black chairs, but walls of a light blue color wash, a 40-foot plate-glass window which looked out over the aerodrome, and, centrally placed, a low light oak table surrounded by comfortable chairs in gay contemporary designs.

Some of the heads of department were already sitting round the table, others were chatting in little groups, and Jago was looking out of the window (watching the Star-raker being towed to her hangar) when Sinclair appeared in the doorway.

"Will you take your seats, please? Sir Iain is just on his way."

The little ceremonies that preceded these meetings always amused Jago. The arrangement and labelling of chairs in strict accordance with the grades of the hierarchy, the veiled precautions to see that all was ready for the chairman's arrival, the carefully casual build-up to his actually taking the chair.

A sudden hush and Sir Iain came briskly into the boardroom smiling, carrying a small folder of notes.

"Please be seated, gentlemen." A pulling up of chairs: an alerting of senses: a general air of expectancy—emergency meetings were never called without cause. Sir Iain took his place at the head of

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—June 13, 1962



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the table. He laid his hands palm down on the polished wood. He leaned slightly forward. His voice was quiet, matter of fact. Only the restless brightness of his eyes betrayed his excitement.

"Gentlemen, I believe that you are present at one of the great moments in the history of aviation. I believe that the news I am about to give you will, in the years to come, be remembered as a milestone in man's conquest of the air — as great a milestone as Bleriot's first crossing of the Channel, Sir Frank Whittle's thesis on jet propulsion, or the breaking of the sonic barrier."

He picked up his folder. "I have in here, gentlemen, a draft production contract for the world's first fleet of super-sonic airliners."

A drawing-in of breath: a murmuring of congratulation. And Jago, unnoticed by the others, passing a hand over his eyes, shaking his head. Sir Iain's voice cut through the buzz of excitement.

"Now, to business. We'll accept the contract—I'm sure we're all agreed on that. But before we get down to fixing production schedules and time checks I want to run over a few basic facts about the Star-raker. I want to do this partly to put our publicity team in the picture—he gestured to the three "new boys" among his heads of department—"and partly because if there is anything that's not a hundred per cent sound in the Star-raker's conception, then let's face up to the fact now, not in two or three weeks' time when we're committed to details of production."

SIR IAIN paused, opened his folder, and laid out a series of handwritten notes, notes which in point of fact he hardly glanced at in the hours to come. For he knew the wonders and complexity of the Star-raker as a man knows the woman he loves.

"It was fourteen years ago," he began, "almost to a day, that I asked our Chief Engineer, Jim Sheppard here, to look into the possibility of designing a commercial airliner to cruise at very high altitudes at a speed far greater than sound. Such a project in 1947 was, to be frank, a pipe dream. Our competitors and not a few of our shareholders thought we were wasting our time—and their money!"

"But gradually as the years passed, invention after invention—some of them ours, some of them other people's—began to make the project a practicable possibility. Auxiliary ram jets to give the necessary increase in power, titanium alloy and ceramic coatings to offset the rising skin temperature, boundary layer control to increase lift during take-off and landing... All these and a thousand-and-one other technical advances were incorporated into our design. And by 1956 a scaled-down model had completed its wind-tunnel tests. And completed them with outstanding success."

Sir Iain's voice went on. And on and on. He was by no means a fluent speaker; but he knew his subject, none better; and before long he had his audience under his spell, wrapped up in the Star-raker project as surely as so many chrysalises in their cocoons.

All except Jago. Jago, to his own discomfort,

found himself unable to drift along in the general flood of enthusiasm. He felt himself somehow apart from the others: like a dissentient observer; like a tide-scoured pinnacle of rock standing alone in defiance of inevitable erosion. It must, he told himself, be because his head still ached, his hearing was still uncertain, and he knew in his heart that whatever triumphs might be in store for the Star-raker, he wouldn't be able to share in them. Sir Iain's voice only got through to him in disconnected snatches.

"We decided that our airliner should fly at a speed of roughly Mach 3.2—that is, at a shade over 2000 miles per hour. This figure was arrived at as follows: Our researchers proved that aircraft flight-efficiency measured in miles per gallon of fuel reached a sub-sonic maximum at about Mach 0.8,

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then dropped rapidly to unattractive levels between Mach 1 and Mach 2, then returned to far higher levels than ever at speeds in excess of Mach 3. Thus a supersonic airliner cruising at 2000 miles an hour at 80,000 feet will not only fly three times as fast as a sub-sonic airliner per gallon of fuel and three times as far; it will also fly three times as long and therefore three times as cheaply . . .

"It was found that, aerodynamically, supersonic flight posed no insuperable problem. But a new factor did have to be taken into account. Heat. At 2000 miles per hour the temperature of the air passing over an aircraft is roughly 550deg. Fahrenheit—more

than twice the temperature of boiling water. At this temperature conventional materials such as aluminium alloy would have been inadequate. It was found, however, that stainless steel and titanium, with ceramic coatings, would stand temperatures of up to 1000deg. Fahrenheit. The Star-raker was therefore constructed of these materials: skin and panel technique for the fuselage, honeycomb sandwich technique for inlets, ducts, and leading edges. Windows were constructed of multiple panes with circulatory inter-pane coolant . . .

"It was decided that the climb-

out path from the airport should be as steep as possible: the object being (a) to eliminate noise; (b) to reach the most economic cruising altitude without delay.

"It was noted that on a number of current jet airliners the climb-out path is already steep enough to cause a certain amount of passenger discomfort. To offset this the Star-raker's seats will be locked automatically level during climb and descent . . .

"The exact composition of the air at 80,000 feet is still a matter of dispute among scientists. For the Star-raker we therefore considered it necessary to evolve a new pressurisation system which not only distributed breathable air throughout the aircraft, but also filtered off any harmful impurities

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APRICOT VESUVIUS

TRY THIS LUSCIOUS HOT DESSERT TONIGHT

INGREDIENTS: 1 baked pastry case; 1 large can Apricots; 2 cups cake crumbs; 2 tablespoons raspberry jam; 2 egg whites; 4 tablespoons castor sugar; lemon essence and loaf sugar.

METHOD: Soak cake crumbs with a little of the apricot syrup (a little sherry may be added if desired). Spread raspberry jam in the pastry case and cover with a layer of cake crumbs. Top with a layer of drained apricot halves, reserving about eight halves for decoration. Beat the egg whites stiffly, and add the sugar gradually until the mixture is thickened. Place the meringue on top of the apricots, building high in the centre. Place the remaining apricot halves around the edge, hollow side up. Brown meringue and heat through the mixture in a moderate oven 325 deg. Before serving place a piece of loaf sugar which has been soaked in lemon essence into the apricot halves. Ignite loaf sugar, and serve aflame.

Easy! open a can of perfect apricots



APRICOT SURPRISE

INGREDIENTS: 1 large can of Apricots; 4 oz. butter; 4 oz. castor sugar; 1 egg; 4 oz. S.R. flour; 4 oz. plain flour; pinch salt; 3 oz. desiccated coconut.

METHOD: Cream the butter and the sugar; add the egg and mix well. Add the sifted flours and salt. Mix through and then knead in the coconut until a smooth dough is formed. Divide into two portions. Roll out thinly. Line a greased tart plate with one portion. Place the drained apricots into the pie, sprinkle with a little extra coconut. Roll covering pastry and cut into thin strips. Cover pie in a lattice pattern. Bake in a moderate oven 350 deg. for 25-30 minutes.

ENJOY THE SUNNY GOODNESS of plump golden fruit all year round — with canned apricots. It's like having an orchard in your pantry! Apricots in cans are Australia's finest fruit, picked at the peak of the season and canned at once to seal in all goodness. Canned apricots are wonderfully economical, too — you pay only for perfect fruit. Keep a stock of canned apricots on hand always.

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Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

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such as ozone or radio-active dust. This was achieved by having the indrawn air electrically heated, filtered, and purified, then cooled down to a standard 70 deg. before distribution via a powerful centrally placed compressor . . .

Jago looked at his watch. 12.30. If the old boy didn't finish soon he would never get across to the Sick Bay before lunch. He closed his eyes. With his eyes closed the pain in his head was a little less nagging; a little, but not much. He felt suddenly very tired.

SIR IAIN'S voice went on and on, like a bee buzz on a window on a drowsy midsummer day. Buzz, buzz, buzz. On and on and on. Then, suddenly, the buzzing stopped.

An awkward silence. His neighbor nudging him. And he came to with a start. People were looking at him: Sir Iain with amusement, some of the heads of department with outrage.

"As I was saying, Jago"—Sir Iain was smiling—"our aircraft have always had a good reputation among pilots. They are considered easy and pleasant to handle. They have no unpredictable vices. I hope the Star-raker lives up to this reputation?"

Jago blinked. He licked his lips. What Sir Iain was saying was true, wasn't it? Why, then, was he hesitating? He cleared his throat, inexplicably nervous.

"The Star-raker is a fine aircraft to fly, sir. As Keith Hamilton said to me only this morning, 'She handles sweet as a Spitfire.' She has come through her tests with

flying colors, and I'm sure she has not got any vices."

"Thank you."

Sir Iain was coming—at last—to the end of his speech. So far he had been strictly practical, concerned with aerodynamic techniques and tables of costing, but now in his peroration he waxed suddenly eloquent.

"Such, gentlemen, is the Star-raker. A project, in my opinion, to set the imagination ablaze. A great aircraft daring the unknown skies as in another Elizabethan age the ships of our explorers dared the uncharted seas. I should like each one of you, at this moment, to remind himself how the aircraft got its name. A moonraker, you'll recall, was the topmost sail of a Cape Horn clipper: the sail, which, once unfurled, was so far aloft that it looked to those on deck to be raking the very moon out of the sky. Well, with our airliner we're aiming higher than the moon: we're aiming for the stars. There now is a project to stir the most prosaic imagination: to rake the stars out of the sky, to launch the first plane to shake itself free of the shackles of the earth and to reach up to the uncharted fields of space: up to the stars."

He paused, and his voice became suddenly businesslike. "Such a project, I'm sure you'll agree, demands our undivided attention and loyalty. I therefore propose that once the prototype tests are completed we harness the greater part of our resources to production of the Star-raker. We have been given a great opportunity. Let us take it wholeheartedly."

It was a foregone con-

clusion that the heads of department would agree with him. It was a foregone conclusion, too, that Sir Iain (never one to trifle with a fair wind) would take the opportunity to push through a number of important proposals: proposals which, once the tests were over and the contract signed, would channel more and more of the vast resources of McIver-Ducann into meeting the Star-raker contract.

In a roselike flush of enthusiasm plans were made to switch personnel from repair shops to factory, to discontinue helicopter production, to downgrade the priority of guided missiles. Only once was a note of caution introduced: when Sir Iain was asked when the various changes they had decided on should come into effect.

He turned to Jago.

"How long till the end of the trials?"

"Maybe a week, sir. Maybe ten days."

"No chance of a hold-up?"

Jago's tongue, for the second time since the start of the meeting, ran round his lips. For the second time he found himself hesitating—and wondering why.

"With prototype trials, Sir Iain, there's always the chance of a hold-up."

"But not, so late in the day, a serious one?"

Sir Iain, of course, was right. Jago was certain he must be right. Anything serious would have shown up long before this.

"The Star-raker's a fine aircraft, Sir. All her main flying tests are completed. I

don't see how there could be a serious hold-up now."

General relief. . . And the pushing ahead with plans for the switch-over: key men to be transferred within forty-eight hours of the contract being signed, skeleton shifts to be starting production within eight days, full production within five weeks. Talks and plans and great expectations. . . For when the contract was signed. . . And Jago becoming more and more thoughtful, more and more silent, as the bird in his head fluttered and beat its pinioned wings faster and faster against the tired walls of his brain.

By 3.30 he could bear it no longer. He made his excuses—he was past caring whether the others thought him rude, eccentric, or merely foolish—and left the boardroom. He showered, changed, and walked slowly across to the sick-bay.

EVENING. The shadows long and clearly defined slanting across the airfield in gargantuan swaths of ebony; and Kirstin McDiamid, Sir Iain's secretary, knocking on the door of his office.

"Mr Jago wants an appointment to see you, sir."

"Is he here now, Kirstie?"

"Aye. But—"

"Show him in."

Kirstin McDiamid pursed her lips. But in the twenty-five years she had been Sir Iain's secretary she had learned to judge his moods. Shaking her head—the only protest she deemed advisable on this occasion—she stalked back to the anteroom. Through the half-open door Sir Iain heard her admonishing Jago.

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EXCLUSIVE PYE AIR DEFLECTOR TRAPS DUST

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Only Pye in all the world has it—the exclusive exhaust air deflector that traps dust right in the Vacuum Cleaner where it belongs. There was never a Vacuum Cleaner easier to use than Pye Rotovac. Without moving this really smartly styled Pye Rotovac cleaner an inch, you can vacuum a room more than 22 ft. long. The 360° swivel top makes this possible. Super suction ensures "once-over" efficiency. Stop-start is an easy foot switch. The extension tubes have positive clip, and the brush accessories are nylon. Nothing is more modern.

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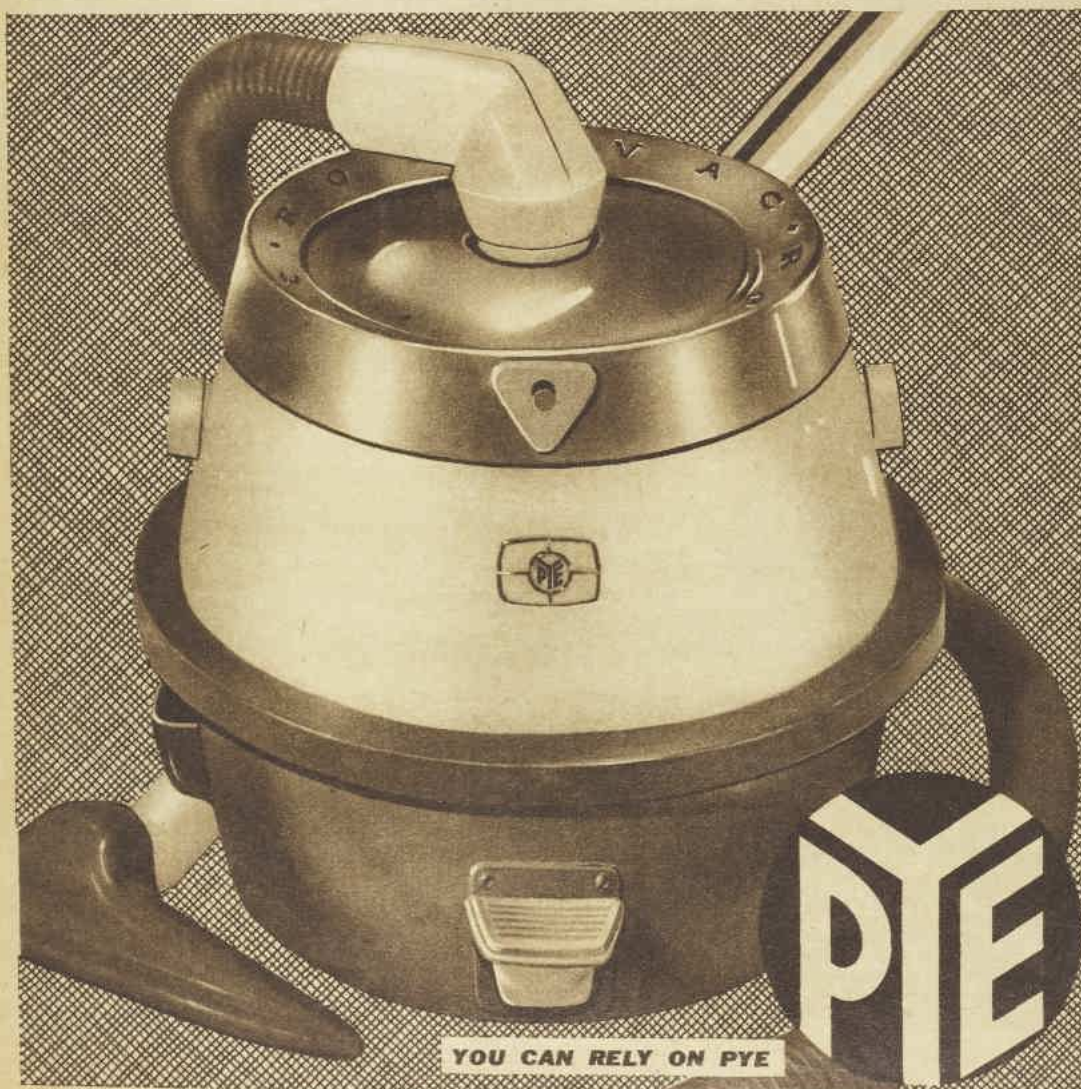
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"He'll see ye reet away, Mr. Jago. But ye'll noo be long, I'm hopin'. It's late. An' he's had a tirin' day."

"I'll not be longer, Miss McDiamid, than I have to be. I promise you that."

A sniff. And as the door closed — none too gently — behind her, the two men smiled.

"Your watchdog is fierce as ever, Sir!"

"She has more bark than bite." Sir Iain motioned Jago to a chair. He took a quick look at him, then walked across to a wall-cupboard and pulled out a decanter and glasses.

"You'll have a wee drop, John? A sundowner?"

"Thank you, Sir."

As Sir Iain poured the whisky he took another look at Jago out of the corner of his eye. Jago obviously had something important to tell him (why else would he be coming round at eight in the evening?); and it looked as though the "something" was likely to be unpalatable (why else was Jago so nervous and ill at ease?). They raised glasses.

They drank to the health of the Star-raker. Then Sir Iain leaned back in his chair.

"Now, John, what's on your mind?"

Jago put down his whisky.

"I want to retire, Sir."

Sir Iain's eyes flickered. Just once. Otherwise, he made no sign of surprise.

"Why? You're not due to retire for another three years."

"Personal reasons, Sir."

"Good heavens, man! Can't you give me a reason, not an excuse?"

SILENCE. Jago's hands twisting and untwisting. Then the quiet, almost apologetic, voice: "I've not been feeling too fit lately."

"You seen the doctor?"

"Yes."

"And —?"

"He thinks I ought to retire. Right away."

"I see."

Sir Iain made a note on his desk pad: "Get Jago's medical report." He looked at his senior pilot with sudden concern.

"We've been working you too hard, John. I'm sorry."

"No." Again the twisting and untwisting hands. "The programme's been easy. Very easy." A half smile. "Guess I must be getting old."

Sir Iain pushed back his chair. He walked across to the window. He was more distressed than he cared to show. He had always liked John Jago, sensing in the Chief Test Pilot a kindred spirit, a devotion to aviation as complete and unquestioning as his own. Jago, he told himself, wasn't the sort of man to back out at the moment of crisis without good cause. And yet he had to be sure. Much as he hated having to ask them, there were two questions he had to know the answer to.

"John."

"Yes?"

"Couldn't you hang on for another week or ten days? See the Star-raker through to the end of her trials? You know how much depends on the trials. Now more than ever."

"There's nothing I'd like better, Sir. But the answer's no."

"I see."

A pause. And Sir Iain looking out of the window.

"Any good suggesting a holiday? Say two or three months? Maybe after a break you'd feel fitter."

"It's very good of you, Sir. But I'm resigning here and now."

He pulled an envelope out of his wallet and laid it on the desk.

For a long time Sir Iain stared at the envelope. Then, reluctantly, he picked it up.

"This is a sad thing, John. A very sad thing indeed. The Company is losing its best pilot. And I one of my best friends. Still, I know you too well to try to persuade you to change your mind." He opened the envelope, took a quick look at the typewritten note inside, and sighed. "Well, what must be must be, I suppose. So let's put as good a face on things as we can. Let's decide how to announce your retirement. And who's to succeed you."

The first question was not quite the simple matter it sounded. For

the resignation of a Chief Test Pilot was an event of general, almost national, importance. People, especially competitor firms and the Press, would want to know why Jago had retired. Rumors would circulate. And these, coming at a critical moment in the Company's negotiation with the Government, could easily be harmful.

It was therefore agreed that Jago's retirement should be forward dated (to come into effect after the tests had been completed) and that he should then be appointed Director of Flying Training: a title which would, at his request, be purely honorary, but which sounded imposing enough to allay suspicion.

The question of succession was equally tricky. The next most senior pilot was Peter Somerville. But he was the same age as Jago

Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

— forty-seven — due in another three years to retire; and it was not Company policy to chop and change senior pilots every few years. The next pilot on the list was Keith Hamilton. He was thirty-seven. Was that too young? And how would he measure up to the job?

"He's a fine pilot," Jago's voice was admiring.

Sir Iain pursed his lips. "He may be all right in the air. But what about on the ground?"

Jago spread his hands and both men laughed.

"I'm none too sure of him." Sir Iain's fingers strummed the top of his desk. "Aren't his type like the dodos, a dying breed? You know

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what I mean. In the old days it was all very well to fly a plane by the seat of your pants. But you need more than that now: knowledge, technical know-how, application . . ."

Jago was silent. He was silent for so long that Sir Iain looked at him curiously. At last he said slowly: "But you still need courage. More than ever before you need courage. And I think Keith Hamilton's got plenty of that."

Sir Iain shifted uneasily. He didn't wholly understand what his senior pilot was getting at. But he did understand the basic point:

Jago wanted Keith Hamilton to be his successor, and Jago was a man whose judgment he trusted.

"Right." He made a note on his pad. "We'll appoint Keith Hamilton. Perhaps the responsibility will sober him up. Make him speak the Queen's English and get rid of that damned moustache . . . And now let's talk about you, John. What'll you do with yourself when you retire?"

The words came out in a rush: a rush of carefully simulated enthusiasm, as though rehearsed.

"A little cottage overlooking the Chesil Bank: just what we've always wanted, well away from caravan sites and trippers . . . a smallholding: lots of chickens and geese and maybe turkeys . . . and a dog, of course; we've always wanted a dog; been too busy up to now . . ."

To page 62



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Such a snap, crackle
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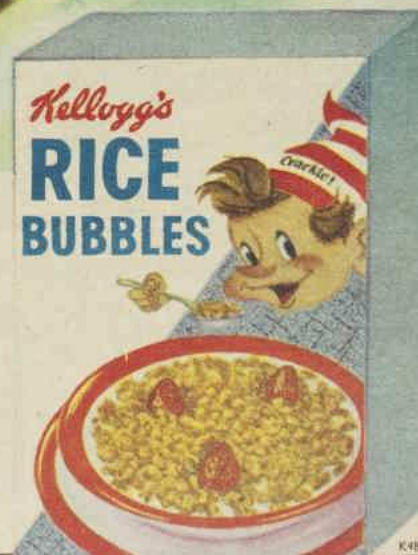
You are looking at the only breakfast cereal in the world that
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"The best to you each morning"

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It sounded like make-believe to Sir Iain, like the oldest cottage - and - honeysuckle of a pulp magazine romance. He was glad when Jago left and the charade was ended.

As soon as he judged the senior pilot to be clear of the ante-room Sir Iain picked up the phone.

"Make two appointments, Kirstie. For first thing tomorrow. I want to see the senior doctor, here in my office: then Mr. Keith Hamilton.

ton. As soon as I've finished with Hamilton put me through to my daughter."

"Reet, Sir Iain. An' are ye goin' hame noo?"

"Soon. You go if you want to."

He put down the receiver. He walked across to the window.

Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

from page 61

So John Jago was ill: probably seriously ill - though he'd know more about that tomorrow when he had seen the doctor. It was sad, of course. And damned inconvenient, with the Star-raker on the last lap of her trials. But it wasn't disastrous, was it? It didn't mean a hold-up in the thing that mattered most, the prototype trials. It was a little extraneous tragedy (disconnected from the main flow of events), the heartache of which would touch him for the moment only and would then be forgotten.

Even as he stood looking out of the window his thoughts shifted from pilot to plane. For there, blood-red in the dying light of the sun, was the Star-raker crouched insectlike in the darkened maw of her hangar. The sight of his plane brought Sir Iain comfort and warmth. At least the pulse of that which mattered most was sound.

Faintly from over the tarmac came the warning buzz of a hooter. And, as Sir Iain watched, the leaf-type doors of the hangar began to close. Little by little the great curtains of steel dovetailed into position. And the silhouette of the Star-raker was blocked out; obliterated.

Sir Iain blinked. He was disconcerted. He felt as one who looks up at the windows of a well-known house and finds they are suddenly glassless, as stare as the eyes of a man who is blind. Where he had expected to find comfort and warmth he had been met with blankness, a cold, indifferent blankness. He shivered.

Fiona Patricia McIver was twenty-two. She wore a chignon, she painted her fingernails, played New Orleans jazz on her stereophonic recorder, and lived in Salisbury's nearest approach to a penthouse. Her behaviour wouldn't have created much of a stir in Knightsbridge or Chelsea. But Salisbury was mildly outraged, especially when her sports car roared through the streets at 2 a.m. with young men and girls draped over the luggage rack.

But, in point of fact, if the gossips had known the truth they would have been disappointed. She smoked, of course, but, like most of her contemporaries, she drank nothing stronger than pineapple juice or bitter lemon; at the "sessions" in her apartment the jazz was a *raison d'être* and not, as some people liked to imagine, an excuse; and the chignon meant everything it implied.

Yet even if Fiona's way of life had been circumspect as a novice's and she herself had been a drab little church mouse - instead of a dark-haired, blue-eyed, and exceedingly attractive girl - people would still have raised their eyebrows and gossiped behind her back. Why, they would have wanted to know, was she living by herself? Why wasn't she looking after her father? In that nice country house near Milton Abbas?

It was a question which had troubled Sir Iain at one time. But just lately he had hardly given it a thought. It hadn't, compared with other things, seemed all that important.

On the morning after Jago's visit to the sick bay, Fiona arrived at Long Ashwood (as usual) a few minutes later than she had intended. She swished in fast through the main gate and parked her car in the execu-

tives' compound. Since she was P.A. to the head of a department, that was in order. She looked round, ducked under the railings, and skittered across the grass. And that - as frequent little white notice boards proclaimed - was not in order. But there was no one in sight. Unobserved, she ran quickly across the grass to the corner of the Biological Research Department. She was about to regain the safety of the path when she heard footsteps. And a second later Keith Hamilton swung round the corner of the building.

He doffed his cap. He gave Fiona his mock old-fashioned bow (which was always good for a titter from the copy typists, but which she found singularly boorish). And, as he straightened up, he noticed the dew on her shoes.

"Ah, Miss Fiona! One law for the rich, I see, and one for the poor!"

Fiona's eyes darkened. "And do you never break

tropopause of gamma rays and cosmic radiation.

Hence the new department, with its £800,000-worth of equipment and its team of top-level scientists and research workers. It was the obvious niche in her father's firm for Fiona, who had a Cambridge First in biochemistry.

The work of the department was extraordinarily varied.

Some of it was on problems directly related to aviation - such as aircrew fatigue and ozone poisoning. Other parts related to the wider problem of man's survival in space, where cosmic radiations and (hence) cancer were the principal dangers. It was in cancer research that Miles Eddlestone and Fiona specialised. And the cuttings she was reading through now were reports from various parts of the world on the progress made with different methods of treatment.

She read the cuttings systematically: making a note of any type of treatment with which they were not familiar. She had covered three pages with shorthand when the desk

"Not Keith Hamilton?" "That's the fellow. Full of 'good shows' and 'wizard prangs'."

Fiona grimaced. "Now you've really made my day."

"I'm sorry, my dear." Eddlestone patted her hand absentmindedly. "And I've another cross for you now. I want you to type a letter."

She picked up notebook and pencil and followed him into the inner office.

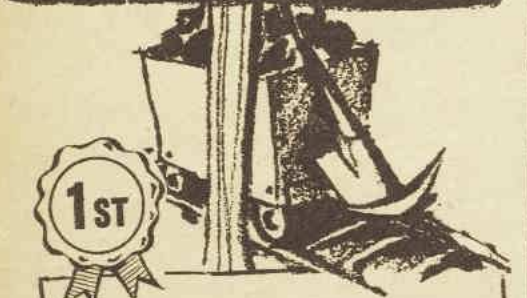
"And my horoscope was so encouraging, too . . ."

She hated typing. She didn't have to do much, for both she and Eddlestone had their own secretaries for run-of-the-mill correspondence; but it did sometimes happen that a highly confidential letter had to be typed; and it was then that Eddlestone called on Fiona.

It was such a letter he started to give her now: a letter to the research department of McIver-Ducann's subsidiary company in British Columbia. And Miles Eddlestone's eyes, as he dictated the details of his recent experiments in cancer treatment, were bright: bright as Sir

RESULTS

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



any rules, Mr. Hamilton?"

His hand came to rest over his heart.

"Never. My halo's invariably straight and level."

"You must lead a very dull and sheltered life. Excuse me, please."

She pushed past him and swung into the back entrance of the Research Department. Pig, she thought, as she walked quickly past the laboratories and up to her office; it would have to be him I bumped into. She sat down at her desk, breathing rather more quickly than usual. After a while she pulled a sheaf of cuttings out of a drawer and began to read through them, making an occasional note.

The Biological Research Department, where Fiona worked as P.A. to Miles Eddlestone, was the finest of its kind in the country - if not the world. It had come into being four years ago, very largely as a result of McIver-Ducann's increasing interest in the Star-raker. For whereas the old School of Aviation Medicine had been well able to cope with subsonic medical problems, such as centrifugal force and oxygen equipment, the problems posed by supersonic high-altitude flight were of a completely different nature: problems like ozone poisoning and the prevalence above the

telephone purred discreetly. She put down her notebook.

"Mr. Eddlestone's office . . ."

"Your father to speak to you, Miss Fiona."

A pause, then: "You there, Fiona?"

"Hullo, Daddy."

"You doin' anything this evening?"

Sir Iain's technique in dealing with women - especially his daughter - was at sad variance with his handling of staff and executives. Fiona was at once on her guard.

"I dunno. Why?"

"We're having a small party at Five Oaks. Cocktails at 6.30. I hoped you'd come along."

"Hmmm!"

FIONA didn't particularly want to. But she had no other engagement that evening and she couldn't on the spur of the moment think of a way of refusing that didn't sound ungracious. A pause, then: "All right, Daddy. I'd love to."

"See you this evening then. Six-thirty."

The line clicked dead. She was making a note of the invitation in her diary when Miles Eddlestone came shuffling in from the adjoining office.

"Ah, my dear! Making a date with your boy-friend?"

Since Miles Eddlestone was old enough to be her grandfather (and really rather a poppet) Fiona was good-humored with him.

"Something far more exciting, Mr. Eddlestone. A date with a cocktail-shaker."

"At your father's place this evening? To drink the health of our new senior pilot? I got an invitation, too."

"Our new senior pilot? Who's that?"

"Fellow with the big moustache. Some name like Heath Robinson."

Iain's when he spoke of the Star-raker.

"To Dr. Barbara Russell, Moose Lake Airfield, Chilliwack, British Columbia and mark it 'Private and Confidential'."

"My dear Barbara, Success at last! You know that one of the chief difficulties in cancer research has always been the presence in blood cells of embryo juices and other impurities - which make the outcome of even the most careful experiment difficult to predict."

You know, too, that we have been trying for years to produce an uncontaminated blood plasma which is free from such impurities. Well, we have done it!

Following the lines laid out in my memo of February 2nd, we conducted experiments with various combinations of salts, glucoses, vitamins, and amino-acids; and we eventually succeeded in creating a blood plasma which seems to be perfect. The exact ingredients (only 37 of them) and their proportions are listed in the attached schedule.

The great advantage of such a pure and manufactured plasma is, of course, that cancer-resisting and cancer-malignant cell cultures will react in it according to exact prediction. We have already used the plasma for a number of highly successful experiments; and I am sure that you, too, will find it of great value. As well as passing you its formula we are trying to think up a way of sending you a sample - although this, as you can doubtless imagine, poses a number of problems.

With kindest regards,

Yours sincerely . . .

Eddlestone t h u m b e d through his notes.

"Ah! Here's the list of ingredients." He handed it to

To page 63

Fiona. "And when you've done the typing, my dear, I want you to try to think of a way of getting over a sample. A formula's all very well; but a batch of the plasma itself would be a great deal better."

Letter and schedule were soon typed. By 3 p.m. they were on their way to Moose Lake. But the problem of getting over a sample wasn't so easy.

There were, as Fiona saw it, two major difficulties. First, the plasma was exceedingly delicate; it had to be kept at a constant temperature, pressure, and humidity; and it didn't like being shaken. It would therefore need to travel in a bulky, well-cushioned container, equipped with various ancillary controls and looked after by a special operator. Second difficulty: the plasma was exceedingly secret. This meant that the usual Customs checks at ports and airfields had somehow to be avoided.

There could therefore be no question of flying it over stage by stage, landing en route to refuel. If only, Fiona thought, McIver-Duncan had an aircraft with sufficient range to fly the 7000 miles to Moose Lake non-stop. But they hadn't. Unless — the thought suddenly struck her — they could use the prototype of the Star-raker?

"A capital idea!" Eddlestone was delighted with the suggestion. "We'll need the 'go ahead' from your father. But I doubt there'll be any difficulty there. I'll get on to him right away." He reached for the telephone.

SIR IAIN, Fiona gathered from the ensuing conversation, was not too keen on the idea at first. But Eddlestone, when it came to an issue affecting his research work, was both persuasive and persistent. The plasma, he argued, was an important discovery; Moose Lake needed it urgently; the sooner they got it across the better. And at last Sir Iain gave way. The Star-raker, he agreed, was due anyway for a long-range consumption test; she could combine this with the flight to Canada — some time within the next week. They were to arrange details with the senior pilot.

Eddlestone replaced the receiver. He was happy as a little boy who has been promised a spree in the tuckshop.

"So far, so good," He rubbed his hands. "Now for your friend, the good Mr. Heath Robinson."

But Keith Hamilton, when they rang through to his office, was not available. He was flying the Star-raker.

It was only, of course, a temporary and quite unimportant setback. But it had the effect of making Eddlestone lose interest; of making him designate the arranging of details to somebody else. He smiled at Fiona.

"You can buttonhole our friend this evening at the party. Fix things then."

"No thank you! You buttonhole him."

"Shan't be there, my dear. I told your father I couldn't come."

He put on his reading glasses. He pulled out a sheaf of notes and began to thumb through them. Fiona knew the signs. The issue — to Eddlestone's way of thinking — was closed. Almost any other time she would have taken the hint, would have trotted obediently off and in due course arranged the details with Keith Hamilton.

But this was different: this was a job she didn't relish.

"Mr. Eddlestone."

He looked up surprised to find her still there.

"Yes, my dear?"

"I'd rather you spoke to Mr. Hamilton."

"Tut, tut, tut! You'll be seeing him in a couple of hours. The pair of you fix things then."

And he went on reading his notes.

It wasn't, Fiona knew, that he was selfish. To say that he was selfish would be an over-simplification. But he was so wrapped up in his work that he didn't have

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time to worry about little things like human relationships. The fact that she didn't hit it off with Keith Hamilton was neither here nor there to him. He was like her father — too concerned with things for people to matter.

She knew it was no good kicking. She walked quietly out of the room. She closed the door softly behind her. She could only hope that Keith Hamilton wouldn't be awkward when she told him they were going to "borrow" his Star-raker.

Eight o'clock: and the party beginning to thin out.

She eyed him warily over the rim of her bitter lemon. A few more drinks, she thought, and he ought to agree to anything; or was he the sort that became argumentative? Over the heads of the crowd their eyes met. And she looked quickly away. She'd hate him to get the idea that she was one of his flock of admirers.

Chatter, chatter, chatter. A haze of smoke. The rattle of ice in cocktail shakers. And the westerling sun warm on the stones of the farmhouse terrace.

"Gin an' lime you drinking, Fiona?"

"Bitter lemon, Mr. Hamilton, please."

He took her glass, smiling. "My parents did remember to christen me, you know."

"Bitter lemon then, Keith."

To page 64



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She felt vaguely put out that their coming together had been at a moment of his choosing rather than hers. For she hadn't decided yet how best to approach him about the Star-raker—though why she should be making such a thing about passing on what was, after all, only one of her father's orders, she wasn't sure.

"Cheers!" They raised glasses. "Keith, I've a favor to ask you." It wasn't really a favor, of course; but there couldn't be any harm, could there, in being tactful.

"A pleasure, fair lady. I could refuse you nothing." "Miles Eddlestone wants a special container flown to Moose Lake." The words came out in a rush. "I can't tell you what's in it, 'cause it's terribly hush-hush. But it's got to get there, you see, without being mauled about by the Customs. And the only plane we've got that could do the trip non-stop is the Star-raker."

She paused, conscious of the fact that Keith Hamilton was staring at her as though she had suggested the pair of them set out to pinch the Crown jewels.

"My dear girl! Are you suggesting we use the Star-raker as a sort of delivery van?"

Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

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"Well, it wasn't exactly a suggestion. You see—"

He put a finger over her lips. "Now hold your horses, Fiona. And listen to me."

"But—"

"Not another word. Till I've explained how the land lies."

Her eyes opened very wide. "All right, Mr. Hamilton. I'm listening."

"The Star-raker, my dear girl, is a prototype. I can't take her up for any flight

"I mean the boss' daughter is in a good position to fix things. As I noticed this morning, the boss' daughter can get away with pretty well anything."

Even as he heard the words forming he regretted them: yet at the same time he felt a stab of satisfaction at seeing them strike home.

She was angry; more angry even than he had anticipated. Her face went pale, her lips drew in and her eyes (to his surprise and her unutterable fury) misted over with tears. As he looked at her, a little astonished at the violence of

around. Damned fellow. He'd always heard he was one for fooling around with the girls. Wasn't fit for a responsible job like Senior Pilot.

"Right," he nodded briefly. "I'll go and find her."

A word with Sheppard, and he slipped unobtrusively through the french windows. After the gayness and chatter of the terrace the house seemed lifeless: silent as sleep.

"Fiona! Fiona!" His voice echoed through the deserted rooms.

He looked for her in the library, the drawing-room, and the kitchen; in both bathrooms and in the bedroom that used to be hers. But there was no sign of her.

Keith Hamilton was the only person to see her leave. With sudden intuition he left the terrace and walked quickly round to the front of the house. Quickly, but not quickly enough. He heard the revving up of an engine, the grind of gears, and the screech of tyres on gravel. As he broke into a run he saw her sports car swing out through the gates, accelerate fast, and disappear downhill into the green of the Dawn Wood breeches.

He stood on the crown of the drive, shading his eyes against the glare of the low-slung sun. What he remembered most was the sudden uprush of tears into the eyes which a moment before had

been cold as ice. He hadn't expected that. Anger yes; temper maybe; even perhaps a slap on the face. But tears were something he hadn't bargained for.

That evening the first of a series of troughs moved in from the Atlantic, and by midnight rain was cataracting out of a gunmetal sky.

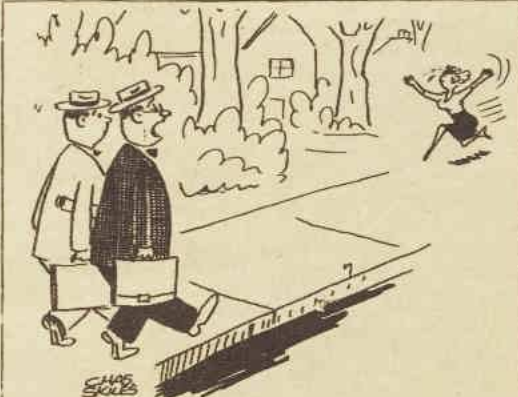
The rain fell steadily, hour after hour, day after day. The Stour spilled over her banks, the corn turned milky black, water lay in puddles on tarmac and runways, and the Star-raker's tests were curtailed. Curtailed but not entirely abandoned. For at heights over 35,000 feet—once the aircraft could get there—the sky remained azure and clear: an alien world to the storm-tossed girdle of atmosphere encircling the earth.

It was a week before a ridge of high pressure began to move up from the Azores. Only then did the rain give reluctant way to scattered showers and the belt of cloud to low-flying lumps of cumulus.

But the improvement in the weather didn't lead to an increase in tempo on the Star-raker tests. Instead, to Keith Hamilton's annoyance, the plane was grounded: was consigned to her hangar to be modified for the plasma run to Moose Lake. It was—to Keith's way of thinking—a mistake in priorities.

For a full twelve hours, while outside the sun shone

To page 65



"It's my wife. Wonder what the kids have been up to today?"

that's not laid down in the schedule of trials. Even if I was allowed to, she's a passenger liner, not a freighter: I'd never dream of carrying cargo. And last but not least, I've been told to finish the trials as fast as I can: I couldn't possibly interrupt the schedule to fly all the way to Moose Lake. So you see, Fiona—ask me any favor but that."

"Have you quite finished, Mr. Hamilton?"

"I have, Miss McIver."

She took a deep breath.

"The flight to Moose Lake has been approved by my father—that, she was glad to see, took the wind out of his sails—"It is to take place within the next week. You and I have been given the job of agreeing on details. I hope—a demure little smile—"for your sake, that you'll prove co-operative."

He looked at her with annoyance; as a duellist might look at the opponent whom he had reckoned was easy meat, but who unexpectedly disarms him the moment he takes guard.

"You might have told me this before."

"I didn't have much of a chance, did I? You were so busy telling me."

His lips tightened. He took a sip of his cocktail.

"You're not trying to be funny, are you?"

She raised an eyebrow, politely.

"Funny, Mr. Hamilton?"

"I mean, your father has authorised the flight? Must say I find it pretty hard to believe."

"If you're in any doubt, I suggest you ask him."

The cool voice, the demure smile, the ever-so-faintly mocking eyes flicked him on the raw. He looked at her with sudden dislike.

"Oh, I shan't bother. I don't doubt you've been able to fix it."

"What do you mean, 'fix it'?"

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

her reaction, he noticed her hands were clenched tight; they clenched tighter and tighter until the stem of her glass snapped in two and the bowl and what was left of her bitter lemon splintered and splashed to the flagstones. And on the palm of her hand, where the stem of the glass had cut into her, blood welled up in a sudden crimsoning flood.

"Fiona! You've cut yourself!"

He pulled out his handkerchief: he reached for her hand. But she snatched it away.

"That," she said, "must give you quite a thrill."

She turned, and holding herself very straight, walked quickly across the terrace and into the house.

HALF the people around them were talking a little more loudly than usual; the other half were looking uncertainly at either him or Fiona. He licked his lips. It had all happened so quickly he was at a loss to know what to do. He thought of following her; but that, he knew, would be the last thing she'd want. Yet he had to do something. He looked round for her father.

Sir Iain was on the farther side of the terrace, talking to Jim Sheppard. They were deep in a technical world of turbo and ram jets, and none too pleased at being disturbed.

"What is it, Hamilton?"

"Your daughter's cut her hand, sir. It was an accident. My fault."

"Is it a bad cut?"

"I don't think so."

"In that case I shouldn't worry. Fiona hates being fussed over."

What Sir Iain was saying was true; Keith Hamilton accepted that. Yet he couldn't, could he, wash his hands of the whole affair just like that?

"I think she'd be glad of a helping hand, sir. Glass cuts can be nasty."

Sir Iain looked at his senior pilot with annoyance. The pair of them, he reckoned, must have been fooling



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LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO WITH **IOIAN**

***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting June 6

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, navy, red.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, orange, brown.
* Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, silver, violet.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, green, gold.
* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, white, black.
* Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, red, grey.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, mauve, lt. bl.
* Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24-NOV. 23
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, black, rose.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 24-DEC. 23
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, rose, mauve.
* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 24-JAN. 19
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, grey, violet.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
* Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, lt. blue, black.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

from page 64

for the first time in weeks, maintenance crew and research workers hammered and riveted away in the hangar. Their job was no sinecure; for the equipment they had to install in the Star-raker was both heavy and complex.

The actual sample of plasma to be carried weighed, it is true, no more than two and a half fluid ounces and was held in a retort no bigger than the average tumbler; but the container it was housed in consisted of a great metal cylinder six feet long, three feet in diameter, and nearly a ton in weight. For incorporated into the container were a host of ancillary controls: a gravity tank to ensure the retort was held level during the Star-raker's climb and descent, a thermo-static heater to ensure a constant temperature of 85deg.-90deg. Fahrenheit, a water condenser to ensure a steady 70 per cent. humidity, an oxygen cylinder to ensure constant pressure and composition of air, and a series of elaborate rubber cushions to reduce vibration to a minimum.

There were also (attached to the container) a cine-camera and several dozen yards of cable and flex and (alongside the container) a collapsible aluminium seat for the operator looking after the controls. Fiona was taking no chances of the plasma being damaged en route.

She discussed the positioning of the equipment with Bill Latham, one of the senior engineers, who regarded the proceedings with a certain amount of misgiving.

"How much does the whole lot weigh, Miss Fiona?"

"The container, eighteen

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

hundredweight. The seat—"she glanced at her notes—"about two hundred pounds with all its attachments, and the cables and leads another two hundred pounds."

"Hmmm! We'll have to be careful where we put that lot."

"Because of the trim?"

"More because of the weight on the floor. A lot of weight in a small area. Mr. Hurford—" he turned to one of his assistants. "Any suggestions?"

"Ought to be where there's cross strutting, sir. Or over the compressor. There's a pair of titanium bars there that hold the compressor in place. They'd give extra strength."

"Let's have a look."

The three of them clambered into the Star-raker.

THE prototype, at this stage of its development, was no more than the shell of an aircraft; no fittings or furnishings, simply the bare bones of the fuselage with the deck plates fully exposed. In the centre of the passengers' cabin Hurford dropped to his knees. He pulled out a spanner. He unscrewed a line of nuts; he lifted a pair of deck plates.

Beneath them, sure enough, was the air compressor, its mushroom dome housing a powerful electric motor (which came into use automatically the moment the outside pressure dropped below a certain limit). And holding the motor in place were the pair of 4" x 2" titanium bars, strong as the cross-strut girders supporting the Sydney bridge.

Latham peered into the cavity. He patted the bars.

To page 66

For a slimmer lovelier you . . .

Extra inches disappear when you choose Vita-Weat Crispbread instead of heavier breads. Only 23 calories in each biscuit, but because they're 100% whole-wheat, these most satisfying crispbreads help keep your vitality high at all times. Wonderful with salads! Ideal for party savouries!



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Please send me the free Vita-Weat "eat and keep slim" Teen-Age diet chart.

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ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

Seeing Norma Jackson put me in a spin! She looked so young!



Why, Norma Jackson?
Joan! Well, fancy seeing you. It must be ten years. Have you time for coffee?

Norma, I must ask you, you have such a lovely complexion. How do you do it?
Simple! Palmolive soap facials. They can help almost any girl to be younger looking.

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If your skin is inclined to be dry, use new creamy PINK PALMOLIVE enriched with pink beauty cream, sister-in-beauty to famous GREEN PALMOLIVE.

*Pink Palmolive is not yet available in every area.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 13, 1962

"They'll take the weight all right. Suit you, Miss Fiona?"

"Fine. As long as there's no vibration from the compressor? Nothing that could hurt the plasma, I mean?"

"Heavens no! It works quite smoothly. And soundlessly."

"Looks like this is the place then."

It took them four hours to hoist the container into the cabin and bolt it securely to the deck, and another four to fix the operator's seat and plug in and test the various controls. They were just making a final check when Keith Hamilton came in through the hangar door.

It was the first time he and Fiona had met since the fracas at the cocktail party. (For when he had gone to the Research Depart-

Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

from page 65

ment next morning with the idea of apologising he had been told she was out. This in point of fact had been the truth, but he had taken it as an indication that she didn't wish to see him.)

They eyed each other warily.

"Evening, Fiona."

"Good evening, Mr. Hamilton."

"I may be flying the old kite to Moose Lake tomorrow. Your gear all aboard?"

"Yes. We've just got it fixed."

"I'd best have a recce. You mind showing me where it's stowed?"

"Of course"—politely.

They walked across to the Star-raker.

An awkward silence. Then:

"Fiona!"

"Yes, Mr. Hamilton?"

"About the other evening . . . I'm sorry. Very sorry indeed."

She looked at him in surprise. She hadn't thought him the sort to apologise.

"Oh, that! I'd forgotten all about it."

"How's the paw?"

"I don't think I'll be scarred for life." She tried unobtrusively to move her hand out of sight.

"Let's have a recce."

She shook her head.

"Fiona. You've still got it banded!"

His concern both touched and amused her.

"Bandages don't mean a thing. You know what we scientists are—very aseptic." She paused at the entrance to the passengers' cabin. "Now please, let's not talk about it again." She waved her hand at the container. "There's the equipment now. You'll take good care of it, won't you?"

He stared at the great pressed-steel cylinder: at the humidity, temperature, and pressure controls: at the festoons of cable and flex.

"Great Scott! What is it?"

"A special sort of hydrogen bomb."

"No, seriously, Fiona. I want to know. Can't have the old kite loaded with rabbits."

Her lips tightened. Oh dear, she thought, he's off again. Can't he realise his wretched aeroplane isn't the only important thing in the world!

"Mr. Hamilton." Her voice was cold. "This isn't what you call a rabbit. In the container is something that happens to be very important, very delicate, and very secret. Something that's needed urgently at Moose Lake. And unfortunately your Star-raker is the only means we have of getting it there."

"Hmmm!" He examined the base of the container, making sure it was well bolted into the deck. "Won't you tell me what the 'something' is?"

It wasn't, of course, any business of his. Yet she found herself wanting — and wanting badly — to convince him that the flight really was important, wasn't just something her father had agreed to to gratify her personal whim.

"If you must know, it's plasma." She watched his reaction carefully. "A special sort of blood plasma."

He smiled at that, apparently satisfied. "Little red and white corpuscles, eh? I often wondered how you huffins passed the time in that smart new building of yours!"

FIONA smiled at

him innocently, glad of the opportunity to shift the conversation away from technicalities. "But I thought everyone knew! We do all sorts of experiments."

"Such as?"

"With boiling water, for one." Her voice became ever so slightly breathless. "Do you know, we can boil water so fast that when Mr. Eddlestone presses his buzzer three times we can make his tea and pour it and sugar it all in one-and-three-quarter minutes?"

"Sounds exciting. You must invite me over one day. Show me how it's done."

"Oh, but I'd hate to interfere with your other commitments."

"Other commitments?"

"Betty Steele in stores. Christine Morley in flying control. I'm sure they make much better tea than I do . . . But" — she glanced suddenly at her watch — "I mustn't keep you. Ring me tomorrow an hour before take-off and I'll send one of our scientists down to the Star-raker. He'll look after the plasma en route and see it's unloaded the other end."

And before he could think of a reply her shoes were click-click-clicking away across the floor of the hangar.

Next morning all went according to plan. Fiona's telephone rang; the scientist strapped himself into his seat; and the Star-raker took off for Moose Lake. Less than four hours to get there; a rest and a refuel; and a little over three and a half hours for the return. All uneventful. By midnight the Star-raker was back in her hangar. And that should have been that.

But there was an aftermath, as strange as it was unexpected.

The following afternoon Keith Hamilton bumped into a very preoccupied Fiona coming out of the Star-raker's hangar.

"I hope, Ma'am" — he raised a finger to cap and smiled — "I hope I was a satisfactory chauffeur."

His smile wasn't returned. She looked at him thoughtfully, clinically, like a scientist examining a specimen that has failed to come up to expectation. "No," she said. "As a matter of fact, you weren't."

"I weren't! I mean I wasn't. How's that?"

She tapped her teeth. "We've just had a cable from Moose Lake. They say the plasma was ruined."

"Ruined?"

"Yes, ruined" — she mimicked him angrily — "you know: spoiled, kaput. It was fine when we loaded it up. By the time you got it to Moose Lake it was as dead as a doornail. Now I wonder how that could have happened . . ."

To be continued

(The novel "Star-raker," published by Hodder and Stoughton, is available in Australian bookshops.)

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

ANOTHER valuable painting disappears and two guards are suspected. But Mandrake orders the museum to be locked and the staff to come in with brooms! NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
1. This diminishes with age (12).
 7. A chemist's workroom (10).
 9. No car in a musical instrument (7).
 10. Such beginning is fitting for a holy art (5).
 11. Respect paid by external action seems to be mostly in the home (6).
 13. A container and the remnant of the fire produce a powerful alkali (6).
 15. Repairs fitting the finish in the middle (5).
 17. Rope attached to bow of a boat and used to fasten it (7).
 19. Man takes tea and lets in the time payment (10).



- DOWN
1. This colored tool is a bird (6, 6).
 2. Shade you can find in Burma (5).
 3. Fish which has the finger ornament of that woman (7).
 4. Representatives of the most extreme views (6).
 5. Standards starting with a negative alternative (5).
 6. These should be on the menu before the haggis (6, 6).
 8. Given facts (4).
 10. Bill of fare (4).
 12. Kind of window (5).
 16. Start to utter words in a tuncful manner then burn slightly (5).
 17. If you queer it, you spoil the plan (5).
 18. Art and the French mixed will entertain (5).

Solution will be published next week.

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6248, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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F7503. — Attractive frock with sheath skirt, blouson top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Three-quarter sleeves, 2½yds. 54in. material; short sleeves, ¾yds. 36in. Price 4/9.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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Barbecue cloth available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on headcloth; serviettes are matching contrast gingham. Cloth is in pink, blue, lemon, or green. Price 17/9, plus 3/- postage for complete set.

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Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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